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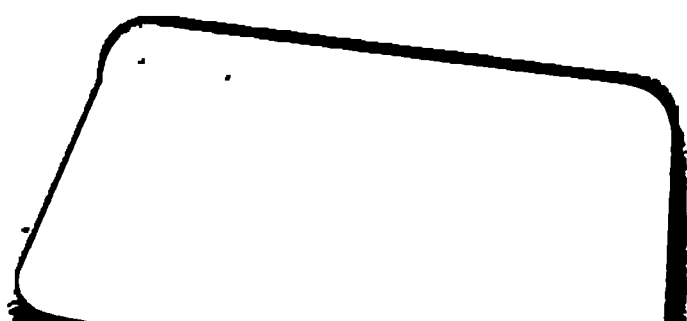
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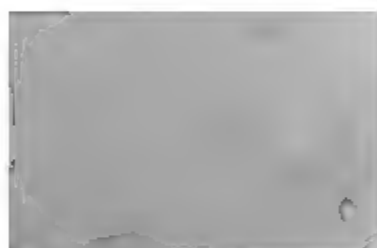
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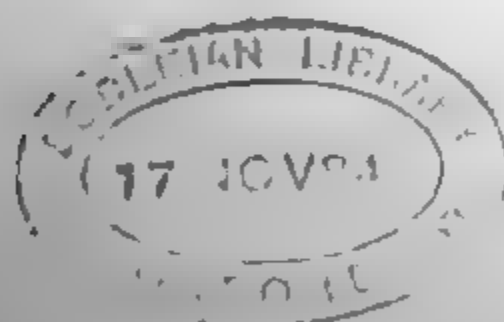




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THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1888.

Alan Proposes.

A NOVEL, BY MRS. A. PHILLIPS, AUTHOR OF "BENEDICTA."

CHAPTER I.

MRS. SARAH MULLOCKS HAS A DREAM.

*"If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand."*

MRS. SARAH MULLOCKS was a character, and a decided one.

She had been settled now for years in the sea-port town of Hillington, and people—her neighbours, that is to say—knew as little of her history to-day as they did when first she came among them, a widow with one little girl named Hagar.

One's existence must be accounted for, or else people are apt to question its necessity.

Mrs. Sarah Mullocks justified her claim to settle down at No. 7 Sea-view Terrace, in the Hillington Road, on the strength of a "bit of money," as she called it, having been left to her by an old gentleman whom she had nursed in his last illness. With this she was able to furnish her house "genteely," and then, much to the disturbance of the trade of her neighbours on either side, also in the same line of business, she hung up in her front window a card, on which was printed "Furnished Apartments."

Still, many years' steady practice of doing to your neighbour (who lets apartments) as you would be done by, had secured to Mrs. Sarah Mullocks the good will and opinion of those whose trade she

"It is true she has her faults," said they, with laudable charity. "Her temper is none of the best—but then, who's perfect? No one can say that she ever forgets to recommend a neighbour's empty rooms when her own are full."

In appearance, also, Mrs. Sarah Mullocks looked "a character." Of beauty she was wholly destitute, having been arrayed in as homely a garment of the flesh as any spirit, tolerably good, was ever clothed withal. And she was not one to improve upon nature. She was tall, stout, and shapeless; with a large face, prominent teeth, and a severe mouth. No one, not even a lover, we believe, had ever paused to think of what colour were her eyes, yet they had in them such a redeeming expression of frankness and kindliness, that they transfigured her otherwise coarse face, and won people's belief in her honesty.

Her dress also was characteristic. Her black alpaca gown was a part of her being. That she put it off at night, and on in the morning, might be conjectured, but not realised, so much was she identified with her garment. A large sun-bonnet took the place of all other head-dress. Her portrait, without this appendage, would be imperfect, as, in the house or out, unless the occasion were special, it did the duty of protection.

And from out of this rough stem grew the gentle, lovely Hagar; a flower of humanity so beautiful and tender, so unlike her parent plant, it is difficult to say how she thrived and blossomed,

"She's no common girl, that," was the opinion of Mrs. Bunbury, who lived at No. 6, and also let apartments. "The wonder is," she would add—for she loved to discuss her neighbours when times were slack—"the wonder is how old Mrs. Mullocks, who aint handsome whatever else she may be, however she came by such a child. Must favour the father in looks, I suppose. He was delicate, too, I suspect; for it's evident he didn't live, not long."

A surmise, this, the neighbours were often fond of throwing out to each other, to see if anyone among them could shed a light on this always dark subject of Mrs. Sarah Mullock's antecedents; but without result. For Mrs. Sarah was a wise woman, and kept her own counsel where she did not choose to inform. No one ever became the wiser through her speaking of the defunct Mullocks; nor did she ever satisfy the curiosity of her neighbours by recalling either his lineaments or the diseases which had cut short his earthly career, although to have done so would have opened up wells of neighbourly sympathy and gossip. The subject, therefore, was left to inference and conjecture, and these painted the late Mr. Mullocks in the likeness of Hagar.

It had been a good season this year at Hillington, a sea-side place and garrison town in the south of England. A "party," Mrs. Sarah's term for lodgers, had that morning vacated No. 7, and Mrs. Sarah was resting in her back kitchen after a long morning spent in clearing up.

She was now sitting by the kitchen table, which stood in a window over-looking the garden that led down to the sands. She was peeling potatoes leisurely, humming a tune to herself the while, in a voice very much out of tune. But music, like love, is its own reward, rejoicing the heart that entertains it, however humbly, and Mrs. Sarah felt its influence.

She stopped singing when Hagar came into the kitchen, a broom in one hand and a waste-paper basket full of odds and ends in the other.

"To-morrow, my gell, we must have a regular turn out of them top rooms."

"Yes, so we must," answered Hagar, putting the broom into its corner, and the contents of the basket on the fire.

Mrs. Sarah, still peeling potatoes, looked up at the girl from under her sun-bonnet, and with rough kindness said:

"Come, sit down a bit, you're tired. Deary me, I wish you'd rid yourself of that look ye've got into your eyes. I can't abide it."

"What look, Mother?" asked Hagar, in a low voice.

"Ye know well enough what I mean," cried Mrs. Sarah, testily. "It ain't often as ye laughs, and when ye do, yer eyes says no to yer mouth, for one's a smilin' while the other's a cryin', as though they was nothin' but a tap laid on from the sea close by."

"Ah, Mother, don't worry yourself about my looks; what does it matter?" said Hagar, wearily.

"Ohut!" cried Mrs. Sarah, impatiently, digging out the eye of a potato with energy. "You're young to talk that nonsense, and none too grateful to the Almighty neither. What do you think He's give you that face for (barrin' yer eyes) but to be a blessin' to some one; and, mark me, that's what it will come to. I've a knack of seein' on ahead, second sight they call it in the north, and a fine sight of things I see for ye sometimes. So don't think you're going to cheat the good time that's comin' by paying it with the bad money of—old troubles," murmured Mrs. Sarah, dropping her voice as if she had said more than she had intended. But, seeing that Hagar attached no importance to what she had let fall about "old troubles," she continued, encouragingly:

like a picture; and if ye didn't read the fat off

yer limbs, muddling over them old books ye seem crazy after, ye'd soon be fit to stand before the Queen."

At this suggestion Hagar burst into a laugh.

"Mother dear, you remind me of the old goose that thought her goslings swans."

"Well, it ain't my saying altogether, neither. What a body's always hearing must be true."

"I am afraid people talk a lot of nonsense to you about me," cried Hagar, impatiently; "you shouldn't listen to them, Mother."

"Eh, chut! stop, do. I can't abide this mood of yourn. Pluck up and go forrards, that's been my sayin' always—and one I've acted on, or you wouldn't have been standing where ye are this day. And now I am able to give you a lift forrards, if it's forrards ye'll go."

"But where do you want me to go to? I am not worth anything in the world to anyone but to you," she said sadly.

"Ain't ye, just! that's all *you* know. Why, there's our *permanint* party"—for Mrs. Sarah gloried in a long word when she could twist her tongue into an approximate handling of it, as it savoured of education—"there's our *permanint* party, Miss Gregory, she says to me, before she went away this time, feclin' her way like, 'You surely don't mean to keep Hagar at home all her life?' 'No.' says I, 'I don't; when she wants to go, she shall.' 'She'd make a nice companionable maid to a lady,' says she, a 'single lady like myself, who would be kind to her; she's so handy with her needle, and reads aloud so well. I'll take her travelling with me, if you like,' she says, 'and give her eighteen pounds a year.' 'Thank you,' says I, 'but I don't think I'd fancy her to go.' For, Hagar, my girl, that's not my mind for ye," cried Mrs. Sarah, looking up in her daughter's face with keen scrutiny—"It's not a lady's maid you're fit for, but a lady. And a lady ye'll be, mark my words."

"Hush, hush, Mother."

"No, I wont hush," cried Mrs. Sarah, mysteriously. "I know what I know. I didn't dream of a gallows for nothin' the night before Miss Gregory spoke to me. It was a warnin' for sure, and I've often thought of it since. There it was, as plain as I now see you. I thought that I was walkin' past the jail, and in the courtyard I saw the hangman waitin' for the poor lad, my own nephew, as went for a soldier, and died three years since. And when I looked up I thought I saw the gallows at the top of the jail. 'Lord, and is the poor lad to be executed in public!' I cries out, as I passed by. O the shame of it all! I can feel it now. And then *I awoke all cold and of a tremble, and I remembered how my*

mother had once told me that to dream of a gallows was a good dream, and meant an up-rising for some one ; and who should that dream be but for you, Hagar ? It means that you're to be a lady ? ”

“ Now, Mother, if you go on saying that nonsense, I shall think that you have been to the cupboard and taken more than your senses can hold,” cried Hagar, laughing. “ You really are very wrong to put such notions into my head. What more do I want than I have ? You have always been the best of mothers to me, and if I can only be a good daughter to you, that is all I care for,” she added with a burst of feeling that gratified old Mrs. Sarah, although she answered :

“ All very fine that, but I know what I know, and you won't be different to others. It's no common man that you'll fancy, or else my name isn't Sarah Mullocks ! ”

“ Dear Mother, are you off your head to-day that you go on in this strange unaccountable manner ? Don't talk of marrying, that is most certainly not in my line ! ”

“ Oh, of course not ! not unless you can marry a gentleman and be a lady,” cried Mrs. Sarah, with a pretence of contempt in her voice. Changing to seriousness she added : “ But I tell ye what, ye'll have to learn to get a different look in them eyes of yours before then ; for men in this world, my gell, are all for cheerfulness in a woman. They can't abide to be reminded, when they look at 'em, of all the misery they cost 'em, one way and another, even the very best of 'em. But now,” said Mrs. Sarah, rising, “ just get the saucepan and put these potatoes on to boil for me, while I carries the peelins down to the rabbits.”

Giving her sun-bonnet a tug forward, Mrs. Sarah gathered up her apron full of peelings, and went in the direction of her live stock, that lived in a hutch in the wire-fenced fowl-house in the garden beyond.

Having done as directed, Hagar remained standing by the kitchen-table in a thoughtful mood.

The window was open. Beneath it stood a flower-stand filled with geraniums and fuschias. Beyond stretched the narrow slip of garden, the upper half of which was laid out in flower-beds now filled with ragged annuals that had done their summer duty, and were running to seed. The lower half was sandy and rough, and divided from the shore by a low wooden wall. A small door at the end of the garden led on to a terrace of stone and shingle that meet the sands. Beyond was the sea.

Its breezes blew softly upon Hagar's face, and played among the

feathery rings of her golden brown hair that curled at will, when not repressed, around her broad, fair forehead. Of her eyes, large and grey, Mrs. Sarah has already spoken. They were peculiar in their character; as if, at some time or another, they had looked upon a scene of sorrow that, consciously or not, had stamped itself into their expression. When she smiled her teeth shone white and small, beneath a pair of soft red lips. The face as a whole was thin, the nose being delicately moulded; and she had one of those transparent complexions that show quickly, by the ready blush, the feelings she would gladly hide.

Taken altogether, Hagar's face was singularly attractive. There was a pathos of expression that arrested attention, and set you thinking, did you not know her, "who she might be?" or, if you did know her, how such a face had become matched with her circumstances? Her figure was tall and graceful. By no means assertive in bearing, but rather as if she would be glad to pass unobserved. Her dress, a common print, simply made.

This completes her portrait: if, indeed, pen-and-ink and words can convey a presence.

A girl altogether out of the common. Even the neighbours noticed this, and speculated upon the consequences. Many shook their heads, thinking that with that face of hers she would come to no good; but others maintained that she was "a rock of sense," and gave herself no airs, and that she was her mother's child in good nature, however she might favour her father in feature.

Standing there by the window, her eyes were fixed dreamily on the sea.

Our senses are subtle musicians, able to harmonise many sounds into one perfect melody. With eyes intent, and ears open to the song of the waves as they rolled nearer and nearer, Hagar's thoughts were far away in a fairy-land of reverie. Her mother's prophecy had returned unbidden, and she could not help recalling the words that "one day she would be a lady," without a dreamy sense of pleasure.

Her common sense laughed at the idea. It was the very summit of absurdity! Still it was pleasant to dwell upon it, a day-dream to loiter over. She treated it as we treat the jewels spread temptingly before us in shop-windows. We hardly covet them, even while we deck ourselves in imagination, and then go on our way forgetting them. It was thus she ran through the pleasing possibilities that might be open to her, could her mother's dream come *true*; and she found them fascinating. But she knew her thoughts *for what they were*; airy visions that mocked her as she mocked at

them. It was characteristic, that in all her flights of fancy she could not discern the hand that was to bless her with these visionary benefits. Such an idea had no form in her mind. She recognised this; recognised that her lot was loneliness.

"Yes, always," she cried, starting from her reverie.

Coming back to real life, she mentally reproached herself.

"What insanity is this—that you stand here idling, and allowing your brain to hold these foolish fancies? Are you bewitched? Remember who and what you are, and thank God that you have a willing heart, and a strong hand to work for your mother, who has always been the best of mothers to you, although she has started you travelling to the moon on a witches'-broom of false prophecy."

Mrs. Sarah, returning from her ministration among her greedy flock, put an end to further self-reproach by saying:

"There's that troop-ship, I see, still lying in the bay. The new regiment must be landed. The old one is going to the East Indies, so I hear."

"Is it?" said Hagar, indifferently.

"You ain't like most young girls. They're mostly mad after the red-coats."

"I am sure I don't dislike them," said Hagar. "Indeed, so far as that goes, I never see one that I don't say to myself, 'There, that coat has got a meaning.'"

"You are a rare hand at turnin' things inside out for the meanin'; and what have ye got out of this, in the name of mercy?"

"That it stands as a sign of the blood the poor fellows are ready to shed when their country is in trouble."

A loud knocking at the front door interrupted their conversation.

"Ha' mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Sarah, startled. "It can never be 'parties' again before one has had time to turn round and clean up!"

"What am I to say?" asked Hagar, going to answer the door.

"Show 'em in, of course. I settled the rooms straight enough to be shown. Business is business, and we must always be ready for it."

CHAPTER II.

HAGAR'S "CORNER."

"I saw her upon nearer view
A spirit, yet a woman too."

BEFORE Hagar had time to reach the door, the knocking was impatiently resumed. The "parties" were urgent, evidently.

"Dear me! what a hurry they are in!" exclaimed Hagar, quickening her pace; while Mrs. Sarah waited at the door of the little kitchen, to listen to all that passed, and step forward if required.

"If it ain't, Dr. Jameson, I do declare," cried Mrs. Sarah, as Hagar opened the door to a tall, stout, middle-aged man, with good-humoured eyes and a cleft chin, not unlike, in his looks and manner, the typical John Bull of popular caricature.

"Well, Hagar," he began, in a gruff voice, but not without a good-humoured twinkle in his eyes, for he liked a pretty face, "where is your mother? I want to see her immediately."

"Here I am, Sir," said Mrs. Sarah, coming forward at once, and that cordially.

The doctor was a friend of hers. He patched up her ailments so successfully that she believed in him; and may not faith and affection be said to shake hands when that point has been reached between patient and doctor?

Dr. Jameson was a popular man, and the leading practitioner in the town of Hillington. His ideas were not, happily for himself, in advance of his age; and his *materia medica* was as simple as his theory of disease. "The blood was at the root of all sickness. Keep it pure, and you at once do away with the thousand evils that arise from its defilement." This was his one article of medical belief necessary to the physical salvation of his patients. One medicine, therefore, intended to attack all impurities, and act as a filter to the blood, was all that was required. Doctor Jameson spent some time in concocting this remedy; but once found—and, in his opinion, successfully found—he prepared it in such large quantities, and applied it so universally, that some wag among his patients declared he brewed it in his cellar, and kept it in a vat, like beer, drawing it off into physic-bottles as required.

But this was gossip, of course, and did not interfere with Dr. Jameson's popularity, or people's belief in his ability to cure.

"The very look of him does a body good," said some; and *there was no doubt that, when death stood at the bed-side to claim*

its victim, the doctor broke the tidings to the anxious friends with no common tenderness and sympathy. At such times he would say he felt like the judge on the bench putting on the black cap, and never could pronounce sentence without tears in his eyes and a tremble in his voice.

No wonder, then, that Mrs. Sarah was partial to the doctor.

Inviting him now into the front room, she begged him to take a seat.

"You are empty," he began, meaning her house, of course.

"Yes; the last went this mornin', and Miss Gregory she's visitin' her friends."

"Good; then you must let me bring a patient here this evening."

Mrs. Sarah's face fell at this; but the doctor knew how to manage her.

"You are the only woman in Hillington I would trust the case to. It may be a difficult, perhaps a long, business; and much depends on good nursing. You must not refuse it."

"Can't you send it to the hospital?" asked Mrs. Sarah, mollified but not convinced.

"Bless me—no! not a case of this kind: a man——"

"A man!" exclaimed Mrs. Sarah, interrupting him.

"Well, a gentleman, if you like that better. One of the officers of the regiment that is embarking to-day for India. He can't possibly go; been taken ill suddenly—must have care and good nursing to pull him round. The doctor of the regiment called on me in two or three days ago in consultation, and has left the case in my hands. But he must be moved at once from the barracks to some less noisy place. I thought of yours at once. Between us, if you look well after him, I don't despair of the case."

"And his family, Sir—will they be coming?"

"They are travelling abroad, and he does not want them told.

Money's no object, so don't be afraid."

"There's no sayin' 'no' to you, Sir," said Mrs. Sarah, giving in altogether when she heard that the sick man was able to pay well;

"I suppose I must take him in."

"There's no 'supposing' about it—you *must*. And now tell me what room you are going to put him into."

"There is the bed-room at the back of this, and Miss Gregory's rooms up-stairs: I let 'em when she's away. You can have which you please."

"Then Miss Gregory must just stay away, for I should like my patient up-stairs, overlooking the sea. I'll

take the whole house, in fact; and you must write to Miss Gregory, or I will, to give up her rooms: she'll do it for me."

He said all this in answer to the varying expressions of Sarah's face, which looked "no" when her interest in her "permamint party" was being attacked, and "yes" again when she found that the sick man, though bound to give a "sight of trouble," was likely to bring much "grist to her mill." But it wouldn't do to refuse the doctor, she felt; and the last wrinkle of doubt was smoothed from her face as she said finally:

"Very good, Sir; I'll have the room ready for him by the evening!"

"And how's my friend Hagar?" asked the doctor, complacently, turning to the girl who had been present during the colloquy.

Hagar was something of a puzzle to the doctor—and more of a pet. He admired her. The sleepy grace of her movements, that concealed hidden strength, the pathos of her expressive eyes, the contradiction between the girl as she appeared and her circumstances, all interested him, and made her frequently the object of his especial notice.

"And how is my friend Hagar?" he asked. "Not thinking of sweethearts—oh no! of course not," he cried, with bluff familiarity, from which she shrank, as he pinched her cheek.

"I hate the word," she exclaimed with dignity. "It is only fit for foolish people who don't know what to do with their time."

"Oh indeed, Miss!" answered the doctor with a laugh—he was fond of drawing her out—"I am afraid the world then is full of fools according to you, and I am the biggest one of all; for I am never without a score of sweethearts, and you are one of them."

"If you don't trouble them any more than you trouble me you can afford to have any number," she answered, laughing, as though she saw no distinction in the honour he had conferred upon her.

"Monkey, show me your tongue," he retaliated, knowing her objection to this word of command in medical drill, and that it was always a signal for flight.

"She's off. I knew I should start her," cried the doctor, laughing. "And now Mrs. Mullocks, I'll bring my patient round this evening. Have everything ready. But I need not tell *you* that."

"And the gentleman's name, Sir," asked Mrs. Sarah, as she followed the doctor to the door.

"Oh—ah!—yes—of course. Austin—Captain Austin. Well, you'll do your best for him, I am sure," said the doctor, leaving.

Hagar had run away from him, as we have seen. No mental

work was beneath this girl's endeavour or performance; but she held herself aloof from common speech or vulgar familiarities.

On going up-stairs she began to get the room ready for the sick man to occupy, taking a pleasure in the employment, such as she had not felt on similar occasions. But now there was something at stake—a life to be saved by care and good nursing; and this put energy into her movements as she swept and dusted. She did not examine her sensations. She was only conscious of an uprising of effort and determination, ready to meet all calls upon her endurance. If nursing alone can save this man—then he shall live.

But suddenly she was arrested in her work by the strange suggestion—"But perhaps he may not care to live. Never mind, there was the duty before them all the same; and if care can save, then he shall live," she reiterated.

How often had she watched the storms that broke over their coast, wrecking many a ship. How every nerve within her had thrilled with anxiety and admiration for the brave fellows who, regardless of life, went at the call of duty to rescue those who were in danger of death. How often had she longed to be one of those men, if only for a single hour, to taste their joy when success had crowned their efforts. And if life be worth the saving it must surely be worth possessing. But who is to account for the vagaries of thought, since we are all the subjects, more or less, of those unseen influences ever at work around us!

Still her mind, dwelling upon the subject, began to speculate, "Was he young or old? married or single? rough or gentle?"

But why should she think of him. After all, "who was she that she should allow her thoughts to dwell upon him?" she exclaimed mentally, not without a tinge of bitterness. Her place was to be the broom to sweep, the cloth to dust, the waiter to carry; a machine, not a mind. A thing to serve, not a heart to feel!

"Remember, remember that now and always," she said to herself.

But the thought was depressing. For the moment her energies drooped, and she sank down into the chair by the open window, to find comfort and strength, if it might be, from the lovely scene beyond.

Nature is so sympathetic. She had whispered many a thought to those red brown rocks that curved round the bay, and were so gay to-day in their rich dress of purple heather and yellow gorse. She knew their moods almost as well as

her own heart. To-day, in the clear atmosphere, how grandly they stood out in bold relief and contrast against the fickle sky, whose varying clouds cast brilliant shadows upon the sea. And she fancied she could hear the trees that crowned the cliffs, as they sent their branches peeping over, asking the sea what it was for ever murmuring, and why so restless.

"The sea is busier than life—there is no monotony there," she thought, "and as restless. Now advancing, now receding; never an instant still in its hungry desire to gain the point towards which it is impelled. And then—its ambition satisfied—the charm of pursuit is over, and back it hurries, leaving the land wet with tears at its fickleness!"

"Now, Hagar, you're mooning again," said Mrs. Sarah, not unkindly, breaking in upon the girl's fancies. "But I see you've got the room a'most ready. We'll soon finish it; and then you must come down and eat a bite of dinner, and after that we'll tidy ourselves."

Mrs. Sarah's "tidying" was of the simplest. The black alpaca remained—immovable it would appear—on her person; but a clean apron, and the smoothing down of the long bands of hair with which she hid her ears, showed that she was not above paying respect to the occasion.

With Hagar it was different; and we must follow her up to her perch in the roof.

Two attics and the kitchen were all that Mrs. Sarah had reserved for her own and Hagar's accommodation. For several years Hagar had shared one of these attics with Sarah, the other being reserved as a store and lumber room. But there came a day—when Hagar was about seventeen—that she asked and gained permission to appropriate the spare attic as a "corner" for herself.

The possession, and the effect it produced, was a commentary upon the quality of happiness, which a philosopher might have envied for a study. It is a question if anything of a material kind she might here-after possess would ever give Hagar the genuine pleasure she felt in furnishing this nest for her sole occupation.

Such a queer little hole it was; not more than twelve feet long by ten wide; with white-washed walls, and a sloping roof that met the wall at the height of three feet from the floor on the outside. It was lit by two small twelve-inch-square sky-lights, that shook and rattled with every breath of wind, as if the spirit of the air was perched on the roof between them, sighing, groaning, raging, as the mood took her. Now tender, as a strain of melancholy music—then demoniacal, as if all the fiends of the

orm were joining in the chorus. At such times Hagar drew a sliding shutter over each skylight, and banished the evil spirit of the wind until it had lashed and raved its force away and sunk into calmness again.

The attic was furnished with a small bed, a deal chest of drawers, a painted wash-stand, and a chair. Poorly furnished even to meanness; and yet it did not look bare or untenanted, for the spirit of the girl was there, surrounded by a select and goodly company of friends. Flung into the wilderness of the world, poor child, she awoke to find herself not alone; for here, in this abject corner, more than one angel, so they seemed to her, had appeared to quench the thirst of her aspirations.

Into this, her "corner," Hagar had now come to "tidy" herself. Her eyes brightened as she crossed the threshold as it never did when she was down-stairs; as if here, and here only, the true Hagar was at home. The soul must build its own nest, gathering to itself all it loves best. Who, then, were these chosen friends whose ministrations had made Hagar's wilderness to blossom as a rose? Chief among them was a large unframed print of the *Admiration*, by Correggio. She was ignorant of the merits of the artist; but for many a day had she read the story of that picture, and of the Divine Humanity that there lay cradled, to live only a cursed life and suffer death at the hands of those He came to save. Step by step had she followed the history of that Divine Life to its culminating glory, until at length, like another Mary, she chose the "better part." Sitting in spirit at the Divine feet, she grew rich in her poverty, and strong in her weakness, for Divine love had touched her soul and bade it live.

Other friends she had, too, in her books. She had been to school ever since she could remember, and was far in advance of her position in point of education. This had been Mrs. Sarah's pride and joy—"that all that money could buy of learning, her girl should have of the best within her means," and Hagar had profited by the advantage.

Mrs. Sarah was not without her reward; for her eye would kindle when "parties" noticed the beautiful hand-writing in which their weekly bills were made out, and would inquire whose it was. Then she would tell them how she "had felt the want of learnin'," and had therefore determined to make a right clever one of Hagar, who was so quick she could read and write, sing or sew with the best." And Mrs. Sarah was privately determined that so much good learning should not be flung away upon "anybody." What her ideas for

To return, however, to Hagar's books. Next to her Bible, and some gaily-bound prizes, stand half a dozen or more musty old brown leather volumes that bore a history. They were an unexpected god-send that fell to Hagar's share from a job lot of things Mrs. Sarah had once bought at an auction.

"Rubbishy old things," she had called them, "with their old brown leather covers as old as the hills, and insides as no one could understand." "She had had a mind to leave 'em behind ; but as they were tied up with the pair of bellows which was the object of her purchase, she thought that it was no use to untie them, that they would light a fire, if they could do nothing else."

"Light a fire, Mother !" exclaimed Hagar, seizing them. "No ; give them to me."

"Have 'em and welcome," was Mrs. Sarah's reply. "When girls become scholars, all was food for 'em when it was bound as a book," she supposed.

The first Hagar opened was very old, the date on it was 1789: *A Selection from the English Classics purified for the Use of Schools*. There were also some religious work ; some among them so fascinating that they had been Hagar's study ever since she had had them, showing the bent of her mind.

Hagar's corner had other characteristics. It was a picture gallery, flattering to the artists of the illustrated papers. Life on her walls was active, showing some gay court scene, or civil ball-room, or battle piece, with a portrait here and there of some hero, all gathered from the same sources, and very cheerful they made her "corner."

Changing her print dress for one of some dark material, she smoothed her pretty rippling hair until not a feathery ring was visible—a state of discipline the first kiss of sea breeze would provoke into rebellion. Putting on a neat black apron, a plain linen collar, and a dark neck ribbon, she was ready for knock or ring that should summon her. In the meantime she could sit down and have a quiet peep into one of her books.

A few lines of Thomas-a-Kempis had been running all day in her brain, and had unconsciously influenced her questioning while preparing the stranger's room. They returned to her now as her eye fell upon the book, and she repeated them aloud :

"A good man findeth always sufficient cause for mourning and weeping ; for whether he considereth his own or his neighbour's estate, he knoweth that none liveth here without tribulation."

Yes, surely, that is true ; and something tells me that I shall have my share, if I have not had it already," she thought, as once again

an impression, so vague that nowhere could she seize or define it, came back upon her, and she sighed.

"What is it?" she asked herself, looking up from her book to see the smiling mother of Christ, gazing with pride and joy upon her infant.

"What is it, this weight of something terrible, that has hung about me ever since I can remember? I try to call it back to life in my memory, but it won't come. There are times when I seem to be on the point of reaching it, but it goes again. How far back have I known and felt it? Let me try and think. Yes; ever since I can remember mother. I can always see her, and—something else!" she cried, starting up with pained dilated eyes. "Ah! there it is gone again," she sighed. "And mother sees the shadow of it in my eyes, and won't tell me. She must know surely, but I have no heart to ask her, I wish I could; but she is always silent about that time, and—father. Perhaps——"

A crimson glow spread over the girl's face at the suggestion, that possibly her mother's silence concealed a story best not told.

"No; I can never ask her. Poor mother! why should I pain her by asking? She has always been the best of mothers to me. It is my duty to do my utmost for her, all my life, and so I will."

As she made her resolve, she heard Mrs. Sarah's voice echoing up the stairs, bidding her come down at once, as the doctor had arrived suddenly, and had brought the sick "party" with him.

CHAPTER III.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

"Motionless, senseless, dying he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness and slumber of death, for ever sinking and sinking."

There was quite a commotion in the neighbourhood when two carriages stopped before the door of No. 7.

The people to the right and left and opposite rushed to their windows, as though a hearse or a bridal-coach was waiting to convey a "party" to life matrimonial or eternal. But all they saw was someone being lifted out, enveloped in blankets and rugs, and carried into the house under the superintendence of Dr. Jameson.

speculate who it could be, and how

"Mother Mullocks," as they familiarly called her, would get on with sickness in her house. "Something catching perhaps. But no doubt the 'party' could pay, or else *she* wouldn't have 'ad 'em. She was a rare one, was Mother Mullocks, for knowin' which side her bread was buttered."

Such was the private opinion, delivered publicly to her family, of Mrs. Bunbury, Mrs. Sarah's immediate neighbour and friend.

Mrs. Sarah was waiting in the hall to receive her new charge, and lead the way up-stairs to his bed-room.

Doctor Jameson, following, saw his patient comfortably arranged in the clean white-curtained bed. Then he gave him a sleeping-draught.

"Very ill," he murmured, as he waited until it should take effect, which it did very soon; and the sick man fell off into a troubled sleep.

The doctor then turned to Mrs. Sarah, and gave her some instructions concerning the treatment of the case.

"It is a complicated business," he said, "and you must watch him well. Everything depends upon the nursing. He may be worse than he is now, a good deal. I was half afraid of the move; but I could not leave him where he was: another twenty-four hours he could not have been moved at all. He is quiet now. He may be delirious when he awakes; don't be surprised. I'll come in the last thing to-night to see how he is."

"I'll mind him," said Mrs. Sarah assuringly, as she went to the door, which she opened softly, for the doctor to go down-stairs.

In the hall he met Hagar.

"Well, Hagar, your hands will be full now; you must take your share, and learn how to be as good a nurse as your mother."

"I'll try, Sir," she answered.

"I've told her what to do; she will tell you. Oh! there's one thing I forgot to mention," he said, turning round abruptly as he was going towards the front door. "Run up very gently and take your mother's place for a little. Tell her I want to say a few more words to her."

She did as he told her. On going up-stairs she saw the door was ajar. Beckoning to Mrs. Sarah, she sent her down and went in.

But when she found herself alone she grew troubled. She could hardly tell why, unless it was remembering how frequently her thoughts had returned with interested questioning to the subject of the sick man whose life was in their hands. And there he was:

now, lying asleep, and she shrank from looking at him. He might not like to know, when well, that strange eyes had made free to stare at him in his helplessness, in a way they would not have dared to do in his strength.

So she turned away and went to the window. A folding screen stood in front of it to keep off the glare of the sun upon the sea from falling on his eyes and hindering sleep. The window was open, and the air circulated freely through the room. A chair was behind the screen, on which Hagar sat down.

The doctor had kept Mrs. Sarah talking a very long time before he left; and she, knowing that her patient was asleep, and likely to remain so, left Hagar in charge, without returning.

She sat listening to the fitful breathings and feverish tossings of the sick man. Once a low moan startled her. Feeling some pity, she came out from her hiding-place to see if he needed anything.

He was lying with his hands outside the coverlid, his head thrown backwards upon the pillow, with his chin raised high. He looked big and powerful to Hagar who, at the sudden sight she had caught, shrunk back to her hiding-place like a frightened mouse.

Still she had seen him, and her vivid imagination conjured up an individuality from this brief glance.

Her strongest impression was one of fear.

"He is one accustomed to command, imperious and proud," she thought.

She could gather nothing from the expression of his mouth, that tell-tale of character. It was half open when she glanced at him. She only noticed a full, dark, drooping moustache, short scant whiskers, a close-cut head of hair, a large square forehead, with marked eye-brows, and a long straight nose.

There was a frown of suffering upon the face—suffering and rebellion. He was evidently one who could not understand or accept a contradiction. To be lying ill when his regiment was on the way to India must have aggravated, by mental irritation, his physical ailments, and increased the disease. For pride was stamped upon every feature of his face.

Once or twice Mrs. Sarah came up to see how things were going on, on one occasion bringing Hagar some tea.

"Which would you like best—to stay here or go down-stairs?" she asked.

"I'll stay where I am, while he is asleep. I shall be no good

"Very well, then. Call me when he wakes; just ring the bell, I'll know what it means. I am going to unpack his boxes, and — see for linen; the man as brought him along with the doctor — showed me where to find the changes. I shall be in Miss Gregory's room, not far off. If I should be gone down, and he wakes, and is quiet, mind you give him a few spoonfuls of this. If he won't take it, then ring sharp for me."

"I shall be frightened if he wakes," said Hagar.

"Nonsense, frightened! You must get over all that faddle. It's plain I can't nurse him night and day without help; and it's right you should learn how to mind sick folks. You would be a ninny if you could not get a few spoonfuls of stuff down a man's throat when he's lying sick and helpless, and ain't got no strength to say you nay. Lor', you should 'ave seen how I handled my old man, that left me all I got. He hadn't a 'no' nowhere inside his mouth when I wanted him to say 'yes.' You must show yourself strong with 'em, and then they learns fast enough to obey. Bless ye! sick folks, children, and men, ye must treat 'em all alike in this world if ye want to do what's best for 'em."

All this was whispered behind the screen. Hagar listened nervously and unconvinced. But Mrs. Sarah spoke with authority, as if experience had given her an insight into such matters that defied dispute. This gave dignity and importance to her manner as she left the room, with her head erect.

Hagar went on with her tea, over which she was too excited to loiter. Since Mrs. Sarah had commissioned her to watch for the sick man's awakening, and to feed him, her heart kept throbbing with nervous anxiety.

"He's sleeping, and no mistake," said Mrs. Sarah, looking in to put some articles of clothing into the chest of drawers. "It will soon be dark," she added. "If you can sit without a light, then so much the better, as he'll sleep the longer, and sleep is everything now."

As she was leaving the room, she stood to look at him, exclaiming in an undertone:

"My! but he's a splendid man! ain't he now, poor soul? And rich, you may depend. That ring on his finger must have cost pounds."

"Oh, Mother, don't!" cried Hagar, in a desperate whisper.

It seemed so shocking to her sense of delicacy to stand and discuss him, when he was powerless to resist the impertinence.

"Don't teach yer betters, Miss," said Mrs. Sarah, roughly. "Just do as you are bid, or I'll teach you the difference."

This was a common flavour in her mother's temper, that showed itself when ruffled, and Hagar was well accustomed to it—took no notice of it, in fact, but let it exhaust itself. The next half-hour Mrs. Sarah would be herself again, forgetting that she had ever spoken a word that could hurt another. Knowing this, Hagar kept silence, and Mrs. Sarah left the room.

Presently she returned with a dressing-case in her hand, which she placed on the chest of drawers. Hagar's curiosity was aroused when she discerned that a name was painted on the leather cover, and she stole up to read it.

"Roland Austin."

It did not reassure her, and she went back to her seat more nervous than ever, conscious of an influence she could neither define nor explain. Shadows were creeping up, throwing the room into deeper shade every moment. She did not know how she should have courage to remain alone with this man in the coming darkness, waiting for him to awake.

And when he did awake, what then?

She shivered as she imagined vaguely her first words with him. How should she ask him to take his physio? It was dreadful to think of. And oh, that clock! how it ticked! It was like a death-tick. Would he die? "O God, let me not look on death!" she prayed silently.

The novelty of her position produced excitement. Her imagination invoked phantom fears, such as rise up and mock us when our nerves are weak and the light burns low. So long as her mother had remained in the room, she had been able to control herself. But after leaving his dressing-case, Mrs. Sarah had gone down-stairs; and now the room was almost in darkness.

To break the spell of nervousness, she got up, and lifted the screen aside from the window, placing it in the corner of the room, to shade the table on which the candles stood ready to be lighted.

"The stars won't hurt his eyes," she thought, "and the moon won't be passing for the next half-hour. Now I can watch better."

In the company of the friendly stars she lost the sense of loneliness, and lapsed into a dreamy state of semi-unconsciousness, which soon became illuminated by a bright vision. Suddenly she found herself transformed, and walking through a world of light and love, glowing with delights, and brilliant to the eye. Music, flowers, the song of distant waters, all combined to make a perfect enchantment. "Ah! it is good to be here," she

"Can anything surprise me?" she said, for suddenly she felt that she had been in her room for some time, and she was sure that she had been there for some time. She would not say. She only knew that she was in something she had never felt before. Her heart was beating, for she had never before. Would it have been? No, surely not. Something had been made to give it more power, she knew, and found that she had been in something.

"But with friends must be witnesses from the night," she thought, for her heart still throbbed with the joy she had felt. At first she hardly knew where she was. Had she slept for nights—was it time to rise?

Gradually the reality returned. There was the screen, and there was the sick man. The moon had risen, by its dim light she could see around. But oh, how silent everything was!

"Is he dead?" she exclaimed, struck by the silence. She grew so frightened she felt she must go quite near to hear if his heart still beat.

Fearful even of her own footsteps, she determined to rise, and was soon with her ear at his pillow intent on hearing if he breathed.

But before she had time to discern if he lived, because of the throbbing of her own nervous pulses, she found herself clutched convulsively, and the man she thought dead asked:

"What are you, man or devil?"

The sound of his voice restored her presence of mind, which the shock of his grasp threatened to paralyse. Instead of screaming for Mrs. Sarah, her first inclination, she mastered herself sufficiently to answer:

"I am neither."

"Where am I?"

"With people who are nursing you."

"Is my mother here?"

"No."

"Who are you then?"

"Hagar."

When she had said this he relaxed his hold and turned on his side wearily, while she went behind the screen to strike a light, remembering Sarah's instructions that he was to be given something when he awoke.

Her hand trembled, but the worst was over. He could not frighten her again, and she felt her courage rise to her task.

"Take this," she whispered gently, holding a spoonful of some liquid to his lips.

His eyes were half closed. But on hearing her voice he opened them, then shut them again, saying faintly : "Thirsty."

"Yes, here is something."

"Who are you ?" he repeated, opening his eyes and letting them rest on her.

"Will you let me give you this ?" she asked earnestly. She had not the nerve to put it to his lips without his consent. As he remained gazing at her, his eye grew brighter. Suddenly he electrified her by sitting upright, staring wildly at her, and exclaiming :

"How did you get out of the box ?" Then he seized her hand that held the spoon, and flung it aside.

"Oh dear ! he is delirious," and she rung for Mrs. Sarah.

"Lie still," she whispered, returning to his side, for his eyes had followed her, and he was still staring, and remained doing so, asking her "how she got out of the box," until Mrs. Sarah came.

"What black witch is this ?" he exclaimed, turning from Mrs. Sarah in horror. "Here, you," calling to Hagar, "save me from her !" and he stretched out his hand towards the girl entreatingly.

"Come ! no nonsense !" said Mrs. Sarah, sternly, walking up to him. "Lie down at once, I can't have no nonsense. What 'll the doctor say, I wonder, when he comes and hears that you have not taken what he's ordered. You 'll never get well if you don't do as I bid you. You are here to be nursed and got well. Come, lie down," and she enforced her commands by taking his head and putting it upon the pillow.

Whether it was delirium or what, Mrs. Sarah mastered him. He offered no resistance, and took what she required. He was very ill. He lay with his eyes open and staring ; no pleasing sight to look upon.

After some moments Mrs. Sarah whispered to Hagar :

"You can go now, he's quiet. Run out into the garden for a mouthful of fresh air. But be sure you don't go out of hearing of the doctor's ring. It is near upon nine o'clock. There's mother Bumbury been a pumpin' of me to know all about him," added Mrs. Sarah, in a cautionary aside. "I've just told her so much and no more. She 'll be at the gate to look out for you, but don't you let on. We know nothin' about him remember but that he's sick, and Dr. Jameson sent him here to be nursed."

Hagar moved towards the door, glad to escape, when the sick man called out vehemently :

"Don't go. If you leave me alone with this black thing she 'll go."

The last was uttered with a whine of suffering.

Hagar looked to her mother for her orders.

"Go," motioned Mrs. Sarah, for the vagaries of sick folks were no more to her than the whimperings of a child; it was a rule with her not to pamper their fancies, so she waived her hand to Hagar to leave.

But before the girl could open the door, the sick man, with all the strength and violence of delirium, had made a spring as if he would escape from them. It needed all Mrs. Sarah's strength to hold him down, and she called to Hagar to help her.

"She's going back into the box," he cried, "and I swear she shan't."

"He's delirious. You had better stay with me now, Hagar, in case he should break out again. It will take the pair of us to keep him quiet."

He was rolling his eyes wildly when Hagar whispered gently, "Be calm—try and sleep."

The effect of her words was magical. The demon of delirium was for the moment exorcised, and he seemed literally to obey her. Seeing this, she had no wish to leave the room; for so long as she was near him, the poor sufferer was calm—wandering now and again unconsciously—but no longer raving with excitement.

"It strikes me the whole burden of his nursing will fall on you," said Mrs. Sarah, who noticed Hagar's power of soothing. "Fine gentlemen don't fancy old sensible bodies like me. Well, my gell, I won't grudge you the fine present you're sure to get when he comes round and knows who it is as has taken care on him. I daresay, now, it's a handsome silk gown he'll give you."

"O Mother!" groaned Hagar, for it was hopeless to expostulate with the love of gain that peeped out in Mrs. Sarah's dealings.

"Yes, a fine silk gown, or maybe a ring," she continued annoyingly, repaying the sick man's preference by pricking Hagar.

"Perhaps he understands what you are saying; do hush, Mother," entreated the girl. "Ah! there is the doctor," she cried. Never had his knock been so welcome to Hagar.

"Shall I go down and answer it?"

"No; send the black witch," said the voice from the bed, to their astonishment.

"Black witch, indeed!" said Sarah, tossing her head. "If you weren't sick, my gentleman, you'd pay for yer impudence by marching out of my doors."

But she was smiling while she spoke; for Mrs. Sarah's bark was

generally worse than her bite. She went down to the doctor, however, and told him all that had happened.

When the doctor saw his patient, he shook his head more than ever.

"Worse, much worse, than ever I expected to find him. It is a toss up if he will get through the night after this. I never bargained for this excitement. You must not thwart him. If he don't fancy you, Mrs. Sarah, then you must keep out of the way for the present. If he likes Hagar to stay, stay she must; that's certain. It may be a strain on her for a day or so, but you must have other help down-stairs, and leave her here. Another fit like that last would be fatal. He must *not* be excited."

"Eh, doctor, but he *is* bad!" said Mrs. Sarah, as she held the light and went downstairs with the doctor.

"Yes; he is. And you must not leave that girl all alone with him. Stay in the room, but keep out of sight. His only chance is perfect quiet. For my own part, I shall be astonished if I find him alive in the morning."

CHAPTER IV.

A VIGIL.

"In a sick room the kindness and attention of the nurse often operate far greater ~~power~~ than the skill of the doctor."

Mrs. SARAH came back to Hagar looking grave.

"A bad business," she whispered. "If I'd a known as death it was to be, I'd 'ave seen the doctor far enough afore I'd 'ave had this happen here. A fine thankless job, to be sure. Half a day's lodgin' and men death. There won't be no luck in it—just dead loss—for to have a death in the house 'll keep folks away. And Miss Gregory, she won't enjoy her bed, as was a death-bed, for weeks and weeks to come."

Hagar was silent. It was useless arguing with her mother when she got on the subject of gain and loss. All she said was, "He may not die."

"Not die! That's all you know about it. I've never seen no one worse, and I have seen a many in my day. What's that you're a doin' now?"

"My hand is cool, and I am keeping it on his head; he is restless when I move it away."

"Yes, he's in his death sleep, poor soul. The doctor is right," said Mrs. Sarah, coming up to the bed-side and peering into the

dying man's face. "He won't wake out of this sleep unless, maybe, to fall into convulsions afore he goes off. It aint no good my bidin' here a doin' nothin' but watch him sleep. I'll just go into the next room and lie down a bit. May be he'll want layin' out afore the mornin', poor dear, and then I'll be ready. If he shows signs of stirring, give a call."

It was a relief to Hagar this time to get rid of her mother and her gloomy prognostications. It was something repugnant to her innate delicacy and good feeling to see this poor man's last moments commented upon as if he were a garment left in pawn, when there were those in the world who would be in agony of heart, no doubt, did they for a moment suspect him to be lying, as he was, all but dead.

He had asked for his mother. Who was she? If she could only see him now! Perhaps he had a wife; or if he were not married, someone might be thinking of him as the one man in the world worth living for.

Such were the thoughts passing through Hagar's mind as she held her ice-cold hand—cold from nervous anxiety—upon his forehead. As the hours wore on, intenser grew her longing to save him. If nursing, watching, praying could save—oh, then he must surely live! For in the stillness of the night, when sounds even slept, and nothing reached her ear save the shaking of the window in its sash, and the ticking of the clock—then, with one hand on his pulse, counting its feeble beats, the other on his forehead—she prayed, poor child, that he might be spared to those who loved him.

How intensely she watched, How adroitly she managed to give him the requisite nourishment at the right time. All feeling was concentrated into one absorbing anxiety—that he should live. Her will demanded this as imperiously as though she were a weeping sister or distracted wife. She might have been either, to judge from the intense expression of her face. It was her first real encounter with human suffering, fighting with death for life; and the angel within her could think only of rescue.

The cold grey light of a new day crept into the room and found her watching still. She looked pale but hopeful.

He was not dead.

By the stronger light of morning she could see his face. It no longer wore the ghastly hue of imminent death as on the previous night. The features even wore an expression of peace.

"He won't die!" she murmured. "Thank God. I am glad; and others will be glad. His mother—he asked for his mother."

Then followed an exultant thought she could not repress.

"And I have helped to keep him alive. I, too, have saved a life!"

To have put her thought into words would have shocked her; but the consciousness of what she had been allowed to do remained to gladden her. And she was not wrong. Had another, uninfluenced by her noble purpose, watched in her stead that night, he must have died; but a secret unconscious enthusiasm had quickened her perceptions to know when a remedy would serve and nourishment give strength. The doctor had left directions, it is true, but a sleepy eye or a faltering hand, or an indifferent spirit, would have given the sufferer over an easy prey to death.

Mrs. Sarah, throughout the night, had slept like a rock. A hard day's cleaning is a fine sedative, and she had not moved since she had thrown her tired person on Miss Gregory's couch, ready for Hagar's summons, which she had expected at any moment. It was six o'clock when she awoke.

"Eh! Bless me!" she exclaimed, surprised to see herself in black alpaca on awaking. Then she recollected; rising stiffly after her long rest, she made her way in to Hagar.

"O my poor gell! why didn't you call me? How is he now? dying?"

"No, he has lived through the night. It strikes me he is not as bad as when you left. Feel his pulse; it is stronger."

"And so it is. Now, who'd a thought it!" said Mrs. Sarah, surprised and pleased. "I made sure I'd have laid him out afore this; and, my! what a splendid fine corpse he'd have made!" she added almost tenderly, taking a long look at him as he lay stretched out, wan and weary enough, but yet asleep and breathing softly.

Hagar, now, was eager for the doctor's opinion. He came at nine, and was both surprised and pleased.

"You have managed beyond my expectations, Mrs. Sarah. But you know I told you that if there was a woman in Hillington could pull him through, that woman was yourself."

"Well, Sir, I never was one to steal the good word from another body and call it my own. You must just praise Hagar there. It's all her work. You told me he were not to be crossed in what he wanted, so I says to Hagar, 'While his eyes is shut, there's no call for two of us to look on to see if he opens 'em, so call me when he awakes; I'll be alongside of ye.' So I went into the next room, and there I was awaitin' ready to take his dyin' breath. But Hagar there, however she managed it, has kept him alive, and I'll always say it of her as how she saved him this blessed

night. And I know it is possible he'll be when his mind is back in his body again to know me who put it there."

"If you please, Sir, I hope you will never say a word to him about it," put in Hagar anxiously.

"That nonsense. Likely, indeed, I'm a going to let you burn out the candle of your life & lighting him back to his, without he knows who he's got to thank," put in Mrs. Sarah.

"Then leave me, Mother. I'll leave the room never to come into it again if you don't give me your promise to hold your tongue about me," said Hagar in a tone so determined that Mrs. Sarah knew she must obey.

"Do just listen to her, Doctor," she protested.

"Yes, listen to her, and to me she tells you," said the doctor, patting Hagar kindly in the shoulder and calling her a good girl.

"No, I am not," she cried, shaking herself free of his touch.

"Well, a strange one then."

"Indeed, you may well say that, Doctor," broke in Mrs. Sarah. "It's all that book learning as is mulling her brains."

"Oh, Mother," she pleaded reproachfully.

"Well, my girl, don't take in. I haven't any fault to find with you, except, may be, you're fond of holding your head a trifle too high."

For Mrs. Sarah had noticed how Hagar shrank from the least touch of familiarity from the doctor or anyone, and was inclined to admire the fault she thought it her duty to blame.

"But surely you don't find I hold my head too high for my work," replied Hagar, with a pained expression.

"Well, no; but, there, don't look at me with them big eyes of yours, which remind me, for all the world, of a couple of mutes at a funeral."

"Come, Mrs. Sarah, let us leave her. It is evident that neither you nor I can claim any credit in this case," said the doctor good-temperedly. He was glad that he could look forward to recovery for his patient, and there was nothing he liked better than a case that did well under his hands.

"Don't let her knock herself up," he whispered as they went down-stairs. "She cannot stand many such nights, and it is important he should have no relapse. While he sleeps, as he is now doing, make her lie down and rest, or you'll be having two invalids on your hands."

"To tell you the truth, Doctor, I don't half like the job you've given me at all. It seems as if it was to be an unlucky one for me somehow. None of 'em as ever I nursed took on and raved

at me for a black witch. Old Nick 's got his finger in this business, or my name ain't Sarah Mullocks, and I've got the gift of seein' things a long way off afore they comes," said Mrs. Sarah, in whose bosom there rankled a sense of uneasiness and lost prestige, mixed with superstition.

"Bless you, my good woman, you don't mean to tell me that you mind what a sick man says. I tell you, I felt it was his only chance to move from those noisy barracks into your house, and you see I was right. And now go and send that girl to bed, and I'll look in again at three, if you don't send for me in the mean time. You know where I am to be found."

With this, the doctor stepped into his roomy brougham and snatched a moment's leisure to see what account the morning papers gave of the world in and out of Hillington.

"Now, Hagar, Polly Bunbury is comin' in to help down-stairs, just you go away up to your bed and stay there until you're called; don't be spendin' your time, now, readin' them brown-backed rubbish instead of doin' as you're bid," said Mrs. Sarah, turning to take up her post by the sick man's side.

It was not until she reached her "corner" that Hagar realised how very tired she was. She threw herself on her bed, too exhausted to undress. But never had she felt so like being happy as now, when she realised that *she*, by faithful watching and intense care had won back a life from death.

She never for an instant speculated upon having any further interest in that life. Her idea was purely a spiritual and exalted one, such as young imaginative girls are fond of dreaming about and acting upon when their minds are enthusiastic and their senses spiritualised. With Hagar it was the mite which she had often longed to cast into the world's treasury of good, and she enjoyed the sense of having been employed to render the deed of mercy.

It was six o'clock in the evening before Polly Bunbury came to call her.

Polly was a stout comely girl with an expansive smile that was aggravating, and an abundant head of hair that she loved to braid. Her one aspiration was to be considered "genteel." Hagar, she thought very "genteel," and envied while she admired her. Mrs. Sarah reaped the benefit of this silent admiration, as Polly loved nothing better than to be asked to give a neighbourly and helping hand at No. 7. She was now in great force, hoping by much attention to gather a fine crop of gossip to carry home to her mother, who was full of anxiety to learn everything that could be said about Mrs. Sarah's "lodge."

"Six o'clock did you say? Dear me, how I've slept!" exclaimed Hagar, rubbing her eyes. "Have you heard how the gentleman is?"

"He's never moved. Such a sleep as he's having! Mrs. Mullocks says she never saw anything like it before; and the doctor has been here, and there's been a telegram for the Captain."

"A telegram, indeed!"

"Yes; Mrs. Mullocks kept it until the doctor came, and she showed it to me afterwards. It's from a gentleman in London, saying that he only heard by accident that the Captain hadn't gone with his regiment, and enquiring what was the matter. The gentleman's name is Drummond."

"And what has the doctor done?"

"Oh, he's going to write and tell him that the Captain is too sick to answer his telegram, but he hopes he'll not be long before he's up and about again and able to write for himself."

Thus matters continued, while the sick man, or "the Captain," as he was now called, was sleeping that long sleep that helps recovery, or ends in death. His awakening was now looked for anxiously.

"He may pick up quickly after this if he gets no relapse," said the doctor, who had delayed longer than usual in his visit to-day, hoping he might find his patient awake before he left.

As Mrs. Sarah was seeing him to the door the postman came up to the steps with a letter for her.

"Oh my goodness! There now! If I did not know that it would come," she exclaimed all in a breath, and detaining the doctor.

"What is the matter?" he enquired.

"Why, if this ain't from Miss Gregory. I know her writin' by the points, they sticks up all straight on end, and always reminds me of a paper of pins with the points a top, they're so sharp. Just see now, Doctor, and if she happens to want to come back, whatever on this blessed earth am I to do? May be you'd be so kind as to read the letter for me, and see what she says," said Mrs. Sarah, handing it to him, "for I ain't as quick at readin' writin' as I might have been, had I been born these times when young things is taught to lap up ink with their milk."

The doctor was as anxious as Mrs. Sarah that nothing should interfere with the possible recovery and comfort of his patient, so he seized the letter, and read it while standing in the hall. Had Miss Gregory known that Dr. Jameson would have been the first to peruse it, she would have been careful to write on her best note-paper, tinted, crested, scented; as it was, the back

of an old letter, folded in two, served to convey to Mrs. Sarah that—

"Miss Gregory requested Mrs. S. Mullocks to have her rooms prepared to receive her on the 16th, circumstances having occurred which compelled Miss Gregory to return to Hillington earlier than usual. She expected to arrive about six o'clock in the evening. Mrs. Mullocks would understand about having tea and everything ready for Miss Gregory as usual."

"Now, whatever shall I do! Miss Gregory, my permamint party, a comin' on the 16th, and this is the 13th," cried Mrs. Sarah in dismay, "I reckoned on you, Sir, tellin' her how things was."

"So I did intend to," said the doctor, looking worried. "The fact is I have so much to think of, I forgot all about it. But I thought, as she is always on her rounds at this time, we were safe for a few days, and, of course, I put off writing; and with me to put off is to forget. But I tell you what I'll do. I'll make my wife write at once and invite her to stay with us. You may depend upon it, some of her swell friends have thrown her over at the last moment, and she has nowhere to go to, that is why she is running into port so soon for the winter. She'll come to us if I ask her, and that'll get you out of the scrape I've let you in for."

The doctor knew that he had a good case up-stairs, and although he did not love Miss Gregory, to judge from his manner of speaking, he determined to bear the lesser evil of her company than the greater one of having his patient's recovery retarded.

His proposition effectually put a stop to any protest or lamentation that Mrs. Sarah had to offer. In fact, Miss Gregory got her rooms a bargain through that qualificative "permanent," and Mrs. Sarah had everything to gain by the doctor's arrangement. She was ready to acknowledge this, had not her superstitions worried her.

"She'd had her misgivin's from the first, and she had the gift of seein' on ahead. Some mischief was comin' out of this, and had she needed any confirmation of her fears, here it was in Miss Gregory coming back ever so long before her time, a thing she'd never done afore," thought Mrs. Sarah, as she listened to the doctor while he smoothed away her difficulties.

Instead of thanking him she only said, "It's a bad business and 'll come to no good."

"Now I call that ungrateful," the doctor was going to say, when he and Mrs. Sarah were startled by the ringing of a bell.

"I am glad you're not gone,"

and Mrs. Sarah. "He's waking, you may be sure. It's Hagar's job. Shall I go up, Sir, or will you? We had better not both go, in case he's dazed with strange faces."

"I'll go, by all means," said the doctor, mounting the stairs. "I was so glad I happened to be in the house," he thought, as he entered the room.

"He's moving," whispered Hagar; "I knew you were down-stairs with mother, that is why I rang to let you know."

"Quite right: now let us see him."

The sick man opened his eyes slowly, and they rested on Dr. Dawson, whom he did not recognise at first.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly; "in quarters?"

"No, no; I carried you out of that," answered the doctor in his cheery voice. "You have been very ill, but that is all over now; only you must keep quiet and not exhaust yourself."

"Yes—I have been—very ill. I am horribly weak—I—can't—talk."

"No, no one wants you to talk. Hagar—quick—the brandy," cried the doctor, turning round.

After taking a teaspoonful, the sick man seemed to revive, and opening his eyes again, glanced around.

"Who was that you called to just now?"

"Hagar; she and her good mother are nursing you."

"Women—" he tried to say fretfully. "Where is my man?"

"Gone with the regiment."

"Ah yes, it is gone; and I am—sick," he sighed; "and my man is gone! Get me another, then; I want no women about me."

"Ah, you won't mind these; a couple of excellent creatures who understand nursing, and have pulled you through the worst of your sickness," said the doctor persuasively.

"What did you call her, the one in the room?"

"Hagar."

"What is she, old or young?"

"Old and young," said the doctor, putting the question aside with a smile. "Now I hope you won't worry yourself, but do your best to get well as soon as you can."

"Where is this creature? Let me see her," he asked wearily.

"Whom do you want to see?"

"Here I am, Sir," said Mrs. Sarah, who had been standing outside the door, and determined upon introducing herself at a favourable moment.

Unfortunately she had forgotten to remove her sun-bonnet, and the picture she presented, however suggestive it may have been of

honest worth and excellent nursing, was not inviting or likely to soothe a sick man's fancy.

"Take that witch of Endor out of my sight," he cried, with a movement of disgust that threatened excitement.

"Why did you come?" said the doctor in an undertone; "you only excite him you see."

"Excite him, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Sarah, very much put out; "the sooner he gets well and clears out the better. Witch of Endor, indeed! I'll witch him before he's finished, or my name ain't Sarah Mullocks!"

"Dear Mother, don't be vexed," whispered Hagar, soothingly; "you know he's not half-awake yet."

"And the other one—is she like the old one?"

"Pray don't worry and excite yourself."

"Let me see her. I won't be left alone with these creatures, unless I see what they are first," he cried fretfully.

"Come, Hagar," whispered the doctor; "he must not be excited. Let him see you."

Hagar stepped forward and stood beside the doctor. She was very pale and nervous, fearing some rough command to follow her mother.

But this did not happen.

"Why did she not come when she was called?" was all he asked.

"She did not hear you," answered the doctor, touching his forehead as he turned aside to Mrs. Sarah to intimate that the sick man was not quite responsible as yet.

Presently he opened his eyes very wide—hitherto they had been half-shut—and fixed them upon Hagar, with an expression fearful to meet.

"Had they ever looked with kindness on anyone?" she wondered. But, before she could reply, the eyes themselves answered her by softening from fierceness into gentleness, or something like it. It lasted but a second; then they grew dull, and at last they closed wearily.

"He wants to sleep again, he's not the thing yet; but there's nothing now to fear, I think. The skin is cool, pulse more regular. You must be very patient with him, Mrs. Mullocks; and, above all, don't excite him," said the doctor.

"For the matter of that, I wish I needn't go nigh him; but it ain't a slip of a girl as can nurse a man outright. So when he wants nurain' its me, I suppose, must look after him?" asked Mrs. Sarah surlily.

"Of course, of course; you must be careful of Hagar, an overtax her strength. Let her do all the light watching, so he may never be left alone, and you can always be at hand she can help you a good bit."

"And much good may it do us both in that quarter," Mrs. Sarah's reply, indicating the sick man's room with her finger as she opened the front door to let the doctor out.

After they had both left the room the sick man opened his eyes and looked around with a feeble stare. Not seeing Hagar called out:

"Here—you—girl! What's your name?"

"Yes, Sir," she cried, startled by the unexpected call. She did not leave her seat however. "Is there anything you want?" she asked.

"Come here, and tell me how long I have been ill, and what happened."

CHAPTER V.

CONVALESCENT.

"How and where shall I earliest find her?"

ALL Hagar's timidity returned when he asked her to come and speak to him. She trembled with fright, and was thankful the screen hid her from his sight.

"Are you coming?" he asked.

"No, Sir; I am sorry I cannot do as you wish. I have the doctor's orders that you are to be kept perfectly quiet, and not to talk."

"The doctor be hanged," was his languidly impatient rejoinder. Hagar let it pass in silence.

"If you don't come at once when I call you, I'll, I'll, I'll," he said presently, too excited to finish his speech when he saw that she paid no heed to him.

"If you don't remain quiet, Sir, I must leave the room and fetch my mother to sit with you," said Hagar firmly, whose heart beat aloud with fright.

"You cruel little wretch. Woman all over," he moaned.

Then followed another silence, lasting some minutes, after which he called for something to drink.

He was as helpless as a child, and drank eagerly what she gave him.

"How long have I been lying here?" he asked when he had finished.

"For several days."

"Why, in heaven's name, didn't I die? What is the good of being like this—a prisoner in the hands of a couple of women!" he cried impatiently in a low fretful tone.

"You are not to talk, Sir, if you please," said Hagar.

"Why not? I can't lie here, doing nothing, seeing nothing."

"You will get well sooner if you can only keep quiet now. All this talking is bad for you."

"I won't talk if you will sit where I can see you. This loneliness is maddening—oh dear! to come down to this!"

Hagar offered no objection, but brought her book and sat reading it while he stared at her—not rudely, she knew, but as he might have stared at the flies dancing a cotillion, or at the pattern of the paper on the wall. If looking at her beguiled the tediousness of these silent weary hours, why, she was glad to let him look. It is true that what she read was not quite so interesting or intelligible as it would have been behind the screen, but it was a comfort to her that she held a book in her hand, and had the leaves to turn over. But for this she could not have been so good-natured, she felt, growing embarrassed as time passed away. It was so impossible to resist speculating about him now, after having nursed him as she had done—what manner of man he was when quite well. And when these thoughts arose, with them came that stern school-master conscience, telling her "she had no right to trouble her head about him, he was nothing to her," and even making her blush by suggesting that her speculations were a trifle bold and unmaidenly; a hint that at once turned her from warm humanity into marble.

Never had that seeming tyrant Conscience so docile a victim as poor Hagar.

It was a relief when Mrs. Sarah came up-stairs at the end of a couple of hours; determined, as she said, to break the neck of the obstinacy which hitherto had refused to accept her services with civility.

To the surprise of both, he offered no objection and made no scene when Mrs. Sarah came in and dismissed Hagar, taking her place.

"You see, Mother, he wasn't half awake before, was he?" said Hagar, when she and Mrs. Sarah met again in the kitchen later on.

"No, poor soul, he's as mild as a lamb now. And don't he look better now he's washed and tidied up a bit," said Mrs. Sarah, whom it took as little to please as to offend.

Time went on, and found him approaching convalescence.

When it was necessary, Hagar sat with him, reading to herself and keeping watch, not now behind the screen, but where he could see her, yet repelling every attempt of his at conversation. If his will was strong, hers, at that time, was stronger, and compelled his obedience. But to look at her occupied his brain and kept him amused.

If, for a moment, she had allowed herself to think about him—he—a stranger to conscience, whose counsel he would have disdained—possessed no such curb to his speculations, which ran all the wilder because of the silence she had enjoined. If she thought herself only on a par with the patterns on the wall, or the flies on the ceiling, as an object of distraction, she would have been astonished, and perhaps shocked, to know that he consented to silence because he was intent on studying her face and learning its secret.

How was she to be gained ; how approached ?

One morning the doctor thought him well enough to get up for a few hours and lie on the sofa. When Mrs. Sarah came down to the kitchen after having dressed him, she found Hagar arranging some flowers in a vase which she was about to take up to the sick room.

“Yes, take ’em up, they ’ll cheer him finely,” said Mrs. Sarah. “The Lord be thanked, it is in his dressing-gown and not his shroud I’ve had to dress him at last. It’s livin’ I’ve laid him out on the sofa, not dead, and grand he do look. Man or mortal, he’s the splendorous creature I’ve ever minded, although his tongue is none of the longest, now the fever is out of his blood. He never speaks save to give a ‘thank you.’ But there goes his bell. Run up with them flowers, and see what he wants.”

“I’ve brought you some flowers, Sir,” said Hagar, coming into the room with the vase in her hand.

He was stretched out on the couch in an Oriental dressing-gown, and embroidered slippers on his feet. A tall fine man he looked, with a proud determined face, white and wasted with sickness, the pallor being all the more prominent by contrast with his dark hair and unshaven beard. A table was by his side for invalid requisites, and on it were some unopened letters.

Hagar placed the flowers near him without further comment. He did not even thank her. It seemed as if he had not heard or seen her, as he laid back on the sofa with his eyes half closed. She never asked him how he felt, nor did he volunteer the information. She stood, however, silently awaiting his orders.

Seeing he did not speak, she ventured to remind him that he

had rung the bell. Still he took no notice, and, thinking he might be inclined to sleep and not wish to be disturbed, she was leaving the room, when he called her.

She turned back at once, and stood at the foot of his couch. He kept her standing until she asked him if he found the light too strong, and should she lower the blind, or would he have the screen?

"Neither, thank you," opening his eyes very slowly, and looking at her.

"What then do you wish me to do, Sir?"

"Smile!"

His answer, or rather command, took her so much by surprise, that, thrown off her guard, she echoed his words, adding, "I don't know what you mean."

"No, I thought not. You have glided in and out like a spirit. I have watched you by the hour together, and I have never yet seen you smile. Are you human?" he asked with a touch of bitterness.

"I am here to answer your bell, Sir. If you want anything I will get it for you; if not, I must go," she answered firmly but gently.

"Smiles are not included in the bill I suppose," he remarked scornfully.

"Please don't misunderstand me, Sir," she cried, reproachfully—for his speech stung her. "I am not thinking of the bill, that is my mother's affair; but I don't fancy that we have nursed you as if we had been hired only. I am sure I have not."

"No, I know you have not; forgive me. Can you forgive, Ragar? if you can't smile, look at me and say."

"It is not for you to ask, nor for me to say," she answered coldly, refusing to return his gaze that was warm with interest.

"Well, if you won't, you won't—'wilful woman,' you know; but I'll fire up at what I say, I am irritable from weakness. I won't let you so smile or forgive, since you don't know the meaning of these words, it seems; and you shall at least know what I rang for—Can you read writing? Print I know you can read, as I have never seen a book out of your hand, but letters now—this, for instance?" handing her one of the letters on the table.

"Yes, Sir, I can."

"Open and read it, then; my head is weak, and the letters dazzle my eyes."

She broke the seal and read—in a large, aggressive hand, the person addressed—the following:

"MY DEAR ROLAND,

"What do you mean by getting sick? How did you manage it? Just, too, as your regiment was starting for the glorious East! I heard of it by the merest chance, as I happened one day to drop in at your agents' on my way to the club. I telegraphed and got reply from your doctor to say you were doing all right. Daily bulletin from him has been satisfactory. He said you were in good hands, so I wait contented until you write me a line yourself. Do so as soon as you can, by return of post if possible. I have heard from your people. They think you are on the sea; your mother feeling every gust of wind that she thinks may possibly have capsized your boat. Thought it best not to undeceive her, as things were going on well. You had better join them as soon as you can move, and I will go with you, giving up good shooting and pleasant company to see that you do not fall out by the way, or among the thieves of society who rob and wound men of peace and comfort by marrying them. From all such snares I feel bound to deliver you, my dear boy, otherwise I have no right to call myself

"Your affectionate

"JASPER DRUMMOND.

"P.S.—By the way, dining out the other evening, I sat next to a woman with an infernal long tongue—that goes without saying, they are all alike, and I felt very much inclined to tell this one that I was of Dr. Johnson's opinion, when he told the lady next to him, who would talk, that he had been invited to dine. But I heard her say that she knew Hillington, so I listened. I asked her if she had met you; but she said that you did not go into society, although she knew you very well by sight. Good lad, never let any woman know more of you, especially this one, whose name is Gregory. She hopes to meet you as soon as you are well, as she has accepted an invitation to stay with your doctor until you are able to vacate her rooms, which she says you now occupy. She must be in Hillington now. Take care; although she is ugly enough to ensure the safety of a sinner. For a saint I am not competent to answer.

"J. D."

There was no quiver about the corners of Hagar's mouth as she read, betraying an inclination to laugh. She had studied how to be an automaton, and was mistress of the part. Austin watched her, noticed this, also her perfect intonation of voice and enunciation both in speech and reading. He had remarked the former from the first, and wondered how she had acquired it. Surely not from the old creature down-stairs.

His curiosity was roused, and, for the first time in his life, Roland Austin was interested in a woman who bore no relation to him. He was known in his regiment as a woman-hater. Why he had conceived this hatred of the sex it is impossible to say; it may have been—as it is with many men—an affectation that no temptation hitherto had been strong enough to test. He had been shy, to misery, in ladies' society as a boy and a young man, and Jasper Drummond, his mentor and senior by twenty years, had not, either by precept or example, helped to cure him of his propensity. It needed some exceptional circumstance to make him sensible of the fascinations of cultivated and respectable women; and ladies' society, that is, the society outside his mother's home, knew him but as that "cynic Austin." In his regiment he was only to be found where men love to congregate, and among men he was popular, being emphatically a man's man, in contradistinction to a lady's.

When Hagar had ceased reading, she put the letter on the table, and waited for any further orders he might give.

"I think I'll try and write a line in reply, if you will give me writing materials and hold the ink," said Austin.

But he had over-rated his strength; for his hand shook so much when he tried to form a letter, that he flung down the pen with an impatient sigh, and threw his head back upon the pillow, exclaiming:

"I can't manage it. He must wait—unless——," and then he looked up in Hagar's face questioningly, to see if she would offer to write for him.

But she did not volunteer; she would have liked to do so, but her pride would not let her. She was not his equal, to offer or suggest anything; her place was to do as he required. Her pride was rigid on this point. It was her only armour, and she wore it, even while the weight of it pained her.

"You can read; can you write?" he asked shortly, irritated by apparent stolidity.

"Yes, Sir, I can write."

"Sit down, then, and answer this letter for me. You might have volunteered if you had had any heart of grace in you, when you saw how weak I am."

She offered no remonstrance; but sat down to write, while he waited the following:

MY DEAR JASPER,

"Thanks for your letter. I am well enough to be on the march, but too weak to hold a pen firmly, so I have employed an

"Do you know how to spell the word?" he paused to ask.

"Yes, Sir."

"I beg your pardon; now go on."

"What will you say when I tell you that she is a woman, a young woman, a pretty woman——," he had said; but Hagar had thrown down the pen before writing it.

"Well, what is the matter?" he asked very coolly.

"I think, Sir, that you had better wait until you are well enough to write your own letters," she replied in a very low voice, then trembled with suppressed emotion, either of tears or anger.

"You don't mean to say that you can feel?" he asked, with a mocking look and tone of surprise.

"I don't know what I've done, Sir, to deserve this from you. What are my feelings or appearance to you that you think proper to comment on them? I am here to wait upon you as my mother's lodger, and nothing more. If you will allow me, Sir, I'll go, and my mother shall attend to you."

"Did you never see people ringing a piece of gold to try if it were true metal?" he said, with a gentle voice and look. "Come, child, you must not take a sick man too seriously; I am irritable. Sit down again, and you shall begin another letter that shall not vex you. Don't refuse me."

This he said so appealingly that Hagar did not resist.

The second letter related simply to his health; but it contained also a promise, and an injunction, that he would let Drummond know when his company would be acceptable, and that he was not to refuse any good engagements in the meantime.

"Give it to me, and let me try to sign it, that he may see I am alive," said Austin, when Hagar had finished.

"How in the name of all that is wonderful came this girl to write this hand?" he thought, as he signed his name, shakily enough, beneath her fine clear writing. "The hand is formed and decided; quite unlike the spidery scrawls or maimed pot-hooks that pass for writing among her class. She is becoming more of a puzzle—but one I must fathom."

"Would you get me my purse?" he asked, when the letter was sealed and directed.

Taking a stamp from it, he gave her the letter, and with it a piece of gold, which he held out for acceptance in his other hand.

Pretending not to see that he was offering her money, she took the letter, and left the room before he had time even to think about calling her back.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, a sudden flush spreading over his

face when the door had closed and he found himself still holding his rejected money.

"Proud, it seems. What a combination," he thought: "the dress of a Puritan, and the face of an expelled angel of some kind; for she's got pride enough to match Satan. A perfect mistress, too, of the three R's—about all a woman wants to make her useful. A sort of woman this, about the only one I have ever seen who interests me enough to wish her back when she has once left the room! Jasper, my boy, what would you think of your pupil if you could only see this falling off that he is meditating? Nothing less than the study of a woman! He will never guess that it was a woman who wrote that letter to him. I am glad I put him off coming. I can't have him here just now. Confound it! a man must do something lying here tethered to a sofa day after day. And she interests me; and her face—is adorable. 'A Peri standing at the gate of Paradise,'—that is exactly her expression. Pensive, pathetic, and passionate too, I suspect, if once that outside crust of pride and reserve could be broken through.

"If I only knew how to manage it. Failed, to-day, utterly. Only probed, but successfully; for I see now that she can feel. I used to wonder if she could when watching her by the hour, learning her face by heart, trying to read what she was made of. Got so interested at last that I made no objection to the old witch. I can't reconcile their being mother and daughter; makes me almost dislike the girl to think of it. Bah! what madness is this? It is evident I have been ill, when my head keeps running on this insanity. And yet, much as I have despised women for a weak deceiving lot, there has always been a longing—natural and human, no doubt—to find one perfect woman, above all baseness, perfectly true, who would love me, and meet all my expectations and requirements.

"How, and where, shall I earliest find her?

"I shall have to marry some day—old Jasper notwithstanding—to satisfy my mother, who wants me to marry my cousin, Dora, and her money. So be it, if she won't be tired of waiting ten or fifteen years, when I have done with the service and retired to my room. Knocking about the world with a wife and family wouldn't suit my book. I have seen enough of the bother and misery of that ~~coming~~ our married fellows. Matrimony!"—making a grimace over the word, as it stood before his mind—"Jasper is right. Not a bad hospital to end one's days in when one has done with life."

Then a knock interrupted his reverie.

“Come in.”

“If you please, Sir, here is a chicken as is cryin’ to be eat; and ’ll put strength into your bones,” said Mrs. Sarah, coming in hot, with a tray in her hands.

“Why don’t you make your daughter take this exertion off your hands?” said Austin, with covert disgust. The sight of Mrs. Sarah always took away his appetite.

“Well, Sir, I likes to spare her as much as I can, for she’s had a hard time of it lately,” said Mrs. Sarah, putting down the tray before him.

“How do you make that out?”

“Oh, Sir, it wouldn’t be you that would know much about it; it was when you was lyin’ half dead in your bed.”

“Well, what of that?”

“What of that, indeed!” cried Mrs. Sarah, with a toss of her head. “Well, now it’s over, I may tell you. Ye wouldn’t have been lyin’ where you are so bravely to-day if it hadn’t been for that girl of mine.”

“Why, what did she do?”

“Kept the life in you when the doctor had given you over, and I a waitin’ to be called to take yer dyin’ breath. God knows how she did it, but she did it; and it’s to her you owe the life in yer body at this minit! But, for the world, don’t tell her, Sir!” cried Mrs. Sarah, suddenly lowering her voice and roused to caution as she looked round to see that no one was near the door. “For the whole blessed world don’t tell her; for she said to the doctor and me that if we ever opened our mouths to you she’d never cross the door of your room again. So mind, Sir, for she’s a girl as means always what she says; but there, if you have any doubts as to the truth of what I’m a sayin’ to you, just you ask the doctor; he knows, and, honest man, give her the credit, because he know’d she deserved it.”

(To be continued.)

The Battle-fields of Germany.

By COLONEL G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I.

IV.—NÖRDLINGEN.

WHEN Gustavus affronted the Imperialists at Lützen, he had six detached corps combating for him in other parts of Germany. Gustavus Horn was in Alsace, making in that province considerable progress; Dubatel was in Silesia; Baudissin in the Electorate of Cologne; the Scotchman, Ruthven, in Swabia; the Palatine of Birkenfeld in Bavaria; and there was a sixth corps in Lower Saxony.

That Gustavus, had he survived the victory of Lützen, would have at once utilised the means which were thus at his disposal to finish the war, cannot, I think, be questioned. He had been accustomed to make winter campaigns in countries colder even than Germany; he would have been joined, a day or two after the battle, by the Saxon army; and knowing, as he did, that a victory not followed up is but a victory in name, he would have gathered all his strength to make the final spring which would have gained for him all the objects to attain which he had quitted Sweden.

But the death of Gustavus completely changed the position. It prevented that immediate concentration of forces, that single direction, which should have made Lützen, in its results, decisive. The first consequence of it was delay—a delay requisite to communicate with the great princes and nobles, to re-consider the situation, to appoint a chief to carry out the plan which might be agreed upon, to induce generals of different nationalities, some of whom had found it difficult to lower their pretensions sufficiently to serve under a king, to place themselves under the direction of one of the generals of that king. To arrange and order all these matters meant, I repeat, a delay which, at the least, lost for the cause of free conscience many

of the advantages which immediate action would have wrung from the victorious battle-field of Lützen.

It is wonderful, notwithstanding, taking into consideration all the circumstances of the time, the slow method of communication, the individual ambitions, how short was that delay. Certainly the men who fought in that war were not all animated by the highest and purest motives. The princes, the nobles, and the generals who had served under Gustavus were human. They lived in an age when power was to him who wielded the sword. Like the generals of Alexander, each had his own peculiar ambition, and the death of the modern Alexander had apparently opened the way for its attainment. At such a crisis and in such an age, much would depend upon the man who should succeed the dead hero in the administration of his kingdom. Fortunately for the Protestant cause, that task devolved upon one the most eminently fitted, by character and by position, to take up and to direct to their proper issue the threads which had fallen to the earth at Lützen.

Gustavus Adolphus had bequeathed the largest share in the administration of his estates,* during the minority of his daughter, Christina, to his Chancellor, Axel Oxenstierna. Oxenstierna was the greatest master of policy, the greatest administrator that Sweden ever produced. In a Europe which could boast of a Richelieu, he stood in the foremost rank. His character—as drawn by two writers of widely different temperaments—the one his wayward, eccentric, yet highly-gifted daughter; the other the sober-minded, painstaking, and methodical historian, Anders Fryxell—stands out as almost unique in history. “An extraordinary perspicacity,” wrote Fryxell, in his *History of Gustavus Adolphus*, “a calmness which nothing could disturb, presided at all his determinations. These he executed with energy and perseverance. Nothing was deferred to the morrow, and nothing was forgotten. This activity, which embraced everything, never relaxed. In this respect his faculties approached the marvellous. The influence of his activity, of his loyalty, of his will, is to be seen in all the important negotiations, in the diets, the affairs, the wars of the time. There was not a single branch of the Swedish administra-

* The will of Gustavus, which, although not signed, was allowed to take effect, confided the administration, during the minority of his daughter Christina, to five nobles, of whom Oxenstierna was one. To him was allotted a large share in the internal administration of Sweden and the full power for the carrying on of the war.

tion which was not indebted to him for ameliorations. . . . Posterity rests stupefied at the sight of the enormous amount of state papers emanating from his hand. So vast an activity would have been impossible, but for the severe gravity of the writer—but for the exact discipline to which he subjected others as well as himself. . . . In the loftiest and noblest acceptation of the term, Oxenstierna was an aristocrat. Entirely penetrated by the ideas of his age, it never occurred to him to doubt the rights of the nobility to the exclusive possession of important posts, to manage the revenues and the administration of the kingdom. But by the side of these rights he placed duties not less elevated. He demanded, first and before everything, superiority in the sciences and instruction, and he complained loudly of the education which, to use his own words, 'confined itself to dancing and horsemanship, and to the manners of a court life.' He could not endure pride of birth without merit, and he used to say: '*Melius est clarum fieri quam nasci.*' It was for the nobility, he always affirmed, to give an example of patriotism, and to shrink from no difficulties and no sacrifices, when the country was in danger." *

Such was the man who was suddenly called upon to assume the administration of affairs in Protestant Germany. His task was a very difficult one. The fact that Gustavus was dead had scarcely been realised when personal ambitions rose on every side to confront him. Foremost amongst the pretenders was John George of Saxony; but there was in reality scarcely a man, Swede or German, who had rendered any service to the common cause, who did not, in some form or other, put forth a claim either for the vacant leadership, or for personal aggrandisement. The alliance between Sweden and Protestant Germany was in imminent danger of being broken, and there can be little doubt but that had Wallenstein, at this period, been able to take full advantage of his position, the war might then and there have been terminated.

Some weeks elapsed before Oxenstierna could succeed in impressing upon the German allies of Sweden that the sceptre of the dead king was, till the majority of that king's daughter, then six years old, to be wielded by himself. To make them feel this truth, he himself visited Dresden and Berlin, obtained promises of adhesion from John George of Saxony, Ulric of Brunswick, and George William of Brandenburg; assembled

* Compare with this the portrait of the same statesman drawn by Christina in the memoirs—unhappily never finished—vol. III. p. 46.

then a congress of the reformed German princes at Heilbronn on the Neckar, then a free town of the Empire; received at that congress authority to carry on the war, gratified several personal ambitions,* and divided the command of the army, entrusting the forces south of the Main to the care of Bernhard of Weimar, those north of that river to Duke George of Brunswick-Lüneberg.

The military operations which had taken place between the battle of Lützen and the assembly of the congress at Heilbronn, require but a brief record.

Three days after that battle Duke Bernhard, who had assumed command of the Swedes, joined the Saxon army at Leipzig. At that city they had again separated: the Saxons to conquer, for the profit of their Elector, the Lausitz and Silesia, and thence, if possible, to act with Count Thurn in an invasion of Lower Austria; the Swedes and their North German allies, partly, under George of Brunswick-Lüneberg, to defend Westphalia and Lower Saxony; partly, under Duke Bernhard, to march into Franconia, to renew the plan of invasion through Bavaria which had already twice been interrupted by Wallenstein. That general had, as we have seen, effected a safe retreat into Bohemia, and he remained there up to the period at which we have arrived, and even later, perfectly quiescent, adding indeed to the strength of his army, watching events, and endeavouring by secret means, to be presently described, to give to those events the turn he desired.

Before Duke Bernhard had been nominated, by the congress at Heilbronn, to the command-in-chief of the army which was to operate south of the Main, he had marched across Thuringen into Upper Franconia, to recover the conquests which Gustavus had made in that province the preceding year. The strong places of Kronach and Hochstädt submitted almost without a blow. Bamberg followed their example. Duke Bernhard was at that episcopal capital planning further conquests, when he received a pressing summons from Horn to join him on the Danube.

* For instance, he promised to Duke Bernhard the possession of the Franconian bishoprics; to the Landgrave of Hesse, the possessions attaching to the sees of Paderborn, Münster, Fulda, and the abbey of Corvey; to the Duke of Würtemberg, the Catholic foundations in his dominions. There were many others to be satisfied. So great was the greed, that the Chancellor, disgusted, declared that he would have the record entered in the Swedish archives that "a prince of the German Empire made a request for such and such territory from a Swedish nobleman, and that the Swedish nobleman complied with the request by granting him German lands."

The reader will recollect that when, after the campaign of Nuremberg, Gustavus had proceeded southwards with the intention of, for the second time, besieging Ingolstadt, he, on the news of Wallenstein's march towards Saxony, renounced that idea and hastened after his enemy, leaving the Count Palatine of Birkenfeld and General Banner to maintain the Swedish conquests in and about Donauwörth. These generals had, in the first instance, pressed their conquests southwards as far even as Lake Constance. But in October and November the Bavarian general Aldringer, who had recovered from the wound received on the Lech, had been able to bring against them forces vastly superior in numbers to theirs. Towards the close of 1632 the pressure he exercised had become so strong, that Banner, very anxious at all risks to maintain the line of the Lech, sent most urgent requests to Horn to join him. That general was at the time in Alsace. We have seen that on the 28th October he had, after a siege of eight weeks, taken Benfeld. Not delayed by the winter, he had pursued his victorious career in that province, and had driven the enemy from Schlettstadt, Colmar, and Hagenau. It was just after the capture of the last-named place that he received from Banner the summons to which I have referred. It was a summons not to be neglected by a patriotic soldier. Confiding, then, to the Rhinegrave Otto Ludwig the care of defending his conquests in Alsace, Horn, at the head of seven thousand men, crossed the Rhine, and hastened by forced march towards Swabia. Before he could join Banner, however, Aldringer had forced the line of the Lech, and, by the capture of the important town of Kempten, had secured a strong position on the Iller. There he, too, received a reinforcement, strong enough in numbers to neutralise the aid brought by Banner to Horn. Deeming it necessary, above all things, to bar the further progress of the enemy, Horn determined to leave his recent conquests in Alsace entirely undefended. He sent, then, orders to Otto Ludwig to join him with all the troops still remaining in that province. Finding himself still unable to check the progress of Aldringer, he despatched to Duke Bernhard the pressing request to which I have referred.

On receiving this request Duke Bernhard at once quitted Bamberg, and marched southwards without delay. At Eichstädt he came upon a strong detachment of the Bavarian army under John von Werth, or Weerdt, a man who—rare occurrence in those days—had raised himself from a low social position to a

high command,* swept it from his path, took Eichstädt, and pressing onwards reached Donauwörth (March 1633).

At Donauwörth there was no enemy before him to prevent his march to Vienna. Aldringer was in Upper Swabia still threatening, by stealing along Lake Constance, to enter Würtemberg from the south. To prevent this movement Horn had taken a position at Stockach, a little town just beyond the north-western end of the lake. Here he was joined by Birkenfeld, from whom he had momentarily separated; and hence, on learning of the arrival of Duke Bernhard at Donauwörth, he had ordered back, to Alsace, the Rhinegrave Otto Ludwig to defend the Swedish conquests in that duchy against a Spanish corps of 14,000 men led, in support of the Catholic cause, by the Duke of Feria. I must leave these several corps in position and on the march, whilst I ask the reader to return to Duke Bernhard.

All the possibilities seemed to be before that commander on his arrival at Donauwörth. Aldringer was on the shores of Lake Constance; Wallenstein was in Bohemia; a promise made to him from behind the walls of Ingolstadt to deliver up to him that city was ringing in his ears; from Ingolstadt to Vienna three fortified places, the towns of Ratisbon, Passau, and Linz, formed the chief protection of the line of the Danube. To march, then, to Vienna, and extort from the fears of Ferdinand the concessions he denied to just demands, or to depose him in favour of another, appeared then not only feasible, but, under the actual circumstances, easy of accomplishment. For, never were circumstances so peculiar. To defend the allied interests of the Catholic League and of the Emperor there were but three armies, that commanded by Aldringer, that of the Duke of Feria, and that led by Wallenstein. It cannot be doubted but that these three generals working together could prevent the march of the Swedes to Vienna. But, supposing that Wallenstein were to hold aloof, such a movement was feasible; supposing, further, that Wallenstein were prepared to assist it, it was easy. All this was to be possible; for although at the period at which I have arrived, March 1633, the overtures made by Wallenstein to Oxenstierna had been of the faintest character, they were soon to become more pronounced, pointing to a direct issue. Up to this time Duke Bernhard had before him the fact that Aldringer

* He was the son of a Burgundian peasant, who took his name from the village (Weerdt—Germanised into Werth) in which he was born (about 1602). At the age of twenty he was serving in the ranks as a cavalry soldier, under the famous Spinola. From that position he had advanced, in ten years, to be general in the League army in Bavaria.

and Fera were not in a position to oppose his advance, and that Wallenstein, motionless in Bohemia, had refused further to strengthen Aldringer.

Why, then, did not Duke Bernhard advance? Duke Bernhard did not advance because he too, like Wallenstein, had his dreams of ambition. The successors of Alexander were not content to promote merely the ends to accomplish which their Alexander had invaded Germany. Duke Bernhard was young, the youngest of eight sons—he had seen but twenty-nine summers—capable, daring, and the darling of the army. The congress summoned by Oxenstierna was sitting at Heilbronn. For the moment Oxenstierna had in his hands the disposal of many conquered places, of all the high positions. The time, then, was opportune for Duke Bernhard to obtain all that his secret ambition prompted him to demand. He had only to make the situation so dangerous that it would be most difficult, if not impossible, to refuse him. The means to produce such a situation were at hand.

The army was in arrears of pay; the treasure-chest of Duke Bernhard was exhausted; the soldiers were discontented. It is probable that, under any circumstances, this state of things would have led to a demonstration. But, viewed in connection with the fact that the general was discontented too, that he forwarded to Oxenstierna, with the demands of the troops, his own demands, it is equally probable that the demonstration would not, had he taken pains to check it, have assumed a very violent character. As it was, it became, very soon after the arrival of the army at Donauwörth, very formidable indeed. The soldiers, forming themselves into groups, demanded that to each group a city which they could plunder should be assigned. They granted the Chancellor four weeks to consider their demand. Should it not at the end of that time be complied with, they would act for themselves. Meanwhile they declined to move.

Looking forward for a moment, we shall see that after Duke Bernhard's demands for himself had been granted, he experienced little difficulty in restoring discipline. It is fair, then, to conclude that, at the outset, not only did he not use all the means in his power to repress the mutiny, but he used them as a lever to forward his own views. For, by the courier who carried the next despatches, he forwarded to Oxenstierna a demand—(1st) that territories appertaining to the sees of Bamberg and Würzburg should be granted into a principality in his favour; (2ndly)

that he should be nominated commander in chief of all the armies fighting in Germany for the Protestant cause, with the title of Generalissimo !

Oxenstierna had been alarmed by the receipt of the mutinous demands of the troops on the Danube. He was disgusted when he found those demands virtually supported by the one general who, by his influence, was the most competent to meet the difficulty. His first thought was to dismiss Duke Bernhard from the Swedish service. But the reflection that the disorder might spread, and spread the more quickly with Duke Bernhard as its secret instigator, modified this view, and he determined to treat. He offered, then, to Duke Bernhard the Franconian bishoprics, to be held by him as a fief of the Swedish crown, with the exception of the fortresses of Würzburg and Königshofen, which were to remain garrisoned by Swedish troops. He pledged himself further, on behalf of the Swedish crown, to defend Duke Bernhard in the possession of those territories. The demand to be made generalissimo the Chancellor refused ; but he appointed Duke Bernhard to command in chief south of the Main. Duke Bernhard accepted this modification of his demand, and, having accepted it, experienced, as I have already stated, little difficulty in restoring order in the ranks of his army. But in this intrigue many weeks had been wasted, and the month of October arrived before he was able to make a forward movement.

Whilst this intrigue was progressing the situation of Horn and Birkenfeld had materially altered. We left these two generals at Stockach, near the north-western end of Lake Constance, endeavouring to bar the entrance into Lower Würtemberg to Aldringer, whilst the Rhinegrave Otto Ludwig was speeding towards Alsace to defend the Swedish conquests in that duchy against the Duke of Fria. But the Duke of Fria, who was acting quite independently of Wallenstein, was anxious, before entering Alsace, to effect a junction, and to co-operate, with Aldringer. Aldringer, in spite of Wallenstein's orders on no account to quit the line of the Danube, lent himself to the Duke's view, and the two armies united in Upper Swabia. Horn and Birkenfeld, whose troops had been increased by various reinforcements to thirty thousand, marched at once to offer battle to the Imperialists. But the latter, declining the offer, outmanœuvred the Swedish leaders, and marched by way of Freiburg and Lörrach into Alsace with the hope of crushing Otto Ludwig. In this hope they were disappointed, for Horn followed on their footsteps and, harassing them at every step,

completely re-established, before the end of the year, Swedish supremacy in the much-contested duchy.

Before returning to Duke Bernhard, it is necessary that I should relate very briefly the action during this period, from March to October, of the great Imperial commander in Bohemia. Whilst the congress was sitting at Heilbronn, Wallenstein, whose army, by losses at Lützen, had been very much reduced and who wished, before engaging in military operations, to raise it to a strength which could make it formidable, had entered into negotiations with Oxenstierna and the Saxons. On the 7th June he concluded with the latter an armistice of a fortnight's duration for Silesia alone, and at the end of July a second for a similar period. In his correspondence with Oxenstierna, whilst there were some expressions which might be interpreted as displaying his contempt for the Emperor personally, an anxiety for a peaceful settlement of the questions at issue predominated. Oxenstierna made no reply to these overtures, so completely did he distrust Wallenstein, but in writing to Duke Bernhard he warned him to be on his guard against any propositions which the Duke of Friedland might make to him. At the moment Duke Bernhard was not put to the test, for at this particular period Wallenstein was engaged in endeavouring, by all the means in his power, to seduce Saxony from her alliance with Sweden, and to persuade the Elector and Arnheim to join with him in driving the Swedes from Germany. John George, since the death of Gustavus, had, in spite of his promises to Oxenstierna, been working in Lower Saxony and the Lausitz solely for his own interests. It was to be presumed, therefore, that he would listen to an accommodation which would secure those interests. But whether it was that his mind was not then prepared for the step which he took two years later, or that, as is probable, he feared the Swedes more than he trusted Wallenstein, it is certain that he repulsed the offers made to him. Alike to intimidate him and to check the progress of the Swedes under the Count of Thurn, Wallenstein then marched suddenly into Lower Saxony, defeated Thurn at Steinau on the Oder (18th October), re-took Frankfurt (on the Oder) and Landsberg, sent a detachment to reconquer Pomerania, and even threatened Berlin. Before setting out on this expedition, he had sent orders to Aldringer not to join the Duke of Feria, but to cover Ratisbon. Aldringer, pressed in a contrary direction by the Emperor, disobeyed him, with the result which has now to be recorded.

No sooner had Duke Bernhard his ambitious hopes gratified,

restored discipline in his army, than he resolved to take advantage of the absence of any army in front of him to seize Ratisbon. He marched then, at the end of October, with all speed on that important city. The garrison, though small and composed mostly of raw levies, would have sufficed to defend the place for a considerable time had it been well supported by the citizens. But a large majority of the people of Ratisbon had embraced the creed of Luther, and they regarded the freedom they claimed for their consciences with a love not less burning than the hatred which they bore to the Bavarians who had suppressed their civil rights. They welcomed, then, Duke Bernhard as a deliverer. So great was their enthusiasm that Maximilian of Bavaria, who was momentarily within the city, dreading lest the appearance of the Swedish army before its walls would prove the signal for a tumult which would open its gates to the enemy, wrote alike to the Emperor and to Wallenstein, exposing his necessity, and pledging himself to maintain Ratisbon if only he were to receive a reinforcement of five thousand men. The Emperor was powerless; he had not the men to send: but he had, or hoped he had, some influence with Wallenstein, and he despatched to that general seven messengers, one following the other, to urge upon him the necessity of preventing at all hazards the fall of so important a place. But Wallenstein, feeling, if we may believe the views set forth in his correspondence, that he was not strong enough to divide his army, and that he could best cover Vienna by maintaining a strong position in Bohemia, possibly likewise secretly pleased at the occurrence of a complication which would tend to make the dependence of Ferdinand and Maximilian upon himself more pronounced, did not afford the aid demanded. It is true that he replied to the solicitations of the Emperor by an assurance that he would do all in his power to forward his views, and that, in the presence of the messengers, he ordered the Count of Gallas to march with twelve thousand men on Ratisbon; but the secret instructions which Gallas carried forbade him to attempt any enterprise which should be likely to bring on a general action with Duke Bernhard. Wallenstein, in fact, left Ratisbon to its fate.*

* In letters which he wrote to the Emperor after the fall of Ratisbon, and after the movements, subsequent thereto, of Duke Bernhard—movements which were the consequence of his own action—Wallenstein explained at length to Ferdinand the reasons which had guided him. In reply, the Emperor accepted his justification as most complete. The correspondence is dated the 27th November and the 3rd and 24th December.

Meanwhile Duke Bernhard appeared before the place. The commandant, buoyed up by hopes of relief, did all that man could do. But he had difficulties within as well as without. These difficulties increased when the Swedes opened fire upon the city. At length they became insupportable: the promised relief did not arrive; and he capitulated (5th November). Prior to the capitulation, Maximilian, foreseeing the inevitable result, had withdrawn.

Fired by the easy conquest of a place which secured for him the command of the Danube, and seeing in his mental vision Vienna already occupied by his troops, Duke Bernhard, sending a corps of his army across the river, with directions to cover his movements, pushed on and mastered Straubing, an ancient town, twenty-five miles on the road to Vienna, the centre point of the most fertile part of Southern Germany, and called, on that account, "the granary of Bavaria." Still advancing, he reached Plattling, sixteen miles further, on the 9th. Beyond Plattling, commanding the point where the Isar flows into the Danube, was posted the army of the League, commanded by John of Werth. Not strong enough to dispute the passage of the Isar, John of Werth hastened to save himself, and, crossing the Danube, fell back towards the Bohemian frontier, hoping to meet the troops which, he was aware, the Emperor had eagerly importuned Wallenstein to send to his aid, but which, for the reason already indicated, and presently to be referred to more particularly, never came. Duke Bernhard then crossed the Isar, and, always pushing forward, came, on the 12th, within sight of Passau.

Duke Bernhard had come within sight of Passau when a slight movement made by Wallenstein revealed to him the extreme danger of his position. That able commander, fresh

...the place to enter into a history of the mysterious causes which led to the premature close of the career of Wallenstein. But it may at least be asserted that every means were taken by the entourage of the Emperor to prejudice that sovereign against his powerful vassal. Richelieu, who possessed, more than any man then living, the knowledge of the secrets of the Courts of Europe, has left upon record that "the courtiers and adherents of Spain gave a bad interpretation to all his actions; they attributed every untoward occurrence to his fault and to his malice. Were the occurrences favourable, they asserted that they would have been more favourable still if only he had willed it." In support of this assertion, Richelieu proceeds to cite the very facts which have formed the gravest charges against Wallenstein. The real truth is that the great commander was in advance of his age. What he had most at heart to secure, far more than personal aggrandizement, was toleration for all creeds, and the union of Germany. It was a noble aim, and a noble aim, a dream impossible of attainment.

from strengthening the imperial interests in the northern part of Germany, had turned a deaf ear to the repeated solicitations of the Emperor—now to detach a corps to save Ratisbon, and to strengthen John of Werth, now to protect Upper Austria. In the first instance he had seemed to comply; in the other instances he had not gratified the Emperor by that semblance. In point of fact, Wallenstein did not feel himself sufficiently strong to divide his army. Had he, for instance, directed Gallas with twelve thousand men to join John of Werth, and had Duke Bernhard attacked and defeated those united forces, Wallenstein would have been too weak to save the empire. Keeping his army strong, he had, he felt, the advantage of the position. He encouraged Duke Bernhard, then, to approach Passau, feeling that if he attacked that place it would be his grave. What, in fact, would then be the position of the Swedish general? In front of him flowed the Inn, there a broad and deep river, protected by strongly fortified places on its further bank; behind him the army of John of Werth, an unfriendly country, and the Isar on his left rear, Wallenstein himself, marching across the Bohemian forest. That leader had indeed keenly watched the situation, had fixed the very point up to which Duke Bernhard should advance, but beyond which he should not move.* When then, he learned that Duke Bernhard was hastening on from the Isar towards Passau, he marched southwards with his whole army in the direction of Cham (on the Regen), so as to place himself on his left rear.

Duke Bernhard heard of this movement just as he arrived within sight of Passau. What was he to do? Even were he able to assure the passage of the Inn, could he, dare he, proceed on, at an inclement season of the year, towards Vienna, his retreat cut off by two armies, both of which might attack him at any time. There were strong places yet between Passau and Vienna. To be in front of one of these, well defended, when Wallenstein was behind him, would be ruin. The more he looked at the situation the less he liked it. He recognised, at last, that he had only just time to save himself by a prompt

* It appears to me that this action of Wallenstein completely disproves the charge of treason and connivance with the Swedes preferred against him. Certainly up to the end of November 1633 there had been no such connivance. If Duke Bernhard was before Passau the fate of the Emperor was in Wallenstein's hands. Had any understanding existed with Duke Bernhard, Wallenstein would have either joined him, or have facilitated his advance. But, by a single march southwards, he stopped his progress, and saved the empire!

retreat. Without a moment's delay, then, he acted on that conviction, hastened back with all speed to Ratisbon, and, not stopping even there, marched northwards into the Upper Palatinate to defend that conquered country against Wallenstein even at the cost of a battle !

But to engage in a decisive battle, the loss of which by him would mean the loss of the cause entrusted to him, was repugnant to Wallenstein. He had but one army, and, were that army to be destroyed, it would not be difficult for Duke Bernhard to avail himself of the *prestige* of victory and to resume the march which the action of that one army had prevented. The winter season, a very severe one, was upon him, and it seemed advisable, the safety of the hereditary lands having been secured, to delay further military operations till the spring. Such were the thoughts of Wallenstein, and in the sense of those thoughts he acted ; and, it must be remembered, that in so acting he had the approval of the Emperor.*

The campaign of 1633 thus came to an end. If it had not borne to the Swedes the fruits which would certainly have resulted if Gustavus had survived Lützen, its general product was not unsatisfactory to the cause of the reformers. Alsace had been entirely subdued ; Duke Feria's army had been almost destroyed. Duke Bernhard had secured Ratisbon, and maintained the Swedish conquests in the Upper Palatinate. And if, for a moment, Wallenstein had restored Imperial influence in Lower Saxony, Pomerania, and Brandenburg, and had recovered a portion of the Lausitz from the Saxons, these advantages had been balanced by others gained by the Swedes in Cassel and Westphalia. In the former Landgraviate, Duke George of Lüneberg had taken, after a desperate defence, the fortress of Hameln, and, a few days later, had gained a complete victory over the Imperialists at Oldendorf. In Westphalia, the Swedes and their allies had taken Osnabrück, Paderborn, and Bückeburg. On the other side of the account, the Imperialists could only point to Wallenstein's success in the north against the Saxons, and, what was of more consequence, to the opportune check he had given to Duke Bernhard.

The campaign of 1634 was to open, on the Imperial side, under a new leadership. On the 25th February of that year,

* In December, the Emperor, in reply to Wallenstein's statement of his reasons for the plans he had adopted, wrote thus : " Vu la saison avancée et le changement de circonstances, nous acquiesçons pour le moment à votre bon avis."

Wallenstein was murdered, by order of the Emperor,* Ferdinand II., at Eger. In his place, the King of Hungary, afterwards Emperor under the title of Ferdinand III., was nominated to the chief command, with the Count of Gallas as his chief adviser.

Gallas was the very reverse of a capable commander, but his services in the betrayal of Wallenstein had brought him to the front rank of Court favour, and he was at least devoted to the Imperial cause. Strengthened by troops from Lorraine, led in person by the Duke who had made so poor a show when serving with Tilly, and by ten thousand Spanish veterans, under the Cardinal Infanta, the new Imperial general entered the Upper Palatinate early in May by way of Cham, and pressed on, following the course of the Regen, to Ratisbon, the recovery of which place lay very near to the Emperor's heart. To oppose the Imperial army, which numbered nearly thirty-five thousand men, Duke Bernhard had not quite fifteen thousand. With so great a disparity he could not offer battle, but he employed all the means in his power, short of fighting a general action, to delay the advance of the enemy, whilst he sent pressing messages to Oxenstierna and Horn—to the former for men and money, to the latter to march with all haste to his assistance.

Then occurred one of those misfortunes of which abundant instances were seen in the French army in the time of Napoléon. The historians of that period have pointed to the instances without number in which, when Napoléon was absent, the most splendid opportunities were lost, on account of the rivalries and jealousies of his marshals. So it was in the Swedish army in 1644. Between Duke Bernhard and Gustavus Horn there was no love. Their temperaments did not correspond. The one, vivacious, enterprising, daring even to rashness, was ready to rush upon any service which might offer the smallest glimmer of success. The other, slow, over-cautious, hesitating, would not stir an inch until the horizon before him was clear. Added to this, Horn, a born Swede, was a little jealous of the preference

* The men, under whose direction the Emperor's orders were carried out, and their tools, benefited largely by the revulsion of feeling produced in their master's mind by the death of the man he had hated and feared. The estates of Wallenstein were divided amongst Gallas, Piccolomini, and Aldringer; the meaner conspirators received promotion and money. Later, the Irishman, Butler, who, though loaded with benefits by Wallenstein, had superintended all the details of the assassination, was presented to the Emperor, whose imperial and royal hand pressed that of the murderer. I have omitted, as not essential to my narrative, all reference to the later negotiations of Wallenstein with Oxenstierna and Duke Bernhard.

given to Duke Bernhard, a German in the Swedish service, and this feeling tended to increase his caution and to delay his action. Had Duke Bernhard occupied the position of Horn in Alsace, he would undoubtedly have reached the Swedish army in the Upper Palatinate in time to prevent the fall of Ratisbon. But the slow movements of Horn rendered the fall of that place inevitable.

Left, in fact, to his own resources, Duke Bernhard was unable seriously to check the progress of the Imperial army which, in spite of all his demonstrations on its flanks and even on its rear, marched directly to Ratisbon and laid siege to it. The garrison of Ratisbon fought bravely, but they could not withstand numbers, and the city surrendered on the 26th July. Gallas then marched directly upon Donauwörth, and this place, after a feeble defence, also capitulated. Duke Bernhard, meanwhile, heart-broken at seeing place after place fall without being able to strike a blow on their behalf, had marched into Swabia to hasten, if possible, the movements of Horn. As soon as he had effected the wished-for junction with that general, he turned quickly back and reached the vicinity of Nördlingen only to see the enemy posted behind the more advanced of the two heights which dominate the plain. By a skilful manœuvre he was able, however, to introduce within its walls a reinforcement to the garrison of eight hundred men.

Nördlingen was, at this period, an imperial free town, possessing a territory of about fifty square miles. Built on the south bank of the Ries, some eighteen miles to the north-east of Donauwörth, it was surrounded by a wall interspersed with numerous towers, sufficient to guard it against a surprise, if not to defend it against a regular attack. The vast plain on which it stands, one of the most extensive in Franconia, is cut, in its centre, by two heights, rising at a distance of three thousand yards the one from the other. Between these two heights is a valley, which terminates, from both directions, in a village about three hundred paces nearer to the town than either of them. This height is called Allersheim. The foremost of the two is known as the Weinberg; it is very steep and cragged.

Behind, but not upon, the Weinberg, Bernhard and Horn beheld the Imperial army encamped, when, on the evening of the 26th August, they arrived within sight of Nördlingen. Many considerations prompted Bernhard to desire to attack it. The fall of Ratisbon and Donauwörth, after the display of confident audacity which had led the Swedes to the walls of Passau, had

inflicted upon their Protestant adherents in Bavaria a discouragement scarcely less than that which had been occasioned in Northern Germany by the sacking of Magdeburg. To allow a third important place—a place, too, which had declared its zeal for the common cause in a manner that was unmistakable—to fall, without a blow, into the hands of the enemy, would not only be a disgrace—it would be an evidence of soft-heartedness, of fear, of selfishness, such as would damage the cause without remedy. Better, far better, on such an occasion to fight and be beaten, than tamely to yield Nördlingen to the Imperialists. In the one case honour, and, with honour, the opinion of the reformers of Germany, would be satisfied; in the other there could ensue only shame.

Such were the arguments of Duke Bernhard. The cautious Horn was of a different opinion. "We are outnumbered," he argued in so many words; "the enemy is superior to us by one-third; they have a strong position, which it will cost many men to gain. The odds are at least five to one against our success. To fight, then, will be a mistake. Granted that all you say is correct; that the fall of Nördlingen will damage us in the eyes of the reformed princes and people of Germany. With good management on our part, the feeling thus roused will be but temporary. Look at the composition of the Imperial army. Of the thirty-five thousand men of which it is composed, eight thousand at least are Spaniards, who are on their way to Flanders, and who will leave the Imperial army within a few days. On the other hand, the Rhinegrave, Otto Ludwig, is with seven thousand men, within a few marches of us. What, then, will be our position, if we only exercise patience? We shall then outnumber the enemy as much as they now outnumber us. We shall recover our prestige here, as we recovered it after Magdeburg at Leipzig; we shall recover even our conquests, and, if the enemy should dare to accept battle, we shall beat him and be in a position to march on Vienna. But if we fight now and are beaten, all the conquests made by our late sovereign and by ourselves south of the Main will be most seriously jeopardised."

The words of Horn were the words of wisdom, but they fell upon an unwilling ear. The fiery nature of Duke Bernhard had suffered so acutely from the reproaches, not always tacit, of those whom he had been forced to abandon at Ratisbon and Donauwörth, that he could not endure further delay. His view, too, was supported by all the other generals present at the consultation. Horn, then, out-voted, was forced to give way.

A battle having been resolved upon, it became of enormous importance to occupy without delay the steep and cragged height to which I have alluded, and behind which the Imperialists lay encamped. This duty was intrusted to Horn. The choice was unfortunate; for Horn, though a brave and capable commander, was slow and cautious, and this particular service had to be performed in a dark night in a country with which he was not familiar, and yet it was a service upon the prompt carrying out of which victory depended.

Up to nightfall the Imperialists had shown no disposition to occupy the Weinberg. Believing, then, that he had an easy task before him, Horn, taking with him four thousand chosen musqueteers and pikemen, and twelve guns, set out, about nine o'clock at night on his errand. But the rough road, the dykes and ditches which intersected the country, impeded him; the fact that he was unacquainted with the lay of the land made him doubly cautious; his progress consequently in no way resembled that of a daring soldier bent upon an enterprise demanding rapid execution. At length, about midnight, all the obstacles were passed, and he was in a position to ascend the hill. But here another difficulty arose. Caution suggested to him that the time spent by him in crossing the dykes and ditches, might have been employed by the enemy in marching on and fortifying the coveted summit. What if he were to find it strongly occupied? A less slow thinker would have argued that, the summit being necessary, the best mode of obtaining it would be by ascending it without delay. But it was not in Horn's nature to think rapidly. On this occasion over-caution suspended the exercise of his reasoning powers; and he came to the resolution to halt where he was till break of day.

The resolution was fatal. Had Horn only continued his movement he would have carried the Weinberg, and the result of the battle would have been different. The Imperialist leaders, Gallas and the Cardinal Infanta Don Fernando, had not been unmindful of the commanding position of the hill upon which Horn was marching, and they had given orders that it should be occupied before daybreak by four hundred Spaniards. These four hundred Spaniards reached the summit about midnight. Had Horn, then, marched straight on he would have met these men with a vastly overwhelming force, and have driven them from the height. His fatal delay gave them time to intrench themselves, and of this the Spaniards, veterans from Italy, took

the fullest advantage. When the day broke, they had thrown up intrenchments of a very formidable character.

Sensible, now, of his mistake, Horn hastened to repair it by ordering a general advance. With their accustomed valour, the Swedes mounted the hill, and, daring every danger, rushed at the intrenchment. Before their rush, it seemed as though the splendid courage of the Spaniards was not to prevail, for in one or two places the defences were forced. But as the assailants crowded to enter at this point, the accidental explosion of an ammunition-wagon almost in their midst caused great loss, and threw them into a disorder of which the Spaniards availed themselves to drive them from the vantage ground. They were still falling back when the Spanish cavalry, which, on the first sounds of the combat, the Cardinal Infanta had ordered to the spot, charged their flanks and forced them to a precipitate retreat.

Bitterly repenting his delay at midnight, Horn brought up fresh troops, and re-animating those who had been already repulsed, led the united body once more to the assault. But the Weinberg, which had been occupied in the early morning by only four hundred men, was now defended by the whole of the Spanish infantry. Vain, now, was the energy of Horn, ineffectual was the valour of his troops. Fruitless were the sacrifices made by Duke Bernhard to reinforce him. Seven times did the Swedish infantry climb that fatal hill, seven times were they repulsed. No impression could they make upon the stalwart troops of Spain!

Whilst Horn was thus vainly endeavouring to repair his faults, Duke Bernhard had attacked the enemy in the plain. Despite his inferiority in numbers, his daring and skilful leadership obtained some advantages, to improve which the possession by Horn of the much-debated hill was necessary. To aid his colleague in his attempt, Duke Bernhard had sent him all the infantry he could spare. He was still holding his own, waiting for the signal which should show him that Horn had been victorious, when he learned that that general, seven times repulsed, was in full retreat. Duke Bernhard recognised on the instant that the battle was lost; that Horn, if not speedily succoured, was doomed; for the Imperialists, flushed with victory, were using all their efforts to cut him off. To save his colleague, he made at once a strong demonstration against the enemy, hoping to draw upon himself their undivided attack. For the moment he succeeded; but he was too weak in numbers to bear the assault which he had thus provoked. John of Werth, who

commanded the Imperial cavalry, met the Swedish horsemen in full shock, and overthrew them so completely, that these, forced back upon their infantry, threw them into complete disorder. With this repulse disappeared the last hope of saving the day. Horn, uncovered on all sides, and surrounded by an enemy ten times superior to him in numbers, was forced, with all his men, to surrender. Duke Bernhard narrowly escaped the same fate. In the end, he succeeded in shaking himself clear, and even managed to rally, as he retreated towards the Main, some nine thousand men. But the defeat was decisive. The loss of ten thousand men, killed, wounded, and missing, in addition to the four thousand under Horn taken prisoners, and all the guns, camp-equipage, and baggage, testified to its severity.

Nördlingen was to the Swedes what Breitenfeld had been to the Emperor. Nördlingen was even a more decisive battle than Leipzig. It virtually changed a war which had till then been really only a civil war, a war of religion, into a war with a foreign enemy. Nördlingen brought France into the field to check the aggrandisement, and to profit by the defeats, of the House of Hapsburg. Nördlingen dissolved the confederacy of the reformed German princes against Ferdinand II. As one of its consequences, John George, the irresolute, short-sighted Elector of Saxony, concluded with the Emperor at Prague a separate peace in the the month of May following. The example of John George was followed by the Elector of Brandenburg, by Duke William of Weimar, the Princes of Anhalt, the Duke of Brunswick-Lüneberg, the Duke of Mecklenburg, by Pomerania, by the cities of Augsburg, Würzburg, and Coburg, and by others. Of all the leading members of the Protestant Union, Dukes Bernhard of Weimar, and William of Cassel, were almost alone in supporting the cause to maintain which Gustavus Adolphus had invaded Germany. To Duke Bernhard, personally, the overthrow at Nördlingen was fatal. The Franconian Duchy, acquired by the exercise of so much craft, disappeared for ever from his grasp. For the moment, the Swedish army, whose exploits had made the courtiers of Vienna tremble, and had forced the proud and obstinate Ferdinand to humiliate himself before Wallenstein, seemed annihilated. Well might the heart of the Emperor swell almost to bursting with gratitude when—not dreaming happily as yet of the action about to be taken by France—he joined in the *Te Deum* for Nördlingen!

Soldiers or Lawyers?

By IGNOTUS.

THE British officer has much to endure in these days of progress. The subjects and sciences which he has to learn are numerous and fearful. A paternal, not to say grandmotherly, system of government has imposed severe restrictions on his bodily food, and has even limited the exact amount to be spent on it to so many shillings per diem. But there appears to be no limit to the amount of mental food which he may consume, or, to speak more correctly, which may be crammed into him. No austere functionary has yet attempted to limit the number of shillings which the officer may, or rather must, spend on the decoration or lining of the interior of his head. What between the Queen's Regulations—which, by the way, is yearly swelling at an alarming rate; the drill book; the Royal Warrant on Pay and Promotion, which latter is now remorselessly enforced on every unhappy officer who cannot pass his book-work examination, no matter how good a regimental officer he may be; the dress regulations; the tactics, the fortification, the topography; the regulations for encampments, and a host of other books which have to be mastered, the officer of the period has not done so badly. There yet remains one subject which has heretofore received a fair share of attention from officers, and that is military law. But the authorities appear to think that brushing up is required in this direction also, and accordingly we have a new *Manual of Military Law*. Before we attempt a description of the inside of this appalling volume, let us briefly glance at its exterior. It is of the size known as royal octavo, that is, for the benefit of the uninitiated, the same as the orderly room or full size edition of the Queen's Regulations. It is three inches thick, weighs over three pounds, and has a cubic measurement of one hundred and eighty inches. These qualities are alone sufficient to make it a handy and portable book to carry in the field. Before commencing to describe the interior in detail, we will summarise it by announcing that it commences with a preface.

which is followed by fourteen chapters, devoted to the origin, history, power, jurisdiction, &c. of military law.

Then follows the Army Act, with explanatory notes attached; next comes the Rules of Procedure, also with notes, followed by three long appendices. Next we have the Rules for Summary Punishment; forms of court-martial warrants; form of application for a court-martial; a memorandum for the guidance of courts-martial, and an Order in Council for discipline on board ship. This concludes the first part. The second part consists of numerous Acts of Parliament; namely, an extract from the Petition of Right; Railway Acts; Regimental Debts Act; Regulation of the Forces Act; Army Discipline (commencement) Act; Army Annual Act, 1881; ditto, 1882; Reserve Forces Act, 1882; Militia Act, 1882; Forms of Commission for Officers; Army Circular, 1873, clause 65; forms relating to customs of war; Geneva Convention; and finally an index which is worthy of the book, inasmuch as it alone occupies one hundred and thirty pages. The total number of pages in the book is eight hundred and forty-five. At the top of the title page we find the notice, "Proof copy, circulated provisionally, pending final revision." The work may thus be regarded as at present in an incomplete state, and we will therefore indulge in the hope that when it is finally issued the odd hundred and seventy pages may be made up, thus giving a grand, not to say magnificent, total of a thousand pages. Sincerely do we congratulate the British officer of the future on this useful, compendious, and portable addition to his travelling library. It appears to us to have been the one thing wanted to complete his happiness, his efficiency, and his pride in his profession. Any officer, of course, can command a company, or, for that matter, a regiment; but the officer of the future will be he who can make himself master of this book.

Let us now go into the work a little in detail. The first thing that strikes us is the abolition, or rather the refusal to recognise what has hitherto been known as martial law. The reasons for this step are thus given in Chapter I. :—

It remains to remark that no mention has been made of martial law. The reason is that martial law, as distinguished from military law and the customs of war, is unknown to English jurisprudence. The intermediate state between war and peace, called by continental writers a state of siege, does not exist in English law, which never presupposes the possibility of civil war, and is silent as to such a condition of things. Within the United Kingdom peace always exists in contemplation of English law, and the disturbers of that peace are considered guilty, according to the gravity of their offences, of misdemeanours, felonies, or treason, and punishable with fine, imprisonment, penal servitude, or death. True it is that what is called martial law is sometimes proclaimed against disturbers of the public peace in England, but such a proclamation in no degree suspends the ordinary law, or sub-

stitutes any other kind of law in its stead, and amounts to no more than an authoritative announcement of the existence of a state of things in which force will be used against wrong doers for the purpose of protecting the public peace.

The origin of the misuse of the expression "martial law," as implying a state of things in which Englishmen, in time of peace, are subject to some other law than the ordinary law, will probably be found in the illegal attempts made in the arbitrary times of our history to apply military law to the civil population; for in those days a proclamation of martial law would have the significant effect that military, or, as it was then called, martial law, would be substituted for the ordinary law as respects the disturbers of the public peace; in other words, that the rioters, when captured, would be tried and punished by military tribunals. Such a state of things has never existed by law in England, although a restricted power of trying by military tribunals offenders against the public peace in Ireland has on several occasions been conferred by Act of Parliament.

This appears to us, as we have already said, to amount to the abolition of martial law; but is it abolished? The paragraph from which we have quoted merely says, "No mention has been made of martial law." Would it not have been better to have said openly at once that it is abolished. But we have yet another objection to urge against this summary proceeding. The question is—How was martial law first established? The answer is—by Act of Parliament. Let us hear Simmons on this point:—

Not only does the Mutiny Act (passed by Parliament) regulate "martial law" as it used in the standing army, but the preamble indirectly recognises the legality of resorting to this expedient in time of war and rebellion or armed rising, which is levying war against the Crown. No legal dogma can be clearer, and, being each year recognised by Parliament, it is entitled to all the deference which may be due to an act of the legislature so repeatedly revised and considered.

We would submit, then, that that which exists, and has so long existed by the acts of successive Parliaments, should not be abolished in this summary manner by a stroke of the pen, even though it is done, as in this case, by authority of the Secretary of State for War.

Another important point which seems to us to require explanation is, that while martial law has doubtless been seldom or never required in the United Kingdom, it has, on more than one occasion, been conspicuously useful in the colonies. But, be it observed, all mention of the colonies is carefully avoided in the paragraph we have quoted. "Within the United Kingdom peace always exists in contemplation of English law." Granted; but everyone knows that peace does not always exist in our colonies and possessions and how is the Governor of some remote dependency to act in one of those emergencies that have arisen and, doubtless, will arise again? These are all points which appear to us to require explanation.

But we must pass on to consider other parts of the book.

have already remarked on its enormous size, and this is in great measure due to the immense amount of legal detail with which it has been "padded." A considerable portion of this appears to us to be utterly useless, and especially so for soldiers. For instance, in Chapter VII., on offences punishable by ordinary law, we are treated to a long dissertation on assault, ending up with this remarkable statement: "The law permits the use of force against the enemies of the realm in the actual heat and exercise of war." This is truly valuable information. In the same chapter we have an equally minute and copious description of theft in all its branches. The distinctions between what constitutes theft and what does not constitute theft are drawn so finely, not to say minutely, that the untutored military mind finds some difficulty in following them; for instance: "Thus, if a man steal a woman's watch, and a boy picks the man's pocket of the watch, this is theft in the boy from the man, as the man had a special property in it as against him." Or again, in the same chapter: "If a person sees a woman drop a sovereign by mistake in the road, and picks it up, intending to keep it, this is theft; but if he knows the woman, and picks it up intending to return it to her when he next meets her, but afterwards determines to keep it, this is not theft." Not being lawyers ourselves, we cannot help asking, What on earth is the difference? In both cases the man obtains dishonest possession of the woman's money, and why one should be considered as theft, while the other is not, is more than we can understand. On this principle, it might be argued as follows:—A soldier on sentry sits down, leans his rifle against his box, and shortly afterwards is found fast asleep. This is sleeping on his post. But if the said soldier rested his rifle against the sentry-box, sat down with the full intention of keeping awake, and finally was found fast asleep, this would evidently not be sleeping on his post, because he intended to keep awake. Such, at least, is our interpretation of the new law as laid down. We cannot conceive any information more important, or of more real value to an officer who takes a zealous interest in his profession, than the following:—"By 'a clerk or servant' is meant a person who is bound to obey the orders and submit to the control of his master in the performance of his duties. . . . On the other hand, a person will not become a clerk or servant merely because he undertakes to do business for another, as his agent, although he has a salary for doing so, and this even though he does no other business, and has to account for all money he receives, if he is not bound to obey the orders of his principal," &c. &c.

Every officer who wishes to become really efficient and fit for advancement will hear with pleasure that "considerable latitude is allowed in buying and selling, and mere language of puffery or depreciation is not considered to amount to a false pretence, unless" &c. &c. The following appears to have been inserted for the information of officers who occasionally require the service of a charger for a day at a time:—"The obtaining must involve an intention to deprive the owner permanently and entirely of the thing obtained; for instance, if a person by a false pretence induces a livery-stable keeper to let him have a horse for the day, for which he would naturally have been charged a certain sum for hire, and afterwards returns the horse, this is not a sufficient obtaining to constitute the offence, though the offender intended to get the use of the horse for nothing."

The following information is truly valuable to officers, and should be known to all:—"The taking and carrying away of a thing consists in the moving it wholly or partially from the place it originally occupied, in such a manner that the person moving it has, for the moment, complete control over it. Thus, if a person draws a sword half out of its scabbard, or moves a parcel from one end of a waggon to another, or snatches an ear-ring out of a lady's ear, which is once detached, though it afterwards falls into and remains in her hair" (fancy a lady's ear being detached and falling into her hair!), "or if a postman takes a letter out of his pouch and puts it in his pocket, contrary to his duty; this is in each case a taking and carrying away. But if a person attempts to carry away an article fastened by a string, and is stopped when he gets to the end of the string, this is not a taking and carrying away, because he never has complete control over the article."

No officer, of course, could possibly hope to bring any operation in the field to a successful termination, unless he is aware that—"If a cheesemonger were to put a taster of good quality into an inferior cheese, and to induce a customer to buy the cheese by letting him taste this taster, the cheesemonger would be held to obtain the price of the cheese by false pretences." It is truly wonderful to think that the British Army has actually managed to exist up to the year 1883 in ignorance of this important fact, and how thankful we ought to feel that the said army has no longer any excuse for such ignorance! We have no hesitation in saying that the victories of our armies in the Peninsula, the Sutlej, the Punjab, and divers other countries, are almost inexplicable when we remember that neither officers nor men were aware of the vital fact that—"A bailment, however, will not take place unless the bailor intends

that the bailee shall re-deliver the thing actually bailed. It is not sufficient that the bailee is merely to deliver an equivalent." The responsibility devolving on those who allowed our army to remain uninstructed on this useful and interesting point is heavy indeed.

Let us now pass on to the consideration of the offence of drunkenness. Here we find some very important differences, we may say relaxations, of the old-fashioned rule that a man is either drunk or sober. We are certainly told that, when duty is in the case, "there cannot be any distinction, such as drunk or very drunk." But we are also informed that "although a soldier found to be drunk when required for any duty for which he had been previously warned, can only be charged with simple drunkenness, and not with drunkenness on duty, yet, as the Act declares the offence to be aggravated drunkenness, punishment may be awarded as if it were drunkenness on duty."

We shall certainly not quarrel with the law as here laid down; for no doubt the soldier is, to all intents and purposes, drunk on duty. But it is certainly peculiar that a book which is devoted to laying down and settling the minutest intricacies of law, should first declare that a man cannot be charged with a given offence, and then that he can be punished for it. We now come to a case of relaxation of the old-fashioned law which admitted of no such thing as degrees of drunkenness. According to the new book, we are told that—"In the offence of simple drunkenness there are practically various grades, and evidence should be given as to whether the man was drunk, or very drunk, and as to whether he was riotous or not, so that punishment may be apportionate." It appears to us that this is, to say the least, unnecessary. Commanding officers have, from time immemorial, had regard to the characters of their men, and have always used their own discretion in awarding punishment for this offence. We cannot, therefore, see the necessity of this innovation. The men will soon begin to find it out, and "cross the lawyer" in the orderly-room, as regards the precise degree of drunkenness of which they have been guilty. Before long, it will become necessary to revise the system upon which the present scale of fines is based, and to introduce a fresh one; for instance:—

Slightly stowed, 2s. 6d.

Not so drunk as he appeared, 5s.

Decidedly drunk, 7s. 6d.

Drunk as he appeared at the pump, 10s.

But such things as degrees of drunkenness
aiding officers will find their work in the

orderly-room quadrupled. The discipline of our army is not so very strict at present that we can afford to make such a concession as this.

We have already alluded to the enormous size of this book, with its eight hundred and forty-five pages, and we should like to enquire—Are officers to carry its contents on service in their heads? We are sorry for their heads. Are they to carry the book itself? We are sorry for their pack animals. We have placed at the head of this article the title, “Soldiers or Lawyers?” for we have no hesitation in saying that by the time any officer has mastered the contents of this ponderous tome, and accepted them in the spirit intended, he will be more of the latter than the former. We heard a good deal the other day about nine hours work per diem being rigidly exacted from the army; but if any more books like this are to appear, nineteen hours a day will not be sufficient.

We wish that some practical man, who really understands the wants and requirements of the service, would come forward and institute one reform which is much needed, and which would be hailed with delight by every officer in the army. If no one else will propose it, we will do so now. In every garrison town in the United Kingdom hardly a day passes without seeing some half dozen officers of various corps dragged away from their legitimate employments and occupations to the court-martial room, there to sit for weary hours trying cases of desertion and fraudulent enlistment. This crime has attained to a pitch that renders it a perfect bugbear to the service. In nine cases out of ten the prisoner's guilt is apparent and a foregone conclusion, nor does he deny it. But, nevertheless, the regulation forms must be gone through: the regulation number of officers must sit for the regulation number of hours, while their troop, battery, or company work is either neglected or accumulating, to be performed at some other and probably inconvenient hour. Now, we wish to ask whether two or three officers, either retired or possibly still serving, could not be appointed in every garrison town, under the title of “military magistrates,” to deal expressly with such cases. There is no absolute necessity for trying the crime of desertion by a purely military tribunal; desertion is as much a civil as a military offence. It is simply a violation by the soldier of an engagement entered into of his own free will between himself and the State. It might, then, be appropriately dealt with by magistrates holding a commission of the peace; while officers holding such commission would be preferable as being more accustomed to deal with soldiers,

and more fully aware of the gravity of the offence, than pure civilians could be expected to be. The sentences passed on those convicted could be promulgated, as at present, at the head of the corps, and need thus lose none of their deterrent effect. This proposal may be questioned on the ground that it would tend to sever the connection between officers and their men; that a soldier should only be punished by officers actually on full pay, &c. We can only say, in reply, that the class of men who are guilty of desertion are unworthy of consideration in this respect, and that it matters little to them or to anybody else by whom they are dealt with; and, as for the connection between officers and men, why, there is not, under the present system, much to boast of. We cannot help drawing comparisons between the regiment of the past and the regiment of the present: not much, we fear, to the advantage of the latter. When we look at the attenuated ranks, the almost equally attenuated men, the fearfully relaxed discipline, the incessant desertion, the equally incessant transfers and volunteering from regiment to regiment, the perpetual drains made upon what remains of the corps for Hythe, signalling, cookery, field works, garrison classes, veterinary classes, musketry, and a host of other extraneous demands; when we see all this, we feel inclined to ask—What have we to show for it? We have completely obliterated and destroyed our old regimental system, once the admiration of the Continent, and have substituted for it another, the principal feature of which appears to be that neither officers nor men are ever with their regiment except upon casual and exceptional occasions. We have cast off the old regiment with all its ideas, associations, and traditions, and have substituted science in its place. The rapid march of modern war demanded instruction and science, and it would certainly never do to be behind the times. But the question is—Is not the reaction too strong? are we not going too far? Hardly a *Gazette* appears in which we do not see the name of some officer whose promotion has been cancelled, or who has been refused promotion and passed over because he cannot satisfy the required educational standard. We wonder how many of these are yet good regimental officers, who command the respect and esteem of their men, who devote themselves to their company and their regiment, spending their time, their service, and their money in it. Such men have their value, and a great value too, to the service and to the country, and we maintain that they should not be cast away wholesale in this manner. They are, after all, the men to lead soldiers into action, and to encourage them by their example and example under fire. Science is necessary, no doubt,

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in modern war, but science may be carried too far. We venture to say that if half only of the officers in any given regiment were made proficient in the subjects now taught in our garrison classes, the proportion would be sufficient, provided the remainder were really good regimental officers.

What was the advice tendered to us years ago by the foreign general? "Whatever you do, do not touch your regimental system, for it is perfect." And how have we benefited by this advice? By sacrificing the regiment to every innovation, every change, every fancy, and every whim or caprice of anyone who happens to exert a momentary influence at the Horse Guards. And what have we gained by all this changing and tinkering? Has it succeeded in making the British Army a better fighting machine? Let the reader peruse *Napier's Peninsula War*, and follow it up by *Malleon's Decisive Battles of India*. If he can then satisfy himself that the soldier of to-day could do the deeds therein recounted, and fight as his forefathers fought, he must be of a somewhat sanguine temperament. One thing is certain, that the appearance of a few more such books as we have been describing will fill the Army with profound disgust, and cause both officers and men to ask themselves whether they really are "Soldiers or Lawyers."

What I saw in the French Manœuvres.

BY LIEUTENANT H. CHAWNER.

THINKING a short account of what I was able to see of the manœuvres of the 20th Division about Avranches may be of interest, I venture to send you the following notice of them.

The manœuvres, as everyone knows, were for the purpose of testing the existing system and arrangements for mobilising a Division, to ascertain how quickly this could be done, and to manœuvre it and march it about under as nearly as possible the same conditions as would obtain in time of war.

From the 8rd to the 19th September 1883, was devoted to this purpose and the above period was divided into three portions: viz. first, from the 8rd to the 7th September, when the troops were concentrated on certain points from the different garrisons in the N.W. of France; secondly, from the 8th to the 14th inst., during which time the actual manœuvring took place; and lastly, from the 15th to the 19th, when the troops returned to their respective garrisons.

The general idea of the operations was as follows:—The two brigades forming the 20th Division were at first to operate in different neighbourhoods, the 39th Brigade having its head-quarters to the north of Avranches, and the 40th Brigade its head-quarters to the south of that town.

On the 8th September each regiment throughout the division was to drill independently and practise the attack formation, &c. On the 9th the two regiments in each brigade were to operate against one another. On the 10th the brigades were to concentrate respectively in the neighbourhoods of Villedieu, north, and Pontorson, south, of Avranches. On the 11th the northern force was to march into Avranches, ready to take up a defensive position to cover that town from the southern force which was to attack and defeat it on the 12th.

On the 13th the two forces were to unite and form the 20th Division, less

two battalions of infantry, a battery of artillery, and half a squadron of hussars, who were to represent a skeleton enemy for the more extended operations of the ensuing days.

This latter force was to detach itself immediately after the attack on Avranches, and take up a position on a small stream to the north of the town, the remainder of the division being billeted in Avranches, and covering itself by outposts and a cavalry screen.

On the 13th the skeleton force was to bar the road to Villedieu by occupying a position at Rouffigny, some heights a mile south of the town, and, after forcing the division to deploy, was to retire to a fresh and final position north of Villedieu, to be again beaten by the enemy on the 14th. On the 15th the demobilisation was to take place.

In the following description I shall not attempt to go into accurate details, as, from my unofficial position, these have been somewhat difficult to collect; but I shall endeavour to give the reader a fair impression of what I actually saw and learnt with my own eyes and ears respecting the deportment and characteristics of what I believe to have been a fair specimen of the French army.

I had come out from England fully equipped and prepared to spend the greater part of my fortnight's leave in the saddle, and so was not a little disappointed, on my arrival in Avranches, to find that no horse could be procured for love or money, either in the town or neighbourhood, and all my friends said it was quite useless to attempt to see anything on foot.

However, I was determined to see what could be done with a good pair of legs and a first-rate field glass, and accordingly, accompanied by a friend, started by an early train on the 8th September for Pontorson, where the 2nd Regiment was billeted. Early as we were, we were not in time to see the regiment actually manœuvring as we had wished; for they had gone out into the country to do this at 5 A.M., so the hotel-keeper informed us.

Thinking a good deal of information might still be gleaned by going out to meet the regiment on its way home, and noting the appearance of the men after a field-day, their method of route marching, carrying their kit, &c., we at once started after them and at about three miles from Pontorson came up with their transport carts and baggage guard, who were halted on the road awaiting the return of the regiment.

Here we also stopped, and passed the time in taking a few notes and chatting to the men, who seemed very intelligent and willing to impart anything they knew.

I may here remark that most of my information has been obtained in this way, and so must be taken for what it is worth, though I believe it to be substantially correct.

The transport of a regiment consists of eight four-wheeled carts of a great deal lighter make than those used in our own service, and having light canvas covered frames, similar to ours, for keeping out the rain. They are drawn by two horses only, with breast harness, and there are no steel links or other fittings to waste the men's time in cleaning.

The pioneers' tools are carried in a capital light two-wheeled covered cart drawn by one horse, and are arranged vertically on each side of the cart, ten axes to a side; and above them on each side is placed, horizontally, a powerful double-handled saw, with a leather sheath protecting the teeth.

On the outer sides of the cart are suspended horizontally an extra large pick and shovel.

There were a variety of pioneers' implements packed in the bottom of the cart, which had ample space for everything required.

The canteen arrangements are capitally conducted by a *cantinière*, who has a light two-wheeled cart placed at her disposal, also two large pack-mules carrying each a pair of strong wooden boxes. Plenty of the necessaries and even luxuries of life were to be had from this good woman, who supplied both officers and men for hard cash. From what I could gather, there are no canteen accounts kept with the regiment, and no canteen committee, an arrangement which saves a good deal of trouble to the officers, and appears to answer admirably.

The *cantinière* is a successor to the *vivandière*, and acts as a sort of provisioner, always accompanying the regiment, in peace and war, and of course, in her own interest, supplying it as cheaply and plentifully as possible. We had not long to wait for the return of the troops, and, as soon as they reached us, we sat down on a bank at the roadside and watched the men go past in column of route.

The first thing which forces itself on one's notice is the immense quantity of kit each soldier is laden with.

The French have always been noted for this; but, prepared though I was for seeing considerably more on the back than the British soldier would deign to carry, I was rather astonished at first by the sight of a shako just appearing over the top of a most miscellaneous collection of articles. These I will endeavour to describe as clearly as possible without a drawing.

First, then, is the knapsack, made either of rabbit skin or black canvas. This is of the usual shape, with a large flap opening

from the outside, *i.e.* the side away from the body. It has one peculiarity, however, viz. a wooden shelf extending along the top, and intended to carry ammunition.

The regulation articles carried in the knapsack are—one coloured shirt, made of coarse linen, one hair-brush, one brass-brush, a small brush, like a plate-brush, for cleaning the bright parts of the rifle, boot-brushes, one pair of boots, a house-wife, and, lastly, a most unique thing in cloth-brushes, viz. a short stick with strips of leather, like boot-laces, attached to one end, and the other end bevelled off and used to polish up the black leather accoutrements. The strips of leather are used to beat the dust out of the clothes after the day's march—at least, so I was informed—but this singular cloth-brush looked uncomfortably like a diminutive “cat-o'-nine-tails.”

All the above articles are bundled anyhow into the knapsack, which they do not nearly fill, and thus there is plenty of room for any creature comfort the soldier may choose to encumber himself with. As many of the French privates are well-to-do-men in civil life, they frequently carry about all sorts of luxuries, and once I actually discovered in a knapsack a bottle of fragrant dentifrice! Fancy the British soldier ever over-weighting himself to the extent of a tooth-brush, when it is often difficult to get any but a veteran to carry his rations, and have his water-bottle filled before a long march on a hot and thirsty day. Even then, it is as likely as not that he takes the first opportunity to empty the contents of his bottle on the ground and throw away his biscuit ration.

Now, with the French soldier, the great idea is evidently to carry as much as he can lay hands on, or is allowed to take, and the result is that he is pretty well hidden by his kit.

To return to the description of this last. Well, rolled up and laid round the edge of the knapsack is a blanket, secured in its place by three or four straps, and the ends reaching nearly to the bottom of the knapsack. Between the top of the latter and the blanket, is an odd-looking rectangular bundle, about twelve inches long, four inches wide, and one inch in depth, which I found to be two days' biscuit ration done up in a dirty old coloured handkerchief. This is the regulation mode of carrying it.

Strapped against the side of the blanket, and just above the biscuit, is a cylindrical tin of preserved meat, being a day's ration for three men, and hence only carried by one in every three throughout the company.

On the top of the blanket, and close to the man's head, is a singular mess-tin. I may here remark that the company is

into messes of fourteen men and a non-commissioned officer, so that five of the meat-tins above mentioned exactly go to a mess.

A proportion of intrenching tools, about one set to every sixteen men, is also carried, and these are stowed away almost anywhere, at the discretion of the soldier, but are never hung on the waist-belt, as are ours. The usual idea was to strap the spade on to the back of the knapsack, and between the latter and blanket to insert the handle of the small pick and axe combined. These intrenching tools are very handy and serviceable, and used for all sorts of purposes, besides digging shelter-trenches and hacking down brushwood. I was very much struck by the rapidity with which the spades were whipped out on more than one occasion, to cut a passage for artillery or mounted officers through the numerous banks and hedges which frequently intersected the manœuvring ground.

The cooking-pots and other utensils, such as basins, coffee-grinders, collapsable canvas buckets, &c., are all distributed amongst the company, nearly every individual carrying something different, and the favourite place for all the articles being somewhere on the back. The only thing put on the belt is the bayonet and ammunition pouches.

The former is not the nearly universal sword-bayonet, nor is it exactly similar to our own cruel-looking weapon; for although, like this, tapering, three-sided, and grooved, it is furnished with a handle, and thus can be used as a short rapier when not attached to the rifle.

One of the ammunition pouches is worn behind, and is very spacious; the other is worn on the right side, and carries the loose rounds, the large pouches holding these while still in packets; but neither of these pouches is for active service, both being then replaced by two large ones carried on each side.

The water-bottle, slung over the left shoulder, is of tin covered with cloth, and holding about a pint and a half. It has two necks, one large and fitted with a cork, the other quite small for *à petit goût*.

Attached to the strap of the water-bottle, is a tin drinking-cup, a most superfluous article of kit, but very much used, and I fancy the French soldier would not part with it willingly.

Before leaving the subject, I may here remark that the French method of sticking things all over the valise, though ugly, is far preferable to allowing them to drag down the belt; and this is especially the case with reference to the intrenching tools, which,

if carried on the left side or behind, interfere with the bayonet, and if on the right side, are liable to injure the butt of the rifle by constantly knocking against it when at the trail.

The dress of the French soldier, as most people know, is of a very different cut to what we are used to see, being loose and baggy, both in the infantry and mounted branches.

The trousers are of inferior red cloth, and have ample pockets, which are freely used to thrust the hands in; a most unsmart-looking habit. The upper garment is a tolerably close-fitting shell jacket of common blue cloth. The great-coat, also of blue cloth, is constantly worn, and, when marching, the ends are buttoned back so as to allow a free movement to the legs. This coat is of thinner texture than ours; but as it is worn summer and winter, strolling about the town, and on hot field-days, it is quite thick enough. The head-dress is the time-honoured shako, and is apparently the only cap worn; but then this is in keeping with the rest of the attire, which has to do duty for all sorts of parades. The boots are similar to our "ammunition" boots; but the men are allowed to deviate considerably from the regulation pattern, and to wear heels a great deal too high for comfortable marching. The leather gaiters come well up the calf of the leg, contract at the ankle, and then spread out over the boot, round which and the leg they are secured with laces, and they are worn either inside or outside the trousers. Many of the men who went in for being smart wore spats over the boot, like our Highland regiments; but this is not part of the regulation dress, and I fancy only the well-to-do soldiers can afford such a luxury, especially when one remembers that their pay only secures them about one sous a day pocket-money.

The rifle, an improved Chassepôt, is usually slung over the right shoulder, thus leaving both hands free. The sling is quite short and, like the rest of the accoutrements, of black leather. The rifle is sighted up to 1,800 metres (about 2,000 yards), and appeared to weigh rather less than the Martini-Henri. The 2nd Regiment is one of the smartest in the army; but, however well they may march and fight, neither their appearance nor carriage can compare with the worst-drilled militia regiment at home. The absence of shining white pipe-clay, well polished-up valises, close-fitting garments, and every attempt at military swagger, strikes one very forcibly; but then it is a question whether we do not spend too much time, and harass the men unnecessarily, to attain that smartness which does so much to attract the recruit.

The mounted branches do not please one a bit better than the

infantry, for here the same "bagginess" prevails, the men riding in very loose-strapped overalls, which nearly smother the small box-spur worn.

In vain also one looked in the artillery for the bright harness links and faultlessly-blackened guns; and I have seen batteries turn out in the morning far dirtier than ours would be after a long muddy march.

I did not have much opportunity of judging of the quality of the horses in the French cavalry, as there were only a few hussars attached to the division for outpost duty; but the animals appeared to me under-sized and badly-groomed. The artillery horses were big bony animals, and anything but high bred.

As a rule, both infantry and cavalry officers are exceptionally well mounted, which is *not* invariably the case with infantry officers at home.

The infantry bands are very good indeed; and wherever they went they used to amuse the good citizens by playing in the Public Gardens in the afternoons, when all classes flocked to listen to and enjoy the music.

The band is not used on the march much, but a strong party of buglers or trumpeters makes an excellent substitute, and induces a very lively step. Both buglers and bandsmen carry rifles as well as their instruments, slinging the former over the shoulder.

The physique and soldier-like appearance of the men in most of the regiments of the 20th Division quite surprised me, accustomed as I have been to hear of the "puny little Frenchman." They certainly would compare very favourably with most of our home-service regiments under the present Short Service system, which has tremendously increased the number of beardless boys on parade; and although the average height of the French soldier may be less than ours, this is more than made up for by superiority in point of manliness and age. Certainly the ranks were at this time swelled by the First and Second Class Reserve out for twenty-eight days' training, and this fact ought to be taken into consideration in comparing British and French regiments.

To return to details once more.

French regiments are composed of four battalions, of which three are always together, and the fourth does duty as a garrison battalion, being relieved in turns by the others. Each battalion consists of four strong companies of about 180 men each, and commanded by mounted captains, assisted by two subalterns. The captains dismount in action, and apparently only use their horses as a means of getting from point to point on the march.

On the return to quarters, each company was marched to a convenient place, near its own billets, and the men at once dismissed, without any time wasted in "dressing" or any formal mode of dismissal, being merely told that they might "go." It is part of the French system to avoid all movements not absolutely necessary, and thus, by never needlessly harassing the soldier, to let him reserve all his energies for real work.

On the 11th September the defenders of Avranches began to pour into the town, many of them having marched from Villedieu, a distance of fourteen miles; but they did not look a bit fagged, in spite of their heavy loads and the day being none of the coolest.

The great thing now was to find out, if possible, the plan of the position to be taken up on the morrow, and to affect this my friend and myself dined at the Hôtel de Londres, which appeared to be the one most frequented by the Staff, whom we hoped to have the good fortune to meet at the dinner-table,

In this we were disappointed, however, as most of the officers had engaged a separate room; but after dinner we managed to scrape up an acquaintance with three colonels, or *chefs-de-bataillon*, who happened to be dining at a side table. They were extremely civil and obliging, especially when we told them we were English officers come over to see the manœuvres; and it ended in our all adjourning to a neighbouring *café*, where, over black coffee and Vienna beer, we discussed matters with them. We could not help remarking how struck we were with the complete absence of drunkenness and disorderly conduct among their men, although surrounded with every facility to enjoy themselves, and billeted all over the town. The officers smiled as they replied that the French soldier, besides only getting one sous a day, is liable to fifteen days' imprisonment if seen so much as unsteady in the streets. This may, of course, explain a good deal, but more is due to the fact that by conscription a better class of men is obtained, and the few black sheep there may be are effectually counterbalanced by the good leaven.

Avranches is situated on the summit of an extensive and well-wooded hill, which begins to descend on the enemy's, or south side, about a mile and a half from the town, that is, the latter is that distance from the crest. The road to Pontorson runs very nearly due south, and was to bound the right of the position, the left extending to the little village of St. Hilaire, situated about a mile from the Pontorson road, and rather below the crest of the hill, which here trended back towards Avranches. The ground to the right of the Pontorson road was considered

from attack, owing to the proximity of the quicksands and generally unsafe ground, caused by the frequent inflowing of the sea at high tides.

We were up betimes on the 12th September, and made straight for the position just described; but, after an hour's hard walking, we found that, owing to the exceptionally dense woods, we had passed right through the defenders' line, and on to his advanced entries, without having seen the bulk of the troops; so there was nothing for it but to "try back" towards the crest of the hill.

We were successful this time, and found our brave defenders concentrated in some farm-buildings about the centre of the position, from whence absolutely nothing could be seen towards the front.

The attack was apparently expected on the right, where most of the spectators were gathered; but a thin line of troops watched the approaches as far as the village of St. Hilaire on the left, and it was well they did so, for, after all, the enemy appeared in force on that flank, and, after a tremendous fusillade, took the village, although this was reinforced by the 136th Regiment, hurriedly brought up from the farm.

A lesser attack was also made on the right, and then, the firing having brought down heavy rain, which had been threatening all the morning, the "Cease fire" sounded, and Avranches was never assaulted at all, much to everyone's disappointment.

We heard afterwards that the general commanding the attacking force got a good "blowing up" for not carrying out the original programme to the bitter end.

In these manœuvres they have a capital way of distinguishing the defending force from the others, viz. by white cap-covers. Specially issued for that purpose, and taken into store again when the operations are over.

Owing to the nature of the country, I could see very little of the way the troops were handled to-day; but I noticed that the great number of umpires frequently allowed opposing forces to fire into each other for some time at ridiculously short ranges.

The next day was supposed to be the grand fight of the whole manœuvres, and to see it well involved hard work on us even as spectators.

As detailed at the beginning of my narrative, the division was to attack a skeleton force holding the heights of Rouffigny, which barred the road to Villedieu, and this place was about fourteen miles away, so the troops had to cover that distance before commencing the fight. They started at about 5 A.M., and we followed

at 7 A.M., knowing we could overtake them in plenty of time, as their column of route was about two miles long, and they would have at least one halt on the way.

The road to Villedieu, like all the great national military roads in France, is a perfectly straight line except where any elevation intersects it, and then, if over a certain maximum incline allowed, it makes a sharp zig-zag round the obnoxious hill, continuing its straight course on the other side. This peculiarity of construction is to facilitate the transport of artillery and baggage-waggons. At intervals along the roads are stone posts with *Chevaux de Renfort* inscribed on them, to inform the traveller that here the incline is considered sufficiently steep to warrant his application for another horse to pull his vehicle up, and the animal is supplied at a fixed sum by someone close by specially licensed for the purpose.

We noticed another peculiarity as we marched along, viz. little wisps of various wheats and grasses tied in conspicuous places on the hedges, to show that the produce of the adjacent field was for sale. Truly a cheap and original way of advertising; but, then, economy has always been one of the strong points in the French character.

At about four miles from Rouffigny we came upon the tail of the column in the shape of the baggage-waggons and canteen-cars, which were all halted at the bottom of a hill. Another half-mile brought us right into the main body, also halted and lining each side of the road for a long way.

The day had begun with a heavy mist, but the sun now shone out gloriously, making the troops look very pretty with their arms piled and engaged in various ways, some fetching water from neighbouring cottages, some grinding coffee for breakfast, others collecting sticks for fire-wood, and all as jolly and talkative as possible. Our knickerbockers seemed to afford them a good deal of amusement and we got plenty of chaff as we walked along, several men even getting out a few words of English for our edification.

We could not stop to talk now, though, as we were anxious to lose no time in reaching Rouffigny, when I intended, after a hurried survey of the position, to attach myself to the attacking force, hoping to be able to see a little more of their method of extending, &c. than had been my fortune in the very close country round Avranches.

We soon came in sight of the position, where were assembled a great number of peasants, looking in the distance like soldiers on account of the similarity in colour of their blouses and the military great coats.

I will not weary my readers with a minute description of the ground to be presently contested for ; suffice it to say that the road of Villedieu runs right through the centre of the position, and here no guns were posted. On each flank was also a couple of guns, and the intervals were thinly lined by troops, the bulk of them being employed at the foot of the hill watching approaches, and ready to check the enemy at the numerous hedges and banks, and delay his final assault on the hill to the last moment ; for it will be remembered that the defending force was acting as a rear-guard, and therefore its whole object in fighting was to gain time for the main body to get away.

Our old friends, the colonels we had met at the Hotel de Londres, commanded the defending troops, and one of them was good enough to point out to me on his map their dispositions. I noticed, by the way, that all their maps had very transparent pieces of oil-skin attached, in order to preserve them from dirt and rain, and yet allow them to be read with perfect facility.

We had barely time to rejoin the opposite side before the troops were already seriously engaged ; and thus I was unable, after all, to see the exact method of extension, or whether it differed in any particular from our own mode.

One thing was very noticeable, and that was the want of cohesion in the attacking line, each company appearing to advance and retire quite independently of those on its right and left. There was also a great want of vigour in the whole attack, and frequent and numerous halts behind some hedge or bank gave many opportunities for an active foe to make a counter-attack—opportunities, however, which were not taken advantage of.

The shortness of front of the position gave the assailants a capital chance of working round the flanks, and this they very soon did ; and the defenders, driven up on to the slopes, had to throw back their line on each side of the road at right angles to the original position.

We were much amused by an incident which took place during the leisurely advance of one particular company. A hare jumped in front of them, and the men instantly directed a hot fire of buck cartridge at the little animal, and several individuals even left ranks and aimed blows at it with the butt-ends of their rifles, and the cheers of the villagers, and, I am afraid, the encouragement of their officer, who appeared to regard this outrageous breach of discipline in the face of the foe as a good joke.

The hare was eventually killed by a blow from the stick of a peasant, who carried off his "bag" in triumph.

An occurrence similar to the above took place in real warf not very long ago. It was after the assault of Tel-el-Kebir. "Cease fire" had sounded some minutes, when a solitary shot was heard, and on inquiry it transpired that this came from a sergeant of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment, who, seeing a hare trot along at no great distance, was unable to restrain his sport instincts. It is needless to say that the hare escaped unscathed but the sergeant was not so fortunate, as he was severely reprimanded and, I believe, ordered to pay for one round of ammunition.

It now became evident that if the defenders did not very soon retire they would be cut off from their line of retreat altogether, a company of the enemy had got right round behind the left of position, and was rapidly advancing along a road leading to Villedieu main road.

A company of white-caps, however, saw the danger, and attempted to check further progress by pouring in volley after volley at point-blank range. This reception, though warm, did not appear to trouble the assailants much, and, leaving a section to show a front on the road, they crept rapidly through the fields on each side of the latter, and, the "charge" sounding at this moment, they fixed bayonets and carried all before them.

This terminated the battle, most of the defender's infantry have been taken prisoners, and the guns only saving themselves by showing a remarkably "clean pair of heels."

On the principle of never making unnecessary movements mere show, no time was wasted in forming up the battalions when the "Cease fire" sounded; but each company assembled in columns of sections, marched off in "fours," and tailed on to the other companies as they made their way to Villedieu.

We had originally intended to go back to Avranches after field-day, but, hearing that if we did we should not get to Pervincieux time for the review on the morrow, we made up our minds to stay at Villedieu. This was easier said than done, as the place was crammed with soldiers, and, of course, the best rooms had been given up to the officers; but we managed to get a "shake-down" at the Hotel Bochin, where we dined, or, rather, *fed* off the scraps left by the military. Afterwards, we took a stroll through the pretty little old-fashioned town, which is situated at the bottom of a deep basin of hills, and is bisected by a small stream much appreciated just then by the cavalry and artillery horses, who simply revelled in its coolness.

As we were making for one of the numerous cafés, we met an officer of the 25th Regiment, an old acquaintance, who informed

hat the idea of a review, after the fight at Percy, had been given up. This was disappointing, as I had obtained two days' additional leave on purpose to see it, and we were all let in for a pretty uncomfortable night for nothing, as it was too late now to get a train back to Avranches.

We started home, however, the next morning, as there was no particular object in looking on at more field-days, probably only other editions of those we had lately seen.

Looking back at the work done by the Division from the 12th to 4th September, we find that on the first day they were under arms from 5 A.M. to 11 A.M., on the 13th they marched fourteen miles in a hot sun, and had a field-day of two hours directly afterwards, and on the 14th they marched another nine miles before the final field-day of the manœuvres. Of course, I did not see how the troops looked after the Percy affair; but if they finished the programme with as few candidates for a place on the ambulance as at the time we bid adieu to them at Villedieu, we should do well not to underrate the physique of the French soldier in future.

I must apologise for the length of this account—also, I am afraid, for its dryness; but my object in writing has not been to amuse, but only to describe faithfully “what I saw in the French manœuvres.”

Police in the North-Western Provinces of India.

BY A DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT.

It is said that when the American War of Independence first broke out, numbers of Englishmen of good social position laboured under the impression that their country was involved in a struggle with an alien and coloured race. And, incredible as it may seem, it is no exaggeration to say that this ignorance was almost matched by that which generally existed only twenty-six years ago with regard to another of our great dependencies. There is some excuse to be made for the Parisian physician who, to the writer's knowledge, once asked a lady whether the possessions of the English in India were anywhere in the vicinity of Pondicherry: but what is to be thought of the members of Parliament who lamented the death of those *high-caste* Brahmins, the Delhi princes; of the novelist, of however low an order, who depicted a sepoy in the act of scalping an enemy; or of the mental condition of the mob who, in 1857, attacked some Ethiopian serenaders under the impression that they were connected, more or less indirectly, with the Bengal army? Yet these examples are only the extreme and grotesque illustrations of a want of knowledge at that time very generally and widely extended.

All this has, however, of late years, greatly altered for the better. Indian officials are no longer supplied by a clique. Nearly every middle-class English family has relatives, more or less remote, in their ranks; and these at one and the same time create a curiosity regarding Indian affairs, and are the means of diffusing a large amount of general knowledge on the subject. Besides this, magazines and papers now occupy themselves to some extent with Indian matters. Articles may be seen dealing with finance, Indian famines, the Indian army, and a variety of subjects of a like nature, and it must be supposed that they supply a real and recognised want.

It has often struck the writer that, under these circumstances, a short history of the growth of a police force in one of our Indian provinces, might not be without interest to some English readers. Its achievements are not of a striking kind; and the duties it has to perform are of a character to produce acquiescence in the necessity for its existence, rather than sympathy of the sort that exists where the army is concerned. But it is to be remembered, on the other hand, that its influence is to be felt throughout the country, that every village-peasant through the length and breadth of the province, is constantly made cognisant of its existence; and that the question of its organisation and discipline affects the comfort of every village home.

In dealing with matters connected with Indian administration, it is always necessary to date events as having occurred before or after the Mutiny. What the flood was in the history of the Jews, or the great Revolution to the French, that is the Mutiny of 1857 to the Indian official.

Before the Mutiny then, for it is necessary to allude to those days, the magistrate of a district exercised power and undertook duties which, subject in many cases to his general control, are now delegated to others. He superintended the making of roads, was head educational officer, chief policeman, and judicial officer; the time for the division of labour had not yet come. Under him, in his police branch, with no English officer told off for their immediate supervision, were a number of native officers called "thanadárs," head constables of police stations. They were scattered throughout the district, in stations probably some ten or fifteen miles apart, and each had under him a staff of policemen, or "barkandáz."

The worth of the good old Civil Service has been proved in a hundred ways, and it is with no view of disparaging it, that the evils of this system are now being pointed out. It is not in a moment that the full advantages of civilisation can be introduced into a poor and semi-barbarous country, and justice, though accompanied with many disadvantages, must have appeared as a rare and unexpected luxury to the Hindoo cultivator, who had been subjected to the mercies of the Mahratta horsemen, and whose father and grandfather had narrated to him tales of the Rasi during the declining period of the Mogul empire.

The magistrate did his best with the weapons at his disposal, but he could not, in carrying out the hundred duties required of him, give that attention to detail which is now general. He could gallop fifty miles, aid in the arrest of a gang of robbers, try and sentence them, and then move off in another direction to super-

intend irrigation, or the planting of trees; but he could not at the same time attend to the training of his police, or go through evidence in the painstaking manner of the present day. The consequence was that much was left to the thanadár; he was not only policeman, but in addition a kind of judicial assistant; he was empowered to arrest suspected persons, to keep them for a lengthened period in the police-station, and eventually to take confessions, record depositions, and, in fact, hold a preliminary trial, before sending them into the head-quarters of his district. It is evident that under the system great abuses would prevail. Assuming the best intentions, the man who has been engaged in hunting down criminals is not fitted to become their judge; he is, perhaps, unconsciously interested in finding them guilty. The English official was probably in many cases himself unwillingly biassed against accused persons. The thanadár, whose promotion depended on his professional success, was directly interested in producing the conviction of persons he had arrested.

It is believed that the police, as they existed at this period, were greatly in advance of anything that had been in the days of native rule. But of the abominations that were occasionally practised in distant police-stations, with the object of forcing evidence, proof was clearly produced by a commission which subsequently investigated the subject; and there can be no doubt that extortion of a petty and galling type was almost universal. A man vested with the powers of a thanadár will be pressed by sycophantic Asiatics to receive presents on every possible occasion; illegal gratifications, when commonly accepted, assume the appearance of a perquisite attached to the office, and an indirect increase of salary, and are no longer refused even by men who in general morality are above their time and their surroundings. In those days every cart that passed down the road laden with wood lodged a faggot at the thána; every cultivator, on cutting his crops, presented his honorarium; and it may perhaps be said that the subordinate policeman took toll from every milch cow in their circle.

The villager no longer lived, as in the preceding epoch, in constant fear of rapine and plunder, or cultivated his fields, the plough-handle in the one hand and the sword in the other; but he was taxed at the caprice of a local tyrant, and ran some risk of suffering from the rude and imperfect manner in which justice was administered.

In the year 1857 the police in the North-West Provinces was practically swept away, and about two years later a body called the Military Police was called into existence. This force

officered by young men belonging to the native army, whose regiments had disappeared, and who were specially selected for the duty. In every district, as the great wave of rebellion swept past, a Military Police Battalion was raised. It was commanded, as a rule, by a young captain or lieutenant, and was engaged in beating down such local rebels as dared raise their heads in the rear of our victorious troops, or in engaging broken bands of rebels, too volatile and ubiquitous to be dealt with by masses of regulars, but capable of causing great damage and irritation. The Military Police was gradually, as the country quieted, broken up into smaller and smaller detachments, and at length occupied the country, and, with its aid, the civil officers were able to collect some of the old Thánadári police, and partially to carry out for a time the old ante-mutiny arrangements. This, however, did not last long; the time for reform had come. In 1861 a Police Act passed through Council, and the constabulary, as, with some modifications, it exists at the present moment, was introduced throughout India. In the North-West, Mr. Edmondstone, at that time Lieutenant-governor, heartily adopted the new reform. He had at his disposal the following materials: First, the Military Police; secondly, the remnant of the old Civil Police; and lastly, the "chaukidárs," or village watchmen, to whom allusion has not yet been made. These men are appointed, subject to the approval of authority, by the zemindars or land-owners. The latter have, from time immemorial, been held responsible that crime occurring within the boundaries of their villages is properly reported, and that order is preserved as far as may be; and, as some power must accompany responsibility, they are allowed to appoint the watchmen, whose main duty it is to patrol the village at night, in the proportion of about one to every hundred and fifty families. Under the new system, the two former classes were amalgamated, and formed one organised body, the new constabulary. In every district an officer called the District-Superintendent was placed at the head of the force, and the appointments were given, in the majority of cases, to the officers who had commanded the Military Police Battalions; in some others, to young men, as a rule, of equal social standing and of education and intelligence, but unconnected with the army. The main feeling of the reformers was that, to stop abuses of the kind above-mentioned, an entire separation should be made between police and judicial functions. Thus at this time the powers of the magistrate and collector over the police were fied away almost to nothing. The District-Superintendent was vested with full powers over his men, subject only

to the control of the head of the department resident at provincial head-quarters, and termed the inspector-general of police, and of his assistants, the deputy inspectors-general; and the powers of the Thanadár, or Sub-Inspector, as he is now called, were greatly curtailed. He was forbidden to take depositions or to record confessions, except in cases where such confessions led to the production of evidence, as in the instance of a murderer leading the way to the spot where he had hidden the fatal weapon, a strong temptation to be oppressive being thus removed; and he was not allowed to keep accused persons in custody for more than twenty-four hours. In addition to this, a much closer supervision was exercised over the police than in the old days. The Superintendent was required to visit each police-station in his district at least once in the year, and, by a minute inspection of registers, and by personal enquiries conducted on the spot, to satisfy himself that crime was fully reported and properly dealt with, and that oppression and bribery were not practised. In addition to this, there were a number of inspectors, or natives of a high class appointed between his sub-inspectors and the district superintendent; they were each put in charge of some ten or twelve police-stations, and were held responsible by the Superintendent, if, on his annual tour, he found the old abuses unchecked or unreported. A preliminary training was, moreover, given to recruits in a reserve at head-quarters, who thus acquired some habits of discipline before being sent out into the district. To ensure the proper reporting of crime, all rural watchmen had to attend at the police station once or twice a week as a matter of course, and, in addition, immediately to bring to notice any crimes that occurred in their villages. In view to ascertaining whether this duty was carried out properly, the villages were occasionally visited by the constables of the beat, the Sub-Inspector, or his subordinate officers. There can be no doubt that, under this system, the *morale* of the police has undergone a marvellous improvement. During the first two or three years that the new scheme was at work, prosecutions of police officers for malpractices of the sort above alluded to were in nearly every district constantly occurring; the men who had lived under the past *régime* could not at once throw off old habits; in four or five years they were comparatively rare; they are now almost unheard of. How far the present police have proved successful as regards detective ability, and capacity for the suppression of crime, will be discussed further on. But there is one point which must be touched on before this portion of the subject can be reached.

It has been shown that, in 1861, the Magistrates of Districts were deprived almost entirely of their powers over the force, owing mainly to a strong opinion that then existed, that police and judicial functions could not be exercised by the same authority without injury to justice; but it is not to be supposed that this change was effected without opposition. So far from this being the case, it may be said that nearly every Magistrate in the north-west disapproved of this feature in the new scheme. A Magistrate and Collector occupies much the same position as a French *Préfet*. He is held entirely responsible for the welfare of the district. It was urged with great force that this responsibility could not, in fairness, be imposed upon an official thus situated, and the advantages of personal rule in dealing with Asiatics, over the centralisation to which the creation of separate departments would naturally lead, was strongly insisted on. The difficulty was a grave one, but it has eventually been overcome. It has been found that though the Magistrate has assistants in different departments, the District Engineer, the Superintendent of Police, and so on, none of whom existed twenty-five years ago, his duties have, owing to the development of the country, become even more arduous than they were of yore. Police administration and superintendence over these several branches occupy his time so fully, that it has been found necessary to relieve him almost altogether of judicial work. He seldom tries criminals himself; and he may, in consequence, be again permitted to interest himself in their capture. This tendency to restore his original powers to the Magistrate was felt for many years. In 1876 the reaction was completed. The District-Superintendent still exercises the power of commanding officer in matters of ordinary routine; but he has to obtain the sanction of his Magistrate in most cases of promotion and punishment, and is liable to be over-ruled should his measures for the prevention of crime not meet with the approval of the latter officer.

The question that now rises is how far the above organisation has been a success as regards the suppression and detection of crime; and it would be possible to argue this point at great length, taking as a basis the numerous reports and tabulated statements yearly furnished on these subjects. The Blue Book is, however, of little interest to the general reader, and in describing the classes of crime practised in the north-west, and tracing the effect of police action, the writer will endeavour to keep as clear as possible of statistics; but this being the case, he must ask for some indulgence should he in some cases seem to take too much for granted, and to treat certain facts as proved without

going through the steps which have led him to that conclusion. Grave crime that may be looked for in the north-west, and of a sort cognisable by police, and which will now be commented on, may be classified as follows, viz. female infanticide, suttee, thuggee, professional poisoning, dacoity, robbery, murder, housebreaking, cattle theft, ordinary theft.

It is only within the last few years that a systematic and determined effort has been made to put down the first-named of these crimes, though on former occasions attempts had been made to induce the class among whom it is practised to modify the customs which lay at its root, and in other ways to influence them for good. Infanticide is mainly practised among the caste of the Thakoors or Rajpoots. This caste is divided into a vast number of subdivisions, and the most capricious rules prevail regarding intermarriage between members of the different clans. A girl may not be married to a young man of the same clan. The girl's father—owing to a strange feeling, induced no doubt by the low position woman occupies in the East, that the father of the bride stands in an ignominious position with regard to the bridegroom—is seldom willing to marry his daughter to a member of a subdivision somewhat lower than his own. In some cases, for mysterious reasons, marriage is forbidden between certain subdivisions, or the sons of the one clan may marry the daughters of the other, but the reverse may not take place. The consequence is that young men belonging to the more favoured clans are of great value in the marriage market, and demand large dowries with their brides; fathers find it impossible to get rid of their daughters, and, as keeping young unmarried female relatives in the house is repugnant to Hindoo ideas, they are in many cases tempted to anticipate future evils by destroying the infant almost as soon as it sees the light. It is undesirable in these pages to inquire how far success has followed the attempts of Government to put down the crime. It is so easy to destroy infant life by a moment's undue exposure to the air, or by other means that defy detection, and the secret of the women's apartment is in India so closely kept, that statistics and extra taxation in cases where infant female population falls below a certain ratio, have been found more effective in dealing with infanticide than minute police inquiry, and the efficiency of the force cannot in consequence be fairly judged by this test.

Suttee, or widow-burning, is happily a thing of the past; indeed one case only is believed to have occurred in the north-west since the Mutiny; and Thuggee, though it may have lingered somewhat longer, has been extinct for some years. The last-named

was mainly put down by the aid of a special department organised by Colonel Sleeman in the old days, and the habits and manners of the Thugs have since been very fully described in a work entitled *The Confessions of a Thug*, by Meadows Taylor. It would therefore be superfluous to enlarge on these topics; but the writer cannot refrain from telling a story of the Thugs which he heard a short time ago, and which has to his mind a ring of truth about it.

It is said that on one occasion an energetic magistrate pitched his tents beneath the village peepal tree. A large crowd had assembled, for an influential zemindar had been induced to overcome his fears and help the magistrate to obtain evidence against two notorious Thugs who had been arrested in the neighbourhood, and public curiosity was excited. The trial began, the zemindar spoke out, a certain amount of circumstantial evidence was produced; it was believed, when the magistrate closed proceedings for the day, and strolled into the jungle gun in hand, that the fate of the offender was sealed. The belief was not unlikely to work its own fulfilment. Will not the carrion crow perch on the head of the wounded tiger, and peck at its eyes ere life is extinct? But the next morning a change passed over the scene. The zemindar was missing. Clue to his disappearance there was none. Search was made in every direction. Years passed, and he was not again heard of. The trial of the Thugs had long since come to an end. On the second day it was found that the witnesses were sullen and suspicious: they could not be induced to speak out. All was disappointment, and the magistrate was obliged reluctantly to acquit his prisoner.

Time rolled on, and he had dismissed the matter from his mind. Then he one day received a message from a convict dying in the District gaol, to say that he wished to say a last word to the Great Sahib. The magistrate drove over to the gaol, and was taken to the charpoi of an old and wizened man.

"Sir," said the dying man, "do you remember the trial of the Thugs at the village of Bhowpur, and the disappearance of the zemindar? I can tell you the truth, and unless you listen to my tale it will be hidden for ever. Among the crowd who assembled to hear the trial, I and another of the brotherhood were present. We stood throughout the day at the elbow of the zemindar. You walked away with your gun, and the bushes hid you from our sight. In a second the handkerchief was round the neck, and a dead man lay at our feet. 'Such,' said we, turning to the crowd of two hundred people, 'will be the fate of the next who proves himself the enemy of the Thugs. Hear and be silent.' We buried the

body in the night beneath a large mango-tree, fifty yards to the right of your tent. Search, and the skeleton will be found."

A gleam of gratified vanity lit up the old man's face as he closed his tale. He could not bear that a deed that reflected such credit on his guild should be unheard of for ever. Search was made beneath the mango, and the bones of the zemindar were discovered.

About twenty, or perhaps five-and-twenty, years ago, a good deal of attention was called to what is termed professional poisoning. It was thought that persons who would some years ago have become Thugs, had taken to this crime as being equally lucrative and less dangerous than Thuggee, and fears were felt lest it might reach somewhat corresponding proportions. The professional poisoner commonly selects as his victim a traveller on the high road. He joins him on the way, enters into casual conversation with him, finds out that they are of one caste, and have connexions in common, or come from the same part of the country, and suggests that they should travel together for mutual protection. In the evening they halt, and prepare their food, and the poisoner takes the opportunity to drop seeds of the datoora into the food and the hookka of his companion. In some cases death follows the administration of the datoora; it more frequently produces a drunken sleep, from which the victim awakes with an inflamed brain and in a state bordering on idiocy, in which condition he remains for many days. The poisoner thus has ample time to escape with the jewels and money of his companion. If the latter was travelling in a bullock-cart, cart and bullocks are driven off and sold at the nearest town. Happily, time has shown that poisoning is not so difficult to cope with as was at one time imagined. The poisoner escapes for the time being, but his description is known, and he is likely sooner or later to fall into the hands of justice. The crime is even now very rare, and bids fair to disappear as completely as Thuggee.

There is some difficulty in dealing with the question of Dacoity, or gang-robbery. By the first of these is generally understood violent crime committed by a gang who live in avowed defiance of law, brigandage of a kind which still exists in countries such as Greece, where the law is weakly administered and the sympathy of the peasantry is not generally enlisted on the side of order. Robbery simply means violent appropriation of the goods of another, theft without its mask. In endeavouring, therefore, to estimate the success that the British Government has gained in weaning the population of the North-West from lawless habits, it is difficult to

tant to determine the extent to which dacoity, as above defined, has really decreased in the last twenty years; but the question is complicated by the fact that the law looks upon all robberies committed by more than five persons as dacoity, and that it may thus happen that if five rascals in a village tear a cloth worth a rupee from the shoulders of an old woman, under sudden impulse, the deed may be classed with those of a robber-chief who has been for years the terror of the country-side. Moreover, in some early reports, dacoities and robberies were classed together. To untie this knot, it will be necessary to give a few figures obtained from some of the earliest and of the latest police returns, and to endeavour to extract the lesson they convey, by the aid of information obtained elsewhere.

Dacoities and Robberies.		Dacoities.		Robberies.	
A.D.	A.D.	A.D.	A.D.	A.D.	A.D.
1861.	1862.	1879.	1880.	1879.	1880.
280	289	69	75	316	290

At first sight, these figures would lead up to the conclusion that crime of a violent class had absolutely increased in the last few years, for, instead of the 280 and 289 dacoities and robberies reported in 1861 and 1862, we have, when the two classes of crime are in like manner thrown together, 375 cases in 1879, and 365 in 1880; but a little consideration will show that in reality this conclusion would be an erroneous one. In the first place, the crime can be shown to have been of a very different character twenty years ago to that which now exists. In one district alone, that of Lullukpore, no less than three organised gangs of dacoits then existed. Five cases of dacoity by one gang were reported, three by the gang of a chief named Bikramajit, two by that of a noted leader, Dabee Sing, whose following was dispersed by Lieutenant Train, District Superintendent of Police, who pursued the party for a long period through the dense jungle, and eventually gallantly attacked them with a party of armed police.

The districts of Azamgarh and Gházipur were, in the same way, troubled by a proclaimed outlaw named Rám Tiwári.

In the Jaunpur district Lieutenant Garton was severely wounded in an attack on outlaws. There are many indications that the country had not at that time entirely passed through the stage in which the outlaw and the robber, claiming some of the honours of the soldier, affects that he is the representative of a subjected peasantry, and may hope that his name will be handed down in village songs to an admiring posterity.

Let us now turn to the year 1880. An officer, reporting on the

crime as it existed that year throughout the whole Province, states that there were but two dacoities by outlaws, a smaller number than occurred eighteen years before in one district only. There were, he tells us, no sensational cases; the place of the more serious type of dacoity has been taken by attacks of banded footpads. In other words, the whole province does not suffer from the more serious type of the disease to the extent to which, only eighteen years ago, one district, a thirtieth part of its size, was afflicted. There is still an apparent anomaly to be accounted for: the total of crimes of violence is nominally as large, or larger, than it before was, but is easily accounted for. Where heavy and serious crime exists petty crime is not reported. Who that lived within reach of Castle Doone would complain of petty wrong? The Indian peasant whose village was periodically visited by a strong robber leader, was not likely to be troublesome, though a ring may have been torn from his wife's finger, or his cooking-vessels taken from him. It may fairly be assumed that where violent crime of an anarchical character exists, deeds of a like nature, but less serious in character, will multiply indefinitely. The closest measures are now taken to ensure proper reports of crime reaching police-stations, and there is no doubt that little of a serious nature is hidden. This was the case to a much less degree twenty years ago, and it is an undoubted fact that a vast improvement has taken place in the habits of the people, and that violent crime is far less frequent than it then was.

The crime that next calls for notice is that of cattle theft. It must naturally take years longer to put down than dacoity and highway robbery; but as long as it exists to a large extent it cannot be said that the Administration has gained a success equal to that obtained in more advanced countries. Cattle theft was at one time so generally practised that a system termed "languri" sprang up, under which an understanding was come to between cattle-owner and thief. A go-between was employed, and the owner, on paying a third of the value, was told that he would find the animal wandering in the village lands on a particular day. Under this system it was impossible to put down thefts. One proprietor, who cared little for the conviction of the thief, but was anxious to reduce his own loss to a minimum, took every care that the fact of the theft having occurred should be disguised from the police. If they did make enquiries, he stoutly maintained that his cow had strayed from the herd, and that it was untrue that he had been robbed. The thief only cleared, it is true, a third of the value of each stolen animal, but he was able to pursue his calling unmolested.

twenty cows where he would otherwise have stolen but one, and was not troubled by the fear of punishment. It is evident, then, that the first mark of success would be an increase in reports, and this would extend both to thefts and strays. If the first are more generally reported, it goes to show that the peasantry are gaining confidence in the detective power of the police, and prefer, instead of making sure of getting back a portion of their loss, to run the chance of winning or losing it all. If both are more freely reported it marks, in addition, an increased insight on the part of the police, and that they are more fully reported is clearly shown by figures. In the year 1866, 4,104 head of cattle were reported to have been stolen. In the year 1880, the reports had risen to 8,792. The strays reported in those years rose from 7,099 to 48,665; but it is believed that this is partly owing to an alteration in system, strays immediately recovered not having been shown in the returns some years back. Making every allowance, however, for this, it seems probable that at least three cases are now reported for one that was brought to notice fifteen years ago.

The classes of crime above commented on have their root in conditions peculiar to the country, its social needs, and its state of development. Infanticide, as has been shown, has sprung almost unavoidably from certain customs connected with caste. Dacoity, if indeed the feeling was ever unknown in India, must have ranked among the honourable professions in the period that preceded the fall of the Moguls, at a time when petty wars were raging in every direction, and it was almost impossible to draw the line that divided the military leader from the robber chief; the descent from dacoity to cattle-lifting was easy. They became institutions, and were guarded against or protected in ways unknown in the case of casual crime. The practice with regard to cattle theft has been pointed out, and it may be said with some confidence that no villager would, thirty years ago, have willingly given evidence against a gang of dacoits who infested his own neighbourhood. That the graver of these crimes has almost entirely disappeared, and that the distrust of the peasantry in the legitimate method of seeking redress has been somewhat overcome in the case of the other, is a source of congratulation, but it is impossible rightly to estimate the difficulties that have presented themselves; and it will be necessary, in consequence, to turn to ordinary village crime, if an opinion is to be formed of the general efficiency of the police. The first of unprofessional crimes to be noticed is murder. The criminals come from every class and position of life. They are actuated by the same feelings, revenge, jealousy, and avarice, that

lie elsewhere at the root of this crime, and it is seldom that their neighbours are interested in protecting them. Murders are, as a rule, promptly reported by the landowners, who are not disposed to get themselves into trouble by gratuitous concealment. In the year 1880, 451 cases were reported in the North-West Provinces, and conviction followed in 260 cases. The writer has no means of comparing results with those commonly obtained in Europe, but he thinks it probable that the success obtained in India is not inferior to that gained elsewhere. In speaking of this crime, it should be observed that it is greatly stimulated by a habit that prevails among the Indian peasantry. Men who have accumulated a few rupees very commonly beat them up, and, partly perhaps from parental vanity, partly with the object of keeping their possessions constantly before their eyes, make bangles of them, and place them on their children's arms; and many an unhappy wretch, who might, perhaps, had not temptation stared him daily in the face, have passed through life unstained by serious guilt, has yielded to a growing desire to possess himself of such ornaments, and has ended his life on the gallows. Could means be devised to induce the villager to invest his little savings, instead of hoarding them in the mud walls of his hut, or dealing with them in the manner described above, as much would be done to diminish the habit of crime as is now effected by the army of policemen.

Burglaries, as committed in India, may be divided into two classes, though it is by no means easy to mark the point that separates the one from the other. In some instances, especially in cities, a heavy business is carefully planned; the stone wall of a rich merchant's house is cut through, and a large amount of property carried off. Such cases, however, bear no comparison to the ordinary village crime, which, though it bears a title formidable to English ears, is, in reality, little more than petty larceny. It is known in a village that Ram Bux has ten rupees buried in the walls of his mud hut, or that his brass pots and pans rest against a certain corner; Gulab, the village ne'er-do-weel, digs a hole in the night through the wall, inserts his hands, and carries off the plunder. Possibly ninety per cent. of burglaries belong to this class. The total number of burglaries that occurred in 1880 were 18,430, the convictions reached 18·6 per cent. This does not look satisfactory, but it is to be remembered that the difficulties that attend investigation in such cases resemble those attached to enquiries into petty theft, and that in England not one case in fifty of petty pilfering is brought to notice, whereas the Indian burglar leaves marks that the watchman is bound to report. *Reported*

thefts were in 1880, 32,557 ; the convictions on such reports amounted to 30·96 per cent. Nothing, however, can be deduced from figures in this case, as it is impossible, whether in India or elsewhere, to make a conjecture as to the proportion that reported cases bear to those that really occur. The writer has but one word to add : the total number of crimes of a sort cognisable by police that occurred in a population, roughly speaking, equal to that of England, was about 40 per mille on the population, a by no means large percentage when it is remembered how short a period it is in the history of man since the North-West was rescued from a state of anarchy. He sees that there is much that is still wanting, that the attitude of the people with reference to certain crimes traditionally looked upon as excusable is not yet wholly satisfactory, but he cannot but think that on the whole great progress has been made : he believes that an idea of the value of official integrity is gaining ground among the classes from among whom the native officials are produced, that some public spirit has been called out among the more respectable classes, and that there is a growing recognition of the value of a just and strong Government, and of its claims to the support of the individual members of the community : he sees that large masses are losing the criminal habits of their fathers, and looks forward to the future with hope.

Our Field Artillery.

BY LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES FORD.

AMONGST the numerous points in the organisation of the British army to which the eye of the would-be reformer is constantly attracted, a conspicuous place is occupied by the constitution of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. Year after year we are told that the old order of things is *in extremis*, and that, by the time the next army estimates are prepared, changes of the most sweeping nature will assuredly be announced. Year after year, however, passes away; and, though there are changes indeed—changes in such numbers that the regiment resembles nothing so much as a kaleidoscope, in which the component units are continually shifting their relative positions, so that no man may venture to prophesy the form of the next combination—still nothing fundamental, nothing, in short, worthy the name of reorganisation ensues, and one is almost tempted to believe that “the powers that be” contemplate the introduction of chaos as a preliminary to the evolution of order.

One of the strange anomalies on which the critic at once pounces, is the fact that the mounted and dismounted portions of the regiment are to a great extent interchangeable. So far does this interchangeability extend, that not only are officers liable to transfer, on promotion, from the mounted to the dismounted branch, or *vice versa*; but the non-commissioned officers and men may also be turned over from one to the other, either singly or *en bloc*. Indeed, a favourite form of retrenchment of late years has consisted in transforming a field battery into a garrison battery, whilst, on the other hand, not many years have elapsed since an entire brigade of garrison artillery was changed by a stroke of the pen into a field brigade. Of the results of such changes, as affecting the efficiency of the transformed battery or brigade, it is scarcely necessary to speak. Few would expect a dragoon to display great competency in the command of a modern ironclad

man-of-war, or a skilled mechanic to develop on a sudden into a steeplechase rider.

The question of the division of the Royal Regiment of Artillery into two or more distinct bodies is, however, of such magnitude that I do not propose to enter fully into it in this paper, but will confine myself to the consideration of a new organisation for the mounted branch only, it being that in which nearly all my experience has lain.

On one point of separation only I would insist, viz. that the non-commissioned officers and men of field batteries should be as completely distinct from the garrison artillery as those of the horse artillery have always been from the rest of the regiment. This is absolutely essential to the well-being of *both* the field and garrison artillery, for it is difficult to say which is the more helpless and pitiable object—a sergeant from the garrison artillery attempting to understand and perform the varied duties required from the No. 1 of a sub-division in a field battery, or one from the field artillery placed in charge of a squad of men, and ordered to shift one of the monstrous masses of iron known as either a ten-inch, an eleven-inch, or a thirty-eight ton gun.

I may observe that, though the scheme herein suggested does not necessarily involve the splitting up of the regiment, it would be equally applicable whether such separation did or did not take place; and I venture to believe that in either case it would be a distinct improvement on the present most confused and unpractical system, of which it is not too much to say that it is eminently complicated and unsatisfactory, even during peace; whilst on the outbreak, or even threat, of war, batteries of horse and field artillery from all parts of the three kingdoms are brigaded under lieutenant-colonels and colonels whom they have perhaps never seen before; and service batteries low on the roster are reduced to mere skeletons, by drafts of men and horses, in order to bring up those first for service to full strength; or are even, in some cases, taken away from their guns, and converted into ammunition columns, *thus reducing the number of batteries at the very outset of a campaign.*

This is no imaginary picture. In 1878 a field battery, which should, properly speaking, have formed part of the 2nd Army Corps, was taken to form the nucleus of an ammunition column, and was raised to the requisite strength by drafts of men and horses from other batteries. In 1882 another battery, also detailed for the 2nd Army Corps, in case one were to be sent out, and

were required in Egypt, its turn would at once come—was so heavily mulcted in men and horses for the batteries then preparing to embark, that it was unable to march to Aldershot from its station in the Midlands, and the guns and wagons, with what remained of horses and men, were taken to their destination by rail.

This, be it remembered, was a battery which, had the war been prolonged, would in all probability have had to take the field in two or three months; nor was it a solitary case.

The facts at present stand simply thus: we can equip, for active service, the artillery for *one* army corps in an efficient form; but that effort leaves us so utterly depleted that many months would be needed to enable us to mobilise the batteries for a second corps; and even when completed, they would be sadly inferior to the first. As to a third corps, we might as well propose to ourselves to equip for active service a legion of dragons or cockatrices.

Now it is with the view of arriving, if possible, at an organisation which should be convenient and practical during peace, and should work without alteration or friction on the outbreak of war, that I have ventured to pen these suggestions.

I need scarcely disclaim any pretensions to perfection in the scheme herein sketched, but I believe that a system founded more or less on its lines would have great advantages over any yet tried.

Many eminent writers have deplored the fact that our army is really destitute of any organisation by army corps, the table for mobilisation of the forces being confessedly applicable only to home defence; and, therefore, as the great end I have striven to attain in this scheme, is the arrangement of the peace organisation of the field artillery, with a view to its applicability to war, I have taken as the unit the number of horse and field batteries laid down in the detail for an army corps. This unit I propose to term a brigade, which seems to be the most appropriate designation, if we take into account both its numerical strength, and the fact that its commander would, on service, hold the rank of brigadier-general, as shown in the table for mobilisation.

DETAIL OF CONSTITUTION OF A FIELD BRIGADE OF ARTILLERY,
calculated to supply the whole Force of Artillery for One
Mobilised Army Corps.

The brigade to consist of fifteen service batteries, two depot batteries, and one ammunition column. The whole to be disposed in five divisions, as under:—

H. A. division—four batteries.

1st F. A. division—three batteries (two heavy, one light), and one ammunition column.

2nd F. A. division—four batteries (three heavy, one light).

3rd F. A. division—four batteries (three heavy, one light).

Depôt division—two batteries (one H. A., one heavy F. A.).

N.B.—By *heavy* and *light* field-batteries are meant either 16-pounder and 9-pounder batteries respectively, or whatever may be ultimately decided on as the two natures of armament for field-artillery. Throughout the remainder of this paper H. A. must be understood to mean horse-artillery, and F. A. field-artillery.

The brigade to be commanded by a colonel, assisted by a brigade-major.

Each division to be commanded by a lieutenant-colonel, assisted by an adjutant (a lieutenant or captain). A riding-master, quartermaster, sergeant-major, quartermaster-sergeant, farrier-major, and trumpet-major, to be appointed to each division.

Batteries to have the same establishment of officers as at present.

Ammunition columns to be officered as batteries, except that, being divided into four sections, they must each have four subalterns.

Each *section* of the ammunition columns to be, on peace footing, about equivalent to a *division* of a field-battery.

DEPÔT DIVISIONS.

The depôt divisions of all the brigades to be stationary, and recruiting to be constantly carried on by them; but in case of a superfluity of recruits offering at one depôt, and a dearth at another, arrangements to be made for transfers from one to another.

Recruits to be also enlisted by batteries on home service, but sent by them to the depôts for clothing, drilling, &c.

All recruits to join the depôts, and to be retained there until clothed and set up, and, if possible, passed third-class ride, marching, carbine, and sword drills, and fairly advanced in gun and driving drills.

It would appear possible to arrange that no recruits should join the brigade first for service until they had passed through the whole of the above-mentioned course of drill; but that the brigade next on the roster might receive a proportion who were clothed and set up, and passed *marching* drill only; whilst the brigade third, or last, for service might take recruits as soon as clothed,

and, in times of pressure, might even, perhaps, assist the depôts of the brigades on foreign service to feed those brigades.

Let it be most distinctly understood that the duty of the depôts consists in instructing young soldiers in the first, and most essential, portions of their work; and that a dépôt-battery is neither to be a play-ground and sinecure for officers, nor a hospital for incurables amongst the non-commissioned officers and men.

Having this in view, only such officers and non-commissioned officers as have shown themselves peculiarly fitted to instruct young soldiers, should be posted to the depôts, whilst but a very limited number of old soldiers, and those few of irreproachable character, should ever be allowed to be in the dépôt at any one time.

As the dépôt divisions are to consist of a H. A. battery, and a heavy field-battery, all gunner-recruits should be drilled with both natures of gun, and should, in fact, receive much the same course of instruction, whether intended for the H. A. or F. A. divisions of their brigades. This would tend to make the field-battery gunners far more useful than if quite unacquainted with riding, &c., and would greatly facilitate the selection of non-commissioned officers from amongst them.

Gunners should also be sent to the light and heavy field-batteries, to some extent in accordance with their physique, as a much more powerful detachment is required to work a 12-cwt. gun in heavy ground, than would suffice for one of 6 or 8 cwt.

MOBILISATION.

On the order for a brigade to be mobilised and attached to an army corps—

a. The colonel becomes a brigadier-general, and is entitled to an A.D.C. in addition to his brigade-major.

b. The lieutenant-colonel commanding the H. A. division detaches one battery to join the cavalry brigade, and receives, as an addition to his command, two heavy field batteries (one each from 2nd and 3rd F. A. divisions), and the head-quarters' section, under the major and a lieutenant, of the ammunition column (from 1st F. A. division).

These, with the remaining three H. A. batteries, form the corps artillery, the most important of the lieutenant-colonel's commands.

c. The lieutenant-colonel commanding the 1st F. A. division detaches three sections of the ammunition column (one to each of

the other divisions), retaining one section, under the captain and a subaltern.

d. The lieutenant-colonels commanding 2nd and 3rd divisions each detach one heavy battery to the H. A. division, to form with it the corps artillery; and each receive one section, under a subaltern, of the ammunition column (from the 1st division).

e. Each section of the ammunition column is then expanded to full strength, of corps or division ammunition column as the case may be, by the addition of officers, non-commissioned officers, men, horses, &c. on whatever scale may ultimately be decided on.

If the system of combining the charge of infantry small arm and gun ammunition is discontinued, as has often been proposed, the expansion of the several sections to the strength of corps or divisional *artillery* ammunition columns would be comparatively easy; but, under any circumstances, the presence of a nucleus of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, thoroughly acquainted with the details of the system, would greatly simplify matters; and, moreover, with a permanent organisation, such as here proposed, *all officers*, and *many* non-commissioned officers, could easily be made sufficiently acquainted with the constitution and economy of a column to be able to organise one, if required.

While on this subject, I may remark that it would seem that one of the most convenient and effective methods of utilising the reserve men, whether army or militia reserve, would be to post them to the ammunition columns; for many men who, either from rustiness or insufficient training, might scarcely be fit to take their places as detachment gunners or as gun drivers, would be fully competent to serve with credit in the ammunition columns. This, however, is, at best, only a suggestion, as—with all reverence be it spoken—our artillery reserve is a thing of which much may be hoped but little is known. I have myself seen something of the militia reserve when they were called out in 1878, and, though far from undervaluing the excellence of the material, I am unable to forget its remarkable rawness.

NUMERICAL DETAIL.

This section shows the number of existing batteries of horse and field artillery, and the method by which it is proposed to form them into six brigades, composed as already shown.

Existing :—

H. A.—28	service and 2	depôt batteries	=	28
F. A.—79	"	0	"	= 79
		<hr/>		<hr/>
		2		107

Required for six of the proposed brigades:—

H. A.—24 service and 6 depôt batteries	=	30
F. A.—66 " 6 "	=	72
<hr/>		<hr/>
90 12		102

Add to the above six ammunition columns, which, as already mentioned, approximate in strength to eight field batteries, except in majors, captains, and staff, and it will be seen that we require, roughly speaking, the cadres of 110 batteries for the new organisation.

We have, in fact, an existing total of 107 batteries, of which 105 are service and two depôt batteries, out of which to form ninety service, twelve depôt batteries, and six ammunition columns.

This I propose to carry out as follows:—

24 existing service batteries	H. A.	form service batteries	H. A.
2 " " "	H. A.	} " depôt "	H. A.
2 " depôt "	H. A.		
2 new " "	H. A.		
66 existing service batteries	F. A.	form service batteries	F. A.
6 " " "	F. A.	} " ammunition columns.	F. A.
7 " " "	F. A.		
8 new sections of ammunition column }			

We have, therefore, to raise the cadres of two depôt H. A. batteries, and, *per contra*, to reduce the major, captain, and staff non-commissioned officers of one field battery.

Turning now to the colonels and lieutenant-colonels, we find the numbers at present shown on the establishment of horse and field brigades to be apparently as follows:—

Colonels—H. A. 8 (of whom one is Director of Artillery, and therefore, as a staff officer, beside the question).

Lieutenant-colonels—H. A. 14.

" F. A. 30.

There are thirty-six colonels *not* H. A., making forty-three in all, but none are shown on the strength of either field or garrison brigades, and, indeed, the connection of the H. A. colonels with that particular branch exists, at present, only on paper, a H. A. colonel being quite eligible for the command of a district where there may not be a single H. A. battery. In fact, colonelcies of H. A. are, at present, to some extent analogous to the honorary colonelcies of line regiments, carrying with them simply a slight increase of pay without any corresponding alteration of duties.

Now for actual service with the six new brigades we should require six colonels, six lieutenant-colonels H. A., eighteen lieutenant-colonels F. A., six lieutenant-colonels dépôt, or, in all, six colonels and thirty lieutenant-colonels.

As colonelcies and lieutenant-colonelcies of H. A. have almost invariably been given to officers who have served with credit, or even distinction, in the H. A., I should propose to appoint six of the existing seven H. A. colonels (I exclude the Director of Artillery entirely) to the command of the six new brigades.

Six of the H. A. lieutenant-colonels would, of course, be posted to the H. A. divisions, and I should suggest that, of the remaining eight, six should be appointed to command the six dépôt divisions. This would leave one colonel and two lieutenant-colonels of H. A. to be provided for, which could readily be effected by making them supernumerary, and absorbing them as vacancies occurred.

The eighteen F. A. divisions would take eighteen of the F. A. lieutenant-colonels leaving twelve unprovided for, but, inasmuch as a considerable proportion of these officers would seem to have been posted to field brigades without any reference to the branch in which their previous service has been principally passed, I apprehend that but little difficulty or hardship need be involved in the selection of the favoured eighteen, and of a small number (say six, or in other words, one per brigade) to be made supernumerary, and absorbed, as in the case of lieutenant-colonels of H. A. The remaining six lieutenant-colonels of F. A. should be transferred to the various garrison brigades, where they are at present sometimes sorely needed, many stations abroad being short of one, or more, of the established number of this rank.

To sum up, then, the increase and reduction of cadres demanded by this scheme, we should have as under:—

Increase—two dépôt H. A. batteries, complete; three ammunition column sections, complete.

Reduction—one major, one captain, and staff of the disestablished field battery.

I venture to think that the nett increase would be by no means extravagant, having in view the increase of efficiency which I hope to show would be obtained, and bearing in mind, also, that the absolute numerical increase would be, as will presently appear, practically nil.

Turning now to the Indian establishment, it would appear that we have at present ten H. A. and forty F. A. batteries (or fifty batteries in all) stationed in India.

Now, three of the proposed brigades would comprise twelve H. A.

and thirty-three F. A. batteries (or forty-five batteries in all), and three ammunition columns, the latter being about equivalent in strength of non-commissioned officers and men to four field batteries. Therefore, we should require the ten H. A. batteries, plus two more, to be ordered out from England, and thirty-seven of the forty F. A. batteries, to form the service batteries and ammunition columns of the new Indian Establishment. The three surplus field batteries would then be brought home, and at once form the cadres of the field batteries of three of the new dépôt divisions.

Now on the home, or British, establishment (which includes, at present, batteries in Egypt and Natal) we have sixteen H. A., thirty-nine F. A., and two H. A. dépôt batteries; deducting, then, the two H. A. batteries, to be sent, as above detailed, to India, and adding the three surplus field-batteries, coming home, we have fourteen H. A. and forty-two F. A., besides two H. A. dépôt batteries, with which to form our three home brigades and the dépôt divisions for the whole six brigades.

This I would effect as under:—

12 H. A. service batteries	form H. A. of new brigades.
33 F. A. „ „	form F. A. of new brigades.
2 H. A. „ „	} form H. A. of new dépôt divisions.
2 H. A. dépôt „	
2 <i>new</i> H. A. „ „	
6 F. A. service batteries	form F. A. of new dépôt divisions.
3 F. A. „ „	form $2\frac{1}{4}$ ammunition columns.

Thus leaving two H. A. batteries and $\frac{3}{4}$ (*i.e.* three sections) of an ammunition column to be raised to complete the home establishment, whilst in India the cadre of one F. A. battery would be reduced.

It will be seen, by the tables on a subsequent page, that the total nett increase and reduction of the entire regiment would be an increase of seventy horses, and a reduction of 110 of all ranks.

STATIONS TO BE ALLOTTED TO THE SERVICE BATTERIES, AMMUNITION COLUMNS, AND DEPÔT DIVISIONS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

To illustrate more clearly the working of the scheme I have appended a table (Table 1) showing the distribution I should propose for the three brigades on home service, and the six dépôt divisions. For convenience sake I have called these brigades the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, to indicate their position on the roster for foreign, or active service.

In the case of the 1st brigade the stations shown are intended to be the *winter* quarters of the various divisions, batteries, &c., as I should propose that the *whole* of the brigade be concentrated at Aldershot for at least four months in the year.

The 2nd brigade supplies the batteries for Ireland, which absorbs its H. A. and two of its F. A. divisions, and I have assigned to its third division head-quarters at Newcastle-on-Tyne, with Glasgow and Leith fort as out-stations; thus occupying the three most northerly stations in Great Britain, possessing accommodation for field artillery, and which stations are, moreover, in easy communication with Ireland (*via* Carlisle and Glasgow respectively) in case the relief of the division should be considered desirable.

With this brigade also, or at least with the three divisions quartered in Ireland, the stations shown are *winter* quarters, and, as far as the state of the country may permit, the batteries should be concentrated at the Curragh during the summer months.

The 3rd brigade (the last returned from abroad, and, consequently, the last for service), I have been obliged to scatter somewhat widely over England, but it will be observed that there are two batteries at the head-quarters of each division. I do not, moreover, attach as much importance to the concentration of the quarters occupied by this brigade, as in the case of the other two; for it must be borne in mind that comparative rest in pleasant country quarters is by no means a bad thing for troops recently returned from India, and that the old system of sending newly-returned batteries to Woolwich, though it doubtless afforded interesting, and even exciting, employment for the commandant and staff at that station, was scarcely regarded as an unmixed blessing by the officers and men of the said batteries.

With the exception of one, at Newbridge, I place all the *depôt* divisions at Woolwich, and I am induced to think this the best arrangement, for the following reasons. If the duties of a *depôt* are regarded from a proper point of view, *i.e.* if they are supposed to consist in the *preliminary* training of the young soldier to fit him to take his place in the ranks, Woolwich is admirably fitted for the purpose, and has, moreover, the immense advantage of a central position as regards the railway system; whereas, as a station for the more advanced training of the battery (as distinguished from the individual soldier), it is about as bad as any place can well be, the common being but little better than an unusually large barrack-square. Newbridge, on the other hand, is equally well adapted as a quarter for either *depôt* or service batteries, is central as regards the Irish railway system, and is within easy reach of Kingstown.

It would, moreover, certainly appear desirable to have at least one of our depôts in Ireland.

In the case of the 1st and 3rd brigades, beyond increasing the number of field-batteries at Aldershot by one, and further adding an ammunition-column to that station, I have made scarcely any alteration in the existing occupation of H. A. and F. A. stations, but in the case of the 2nd brigade I have reverted to the occupation in force in 1880, with the addition of the ammunition-column to the Curragh.

STRENGTH OF BRIGADES ON HOME ESTABLISHMENT.

One great object to be kept in view in any scheme of Army Organisation is always to have a sufficient force ready for immediate action, and the means of supplementing that force at as short an interval as possible. To apply this principle as economically as possible to the brigade organisation herein proposed, I suggest three scales of establishment for the brigades on home service.

The first for service (which, it will be remembered, is stationed at, or near, Aldershot), to be on such a footing as to be ready at once to take the field, *without drawing on the other brigades for a single man or horse, or calling on the reserves, except, possibly, for the expansion of its ammunition-column.*

The 2nd brigade to be on a much weaker footing, but capable of fairly rapid expansion by calling up the reserves and purchasing horses. As regards the horses, it may be seen, by Table 8, that although the gun-teams of the heavy batteries are reduced from eight to six horses, the wagon and forge-teams, and the spare draught horses would supply more than enough to bring them up to full strength, and, consequently, both heavy and light F. A., and the H. A. batteries, would require remounts of draught horses for the wagon and spare teams only, whilst the H. A. would need only twelve more detachment horses, and the F. A. six more riding horses for coverers, per battery, to bring them up to the highest establishment.

Now, whilst gun-horses *must* be properly trained, wagoners need much less education, and, by the time they had been a few weeks in the wagon-teams, we might fairly expect our remounts to be fit to supply casualties in the gun-teams.

As to the H. A. detachments, if the worst comes to the worst, detachments of six are not so much to grumble at, as they give, with the limber-gunners, six action numbers, as against seven obtained from detachments of eight. Further, one might calculate that, by the time any considerable number of casualties had occurred

among the detachment-horses, remounts, purchased partially broken, would be ready to take their place.

This brigade I station principally in Ireland, where it is usually requisite to have a considerable force of field-artillery in fair working order, and where, moreover, the Curragh is available for summer concentration for purposes of instruction.

The 3rd brigade I propose to place on an extremely reduced footing, only horsing four guns per battery, and reducing the establishment of non-commissioned officers and men as low as is by any means consistent with the possibility of expansion in any reasonable time. I must, however, draw attention to the fact that I have kept the cadre of full non-commissioned officers (*i.e.* sergeants, corporals, and bombardiers) at a sufficient strength to furnish at least two to each sub-division, in case the battery were suddenly increased from four to six sub-divisions.

I have also given a sufficient number of drivers for six gun teams of six horses each, exclusive of grooms and batmen, so that, in case of a sudden increase, the gun teams would not be liable to be filled up with untrained, or partially-trained men. The subjoined table shows in detail the system by which I arrive at the number of gunners and drivers in the batteries of the 3rd brigade, both horse and field :—

F. A. Battery—

Gun drivers . . .	12
Spare wheel . . .	1
Officer's grooms . . .	5
Staff-sergeant's men . . .	2
Farrier's man . . .	1
Sergeant's men . . .	5
Spare . . .	8
	<hr/>
	34

Gunnery per Sub-division.

Carried on gun-limber . . .	9
axle-tree seats . . .	2
Officer's servant . . .	1
Sergeant's man . . .	1
Spare . . .	8
	<hr/>
	9

Nine per sub-division gives 36 per battery, or, if increased to 6 sub-divisions, we should have 6 gunners per sub-division.

H. A. Battery—

Gun drivers . . .	12
Spare wheel . . .	1
Officer's grooms . . .	5
Spare . . .	10
	<hr/>
	28

Gunnery per Sub-division.

Detachment gunners . . .	3*
Limber gunners . . .	2
Officer's servant . . .	1
Sergeant's man . . .	1
Spare . . .	8
	<hr/>
	10

Ten per sub-division equals 40 per battery, to which add the 5th officer's servant, 2 staff-sergeants' men, the 5th sergeant's man, and the farrier's man, or 5 men in all. This gives us 45 gunners per battery.

* N.B. The current strength of horse-artillery, make up the mounted detachment

I should propose that at each station occupied by the 2nd and 3rd brigades there should be stored all the matériel (guns, ammunition wagons, forge, and general service wagons, harness, ammunition, &c.) required to bring the batteries up to the fullest establishment. This would greatly simplify matters in case of a sudden order for expansion, and would moreover afford an opportunity, in the 3rd brigade, for keeping the men *au fait* with the packing of an ammunition wagon, and of drilling them in the supply of ammunition from wagons to guns in action. For this purpose, one ammunition wagon should be drawn from the store, and be on charge of the battery, being changed periodically so as to avoid all the wear and tear coming on the same wagon.

STRENGTH OF THE DEPOT BATTERIES.

In determining the numerical strength of the dépôt batteries, the main consideration must be the number of men which those dépôts, whose brigades are in India, will be called on to supply annually. Now the dépôt division of each Indian brigade would have to feed fifteen batteries and an ammunition column, besides the staff of the brigade and divisions. The strength of this force would be 2,707 of all ranks, as will be seen by the table on a subsequent page. The officers will number ninety-nine, thus leaving a total of 2,608, or, in other words, twenty-six hundred.

Now it is well established that the normal annual waste of troops stationed in India is at the rate of five per cent., therefore each dépôt division would have to supply 130 men annually; and as batteries on the Indian establishment may be said, roughly, to contain three gunners to two drivers, it follows that three-fifths of this 130, *i.e.* seventy-eight, would be gunners, and the remaining two-fifths, *i.e.* fifty-two, drivers. Let us then double this, the normal outgo, and fix the strength of the dépôt in gunners and drivers (including acting bombardiers) at that figure. I may here remark that, as it is eminently undesirable to change the full non-commissioned officers of a dépôt too frequently, I should be disposed to regard all down to full-bombardier as permanent staff.

We have thus arrived at a total of 156 gunners and 104 drivers for the dépôt division.

I should propose that in the case of the dépôts of the home brigades, the H. A. battery should train and supply men for the H. A. and light F. A. batteries of the brigade, the field batteries

doing the like for the heavy F. A. batteries, whence it would follow that one would have seven batteries to feed, and the other eight.*

As in India, however, the distinction between the two classes of field battery would cease, all batteries in that country being similarly armed, I should propose that, in the case of the Indian brigades, the strain should be equally divided, the H. A. depôt battery feeding the four H. A. and three of the eleven F. A. batteries, whilst the F. A. depôt battery fed seven of them, and the remaining battery was supplied in equal proportions by both.

I would therefore fix the strength of the H. A. and F. A. depôt batteries at the same figure, giving to each seventy-eight gunners and fifty-two drivers.

The establishment of officers, non-commissioned officers, and artificers per depôt battery, I arrive at from a consideration of their duties, and of the number of men, horses, carriages, &c. in the batteries.

The number of guns and horses I have fixed in consideration of the fact that the instruction to be imparted at the depôt is, as I have already said, *the preliminary instruction of the individual recruit, to fit him to take his place in the ranks*; and that, therefore, horses and guns enough to enable riding, driving, and gun drills to be carried on, are all that is needed. There should, however, be one ammunition wagon to each depôt battery for purposes of instruction, but I have not considered it necessary to horse it.

In consideration of the waste on home service from desertion and other causes, which do not operate in India, and of the fact that whenever a brigade is raised to the next higher establishment a considerable strain must fall on its depôt, I have fixed the strength of all the depôts at the same figure.

AMMUNITION COLUMNS.

It has often been remarked that there is one consideration which operates powerfully against obtaining the very best class of recruits for the Royal Artillery, and equally powerfully against retaining some of the best non-commissioned officers. I allude to the small number of commissions to be obtained from its ranks, as compared proportionately with cavalry or infantry. There are at present shown, in the list of the Royal Artillery, eighteen riding-masters, thirty-one quarter-masters, and, in the coast brigade, a total of thirty-one officers of all ranks. This makes a total of eighty officers commissioned from the ranks, out of a total of 1,315 officers of all

* The waste of the ammunition column, as will appear on a subsequent page, will be equalled from the service batteries, H. A. and F. A. contributing alike.

ranks, or about six per cent. In the case of a cavalry regiment we find that, in a total of twenty-four officers, there are two (the riding-master and quarter-master) who *must* have risen from the ranks, thus giving at once eight per cent.

Turning to the infantry, we find that in the four battalions of a territorial regiment there are four quarter-masters in an establishment of sixty officers, or nearer seven than six per cent.* These figures, however, do not nearly represent the difference; for whereas the six per cent. of R. A. officers who have risen from the ranks is the total and outside limit, and includes all those who are holding appointments in connection with the auxiliary forces, there are many more commissions annually given to non-commissioned officers in the cavalry and infantry; so many, in fact, that, as is well-known, many young men of good birth, who fail to pass the necessary competitive examinations, enlist with the express intention of working their way through the ranks to a commission.

Now, in connection with my scheme of organisation, I should propose that as soon as the ammunition columns had been formed, all vacancies occurring among the lieutenants thereof should be filled from the ranks of the new field-brigades, and that, so soon as all the lieutenancies in the columns had been thus filled from the ranks, all vacancies amongst the captains should be filled by promotion in the ammunition columns, and similarly with the majorities, until the whole of the ammunition columns were officered *entirely* from the ranks. This would give six majorities, six captaincies, and twenty-four lieutenancies to be held by officers promoted from the ranks of the field brigades, besides which, there would be thirty riding-masters and thirty quarter-masters for the thirty divisions (service and dépôt); so that we should have, in all, ninety-six officers from the ranks out of a total of 678 officers of all ranks (that being the total of officers for six of the proposed brigades), or about fourteen per cent.

I should also propose that the non-commissioned officers and men for the ammunition columns be obtained by transfer from the batteries, in a manner similar to that at present applied to the coast brigade; and that promotions, both of officers and men, should go in the whole six columns, which should, in fact, hold a precisely analogous place as regards the mounted branch, to that at present held by the coast brigade to the entire regiment. Of course, were this carried out, the coast brigade would be filled entirely from the garrison artillery. By these means, the knowledge and efficiency

* This, of course, does not include militia officers, but it is from the line battalions that the adjutants and quarter-masters of the 3rd and 4th battalions are supplied.

of deserving non-commissioned officers and men of the mounted branch would be utilised, instead of being, as at present, wasted by translation to a style of work of which they are absolutely ignorant.

In view of the fact that half the ammunition columns would be always in India, I should propose to localise the columns, *i.e.* that three should be permanently stationed in India, and three at home ; always excepting in case of war, and that non-commissioned officers and men should, as far as possible, on first transfer to the ammunition columns, be posted to those in India and serve in that country for half their remaining army service, being then transferred to the home columns to complete their time. Space will not permit me to enter more minutely into this branch of the subject, but I have said enough to indicate the lines on which it appears to me that a useful improvement might be carried out.

RELIEFS, &c.

I propose that the home and foreign service of brigades be, as far as possible, equalised, and that it shall be nine years in each case.

On return from foreign service, a brigade would be placed on the lowest establishment (*vide* 3rd brigade, on Tables 2 and 3), and quartered as shown in Table 1.

At the expiration of the first year, one of the outlying batteries of each division might be brought in to head-quarters, and the other after the second year, always provided that such reliefs were considered desirable. By this arrangement each battery would have two years at one station, and one year at another.

At the termination of the third year the brigade would take up quarters as shown for 2nd brigade in Table 1, and be increased to the establishment shown for 2nd brigade in Tables 2 and 3.

During the ensuing three years reliefs might be carried out, as might seem desirable, both between batteries of the different divisions, and, if need be, between the 2nd and 3rd divisions ; but, as regards battery reliefs, it must be remembered that they would usually concentrate, for a portion, at least, of the summer, at the Barragh, so that the necessity, or even expediency, of changing their winter quarters would be open to doubt.

On the completion of the sixth year, the brigade would be raised to the establishment shown for 1st brigade in Tables 2 and 3, and take up the quarters (*vide* 1st brigade in Table 1) vacated by the brigade proceeding on foreign service ; and during the following three years I should be disposed to forbid any reliefs (except, per-

haps, in the case of the H. A. battery at St. John's Wood, might be made a one-year station), as the *entire* brigade was concentrated at Aldershot for four months in each year.

The ammunition columns should remain always at the stations—that is to say, there should be an Aldershot column, a Curragh column, and a Woolwich column—and should remain attached to the brigade occupying the group of stations to which they respectively belonged, for administrative purposes. Taking all into consideration, I should be disposed to recommend that the establishments of horses and matériel be also so far local to remain always in the stations assigned to the brigade: first, second, and third for service, respectively, and that a brigade take them over from the one it relieved, as is at present the case with the batteries on arrival from or in India.

(To be continued.)

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THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1883.

The Battle-fields of Germany.

BY COLONEL G. B. MALLISON, C.S.I.

V.—JANKOWITZ.

In the last chapter I indicated the main consequences of the battle of Nördlingen, the almost complete severance of the alliance between Sweden and the princes of Northern and Central Germany, and the introduction, on the field, of France—originally, as an ally, following the lead of Sweden; afterwards, as a principal, assuming the chief place in the contest. The first period, that of an ally fighting nominally for Sweden, terminated with the death of Duke Bernhard of Weimar (18th July 1639). The record of events which happened between the battle of Nördlingen and that period is full of interest. There is scarcely a more tempting subject for the pen of the historian. The noble despair of Oxenstierna; the splendid courage of Banner; the abilities, ripened by misfortune, of Duke Bernhard; the culpable weakness of John George, most prejudicial to the Saxony over which he ruled; the selfishness of the Protestant princes of Germany: combine to offer to the historian materials most effective. But I am not writing the history of the Thirty Years' War. It is my object rather to conduct the reader to battle-fields which, from the results obtained, from the character of the commanders who led the armies to fight, or from the extraordinary skill displayed by one or other of those commanders on them, afford to the military student matter to interest and shall pass as lightly as I may, then, over the

political events which separate the first period I have indicated from the second; and shall take the reader, as quickly as possible, into the camp.

Left, by the results of the fight at Nördlingen, without money, without allies, without resources, Oxenstierna had been forced very much against his will, to appeal for material aid to France. France had responded by allowing, after an interval, Duke Bernhard to levy troops, which he should lead, professedly in the interests of Sweden, against the Emperor. Meanwhile, Saxony had concluded with the Emperor at Pirna, at the close of 1634, a convention which ripened into a treaty of alliance, to which almost all the princes of Northern Germany subscribed, at Prague, in the month of May following. The Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg were thus changed into enemies of Sweden. The Swedish General, Banner, who, at the period of the battle of Nördlingen, had been encamped side by side with the Saxon army on the White Hill near Prague, had, on the first indication of wavering on the part of its Elector, managed skilfully to withdraw his troops from the dangerous proximity. On the 22nd October 1635, he defeated the Saxon army, at Dömitz* on the Elbe, then invaded Brandenburg, took Havelberg, and even threatened Berlin. Compelled by the approach of a Saxon and Imperialist army to quit his prey, he turned and beat the combined army at Wittstock (24th September 1636). After that battle, he drew the reinforced Imperialists commanded by Gallas, after him into Pomerania; there he caused them great losses by cutting off their supplies, then forced them back into Saxony, and, following them up closely, attacked and beat them badly at Chemnitz (4th April 1639).

Whilst Banner had thus been maintaining the glory of the Swedish arms, Duke Bernhard had been striving vigorously to repair his defeat at Nördlingen. Thrust back by that defeat, with the starving remnants of his army, beyond the Rhine, he had entered into negotiations with the French Court, and at the end of twelve months had induced that Court to place six thousand French troops under his orders. Having, in the interval, restored discipline in the ranks of his own army, he crossed the Rhine, still nominal commander-in-chief, the 1st January 1635, with the view to force the Bavarians to raise the siege of Heidelberg.† Before, however, he could reach the place, the besieging army, strengthened by the Imperialist

* In the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

† Heidelberg had been taken by the Swedes in 1633.

led by Gallas, had taken it, and the victor pressed forward so rapidly into the Lower Palatinate, that Duke Bernhard was compelled to beat a hasty retreat on Saarbrücken. French reinforcements having increased his force to twenty thousand men, he had again crossed the Rhine (July 1635), had forced the Imperialists to raise the siege of Mainz, and gained many advantages over them, when he was forced by want of provisions, the breaking out of an epidemic, and desertion, once more to fall back. In his despair he made an urgent appeal to Richelieu, and finally concluded with him, 17th October 1635, a secret treaty, whereby, in consideration of his placing himself wholly at the service of France, Duke Bernhard was to receive yearly four millions of francs (£160,000) to maintain an army of eighteen thousand men, with its proportion of artillery, a very considerable yearly income for his personal expenses, a guarantee that on the conclusion of peace his interests and the interests of his officers should be taken care of, and that he himself should receive the sovereignty over Alsace. To hasten the carrying out of those details of this agreement which immediately affected him, Duke Bernhard hastened to Paris (March 1636). Here he was received with great honours, but obtained scanty satisfaction. With such help as he could secure, however, he hastened back to the frontier, and, having concerted measures with La Valette, the French general who was to co-operate with him, he invaded Lorraine, drove the enemy thence, taking Saarburg and Pfalzburg, and then, entering Alsace, took Saverne. His career of conquest in Alsace was checked by the invasion of Burgundy by Gallas, with an army of forty thousand men. Duke Bernhard marched with all haste to Dijon, and forced Gallas to fall back, with great loss, beyond the Saone (November 1636). Pursuing his advantages, early the following year he forced the passage of the Saone at Gray, despite the vivid resistance of Prince Charles of Lorraine (June 1637), and pursued that commander as far as Besançon. Reinforced during the autumn, he marched towards the Upper Rhine, and, undertaking a winter campaign, captured Lauffenburg, after a skirmish with John of Werth; then Säckingen and Waldshut, and laid siege to Rheinfelden. The Imperialist army, led by John of Werth, succeeded, indeed, after a very hot encounter, in relieving that place; but three days later Duke Bernhard attacked and completely defeated it (21st February 1638), capturing not only John of Werth himself, but the

Generals Savelli, Enkefort, and Sperreuter. The consequences of this victory were the fall of Rheinfelden, Rötteln, Neuenburg, and Freiburg. Duke Bernhard then laid siege to Breisach (July 1638). This place, owing to the avarice, and worse than avarice, of its commandant, who had traded with the public funds for his own purposes, was without provisions to stand a long siege. To supply the deficiency the Imperial general, Götz, advanced at the head of a force considerably outnumbering that of Duke Bernhard. Leaving a portion of his army before the place, Duke Bernhard then drew to himself Turenne, who was lying in the vicinity with three thousand men, fell upon the Imperialists at Wittenweiher (30th July), completely defeated them, and captured their whole convoy. Another Imperialist army, led by the Duke of Lorraine in person, shared a similar fate at Thann,* in the Sundgau, on the 4th October following. Götz, who was hastening with a strengthened army to support the Duke of Lorraine, attacked Duke Bernhard ten days later, but was repulsed with great loss. Breisach capitulated on the 7th December. Duke Bernhard took possession of it in his own name, and foiled all the efforts of Richelieu to secure it for France, by garrisoning it with German soldiers.

To compensate the French Cardinal Minister for Breisach, Duke Bernhard undertook a winter campaign to drive the Imperialists from Franche-Comté.† Entering that province at the end of December, he speedily made himself master of its richest part. He then returned to Alsace with the resolution to cross the Rhine and carry the war once again into Bavaria; and, holding out the hand to Banner, who had assumed a victorious position in Bohemia, to march, under better auspices than those which had before attended him, to Vienna. He had made all the necessary preparations for this enterprise, had actually sent his army across the Rhine, when he died very suddenly, not without suspicion of poison, at Neuburg am Rhein (8th July 1632). The lands he had conquered he bequeathed to his brother, to be maintained by him during the war, under Swedish protection; or, if that were not found possible, under the protection of France, on the condition that on the conclusion of a general peace, they should be constituted, under his brother's rule, a

* About twelve miles to the west of Mülhausen. The Sundgau is the Southern portion of Alsace, known during the long period of its union with France, 1648 to 1871, as the Department of the Haut-Rhin. It now again forms part of Alsace.

† Comprehending the present departments of Doubs (excepting Mömpelgard, which then belonged to Württemberg), the Jura, and the Upper Saone.

fief of the German empire. But Richelieu paid no attention to the wishes of the dead general. Before any of the family could interfere, he had secured all the fortresses in Alsace, even Breisach, which was its key, for France. The only consolation the family reaped from their protests against this high-handed policy, was permission to transport the body of Duke Bernhard to the family vault at Weimar.

With the death of Duke Bernhard began a new phase of the war. Every day subsequently to that event, France assumed on the Rhine more and more the position of the principal factor in the war. It was not so yet in middle and southern Germany. But before I proceed to record the events which occurred in those parts, and which will form the main subject of this chapter, it is necessary that I should allude very briefly to the political changes which threatened for a time to affect the contest.

The Emperor Ferdinand II. had died the 15th February 1637. His son and successor, Ferdinand III., whom we have already met at Nördlingen, possessed a nature less warped by bigotry and more prone to conciliation than that of his father; at the period at which we have arrived, he was not indisposed to treat for a general peace. At the Diet assembled at Ratisbon in 1640, proposals were made with that object. But the passions on both sides were still too excited; and a pamphlet,* written at the instigation of the Elector of Brandenburg by a Swedish councillor, came to inflame still more the minds of the princes there assembled. The object of this pamphlet was to warn the several states against a peace which could not fail to be fatal to Germany, inasmuch as, to secure it, it would be necessary to make very great concessions to France. This appeal to patriotism effectually stifled the hopes of the peace party, and the war broke out with renewed energy.

We left Banner on the 4th April 1639 at Chemnitz, in Saxony, at the foot of the principal ridge of the Erzgebirge. From Chemnitz his victorious army poured into Bohemia and Silesia, carrying all before it. The Swedish soldiers showed themselves on this occasion unworthy of the cause which they had come to champion. Unrestrained by their leader, who never restrained himself, they plundered indiscriminately the monastery, the castle, and the cottage. At last the cry of desolated Bohemia reached Vienna, and Ottavio Piccolomini was

* Entitled *Libertas et status in Imperio nostro Romano-Germanico.*

ordered from the Netherlands, Count Hatzfeldt from Westphalia, to drive him from the kingdom. Of this force, when united, the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Leopold, took command. Before it, step by step, Banner fell back, his soldiers more anxious to secure their plunder than to fight, until he had reached Saxony. But even here he was not safe. The Archduke followed him so expeditiously that he caught him at Plauen, and delivered him there so severe a blow that he was forced to take refuge in Thüringen, not halting till he had reached Erfurt. Safe here from farther pursuit, Banner made a vigorous attempt to restore discipline to, and to reinforce, his army. Once more Fortune smiled upon him. The Dukes of Lüneburg—who, after Nördlingen, had abandoned the Swedish alliance, and given their adherence to the Peace of Prague—now renounced that treaty, and brought to Erfurt the contingent which had just been fighting against him. From Hesse he received assistance; and, what was of more consequence, the Count of Guébriant joined him with the army of Duke Bernhard, to the command of which, by the death of that illustrious commander, he had succeeded. Thus strengthened, Banner resumed the offensive. The Imperialists, however, avoided a general action; and winter shortly afterwards setting in, both armies went into winter-quarters, the Imperialists, now led by Piccolomini, in Franconia, the Swedes and their allies in the principality of Lüneburg.

It was during this winter, 1640–41, that there sat at Ratisbon the Diet at which, I have related, so resolute an effort was made for the restoration of peace. At this Diet were present the Emperor, all the Catholic princes of Germany, some Protestant princes who had adhered to the Peace of Prague, and many bishops and ecclesiastics of the reformed faith. The news of their sitting, and of the turn the discussion was taking at those sittings, reached Banner in his winter quarters at Lüneburg. The idea suddenly occurred to him that if, marching warily, he could pounce upon Ratisbon before his march should be discovered, he would be able to finish the war at a blow. The design seemed easy of execution, for there was no army in his path: the Imperialists were scattered far and wide in their winter-quarters. His own army was concentrated at Lüneburg. The plan was too tempting to be rejected.

Confiding in no one, save in his French colleague, the Count of Guébriant, Banner suddenly set out from Lüneburg in the depth of the winter of 1641. Marching with speed and secrecy

through Thüringen, he appeared in front of Ratisbon before the Emperor or any of the members of the Diet had heard that he had quitted his winter quarters. Great was the consternation within the walls of the threatened city. With one exception, no one dreamed of defence; how to flee, to escape from the clutches of the Swede who had desolated Bohemia, was the uppermost thought. Fortunately the exception was the Emperor. Ferdinand III. was in a position not dissimilar to that in which his father had found himself when Vienna was besieged by Count Thurn in 1619. Then he, by his iron firmness, conjured the storm: Ferdinand III. offered it as bold a front now. Publicly declaring that, whatever might happen, he would not quit Ratisbon, he gave courage to the more courageous, new life and new hope to the weaker spirits. It is difficult, however, to conceive how the noble resolution of the Emperor could have availed to prevent his capture, and the capture of some of the most illustrious of his councillors, had the winter season pursued its ordinary course. Banner had made his splendid raid to the northern bank of the Danube with a success which left nothing but the passage of that river to be provided for. The success which he had so far achieved he owed entirely to his forethought, his daring, the celerity and secrecy of his movements. Of Fortune he asked but one thing, and that was that the intense cold which had added so much to the difficulties and privations of his march, which, up to twenty-four hours before his arrival on its banks, had covered the face of the Danube with an ice strong enough to bear his army, should continue but forty-eight hours longer. At that season of the year—it was the month of January—it was not a very extraordinary demand. But the words of Juvenal—“*nullum numen abest si sit Fortuna*”—must have occurred to the mind of the Swedish general as he approached the banks of the Danube. Within the last twenty-four hours a thaw had set in sufficient to render the ice unsafe for the passage of troops, but insufficient to make it navigable for boats. All the other good influences, skill, daring, quickness of movement, reticence, discipline—all were with him; but Fortune had left him to preside over the destinies of the Kaiser, and her desertion left those other influences without power or avail. It must have been a bitter moment for Banner when he realised that all the advantages he had gained were thus neutralised; that the Danube, the thin streak of water which lay between himself and his prey, was not to be crossed!

In his first anger Banner opened upon the city a heavy fire

with his artillery; but the distance being great, and the guns of small calibre, the fire produced but little effect, and the baffled general soon recognised that it would be useless to continue it. Still, though unable to take Ratisbon, Banner conceived that, in view of the season, of the surprise, of the fact that the enemy's troops were scattered, it was still possible to penetrate into Moravia, to give his troops winter quarters in a province as yet untouched by the war, and whence they would be in a position, on the breaking up of the winter, to march on Vienna. But to this view he met an unexpected opponent in his French colleague. The interests which Guébriant had to serve were not those which Banner had most at heart. Guébriant's mission was to secure for France the left bank of the Rhine. He had readily co-operated with Banner in the daring enterprise against Ratisbon, because the capture of the Emperor would, above all things, further the views of the great Cardinal. But that enterprise having failed, to move his army still further from the Rhine, to plunge it into Moravia, where he feared it would probably merge into the position of a corps of the Swedish army, was not to be thought of. Rather than accede to such a proposal, he separated from Banner, and fell back towards the Main. Skilful general though he was, Guébriant had not mastered the principle to be impressed on the world more than a century and a half later, that the surest way for a general to secure the aims of his Cabinet is to demand their accomplishment in the conquered capital of the enemy!

Meanwhile the Imperialists had not been slow in summoning their troops from their winter quarters. Acting with the secrecy which had assured the success of their enemy's march, they very soon had assembled between Ingolstadt and Ratisbon an army far outnumbering that of Banner reduced by the departure of Guébriant. The difficulties which Banner had to face were becoming, in fact, every day greater. His march from Lüneberg to Ratisbon had been a great feat, but he was required now to achieve a greater—to retreat across a hostile country, at an unfavourable season, in the face of an enemy superior in numbers. With the boldness and the confidence which never deserted him, Banner set himself to this task. Following the course of the Regen till he reached the sharp angle made by the turn of that river beyond Nittenau, he there quitted it, and made for the Bohemian forest, hoping to gain Eger. Finding, however, that the enemy were pressing him hard, he left posted in the little town of Wald-Neuburg, a position covering

line of retreat, a brigade of three regiments. To the commander of this brigade, Colonel Schlangen, he gave orders that the place was to be defended to the very last man. Never were orders better obeyed. The town and the heights commanding it being very strong and very defensible, Schlangen and his three regiments kept the Imperial army at bay for four days. The time thus gained was used to the best advantage by Banner. By hasty marches he reached Eger, thence he followed the ordinary road across the Erzgebirge to Annaberg, a considerable town on the Saxon side, and at the very foot of that range, some nineteen miles south by south-east of Chemnitz, and a rather less distance south-east of Zwickau. But before he could reach that place, a great danger awaited him. Ottavio Piccolomini, after forcing Wald-Neuburg, had followed with all haste in the track of the Swedes as far as Schlackenwerth, ten miles beyond Carlsbad. Learning here that Banner had followed the ordinary road leading across the Erzgebirge to Annaberg, Piccolomini conceived the bold idea of pressing on by a more difficult but shorter route across the crest of the mountains to Pressnitz, then to occupy in force the passes which he would have turned, and which Banner must traverse. It was a brilliant idea, an idea to develop which required nerve, dash, and decision. Piccolomini possessed all three. He marched to his point with all possible haste. One short half-hour more—of such value is time in war—and he would have destroyed the Swedish army. Banner had no knowledge of his movements; but he, too, was marching quickly, and, having a very considerable start, he managed to clear the passes and occupy Pressnitz just before the Imperialists came in sight. At Pressnitz he was safe. Thence he made good his retreat to Annaberg, and from Annaberg to Zwickau. There he was rejoined by Guébriant, who, on learning of the hot pursuit of Piccolomini, had crossed the Main and hastened to his aid. From Zwickau the two generals fell back to Halberstadt in Lower Saxony.

At Halberstadt Banner sickened and died, 10th May 1641. His death, though attributed, as were, in that age, the deaths of all great men, to poison, was the combined consequence of great fatigue and an extremely dissolute life. His reputation as a general had reached its highest point. In that sense no one was more highly esteemed by his contemporaries. Daring even to rashness, he was ever ready to attempt that which seemed to offer a probability of success. His skill in withdrawing from a dangerous position, after having occupied it till the last chance

of success had disappeared, forced admiration from his enemies. A strict disciplinarian on the battle-field and before the enemy, he allowed his troops when unopposed, as in the Bohemian campaign, relaxations which were extremely injurious alike to the morals of the army and to his own reputation. He always fought at the head of his men, and his influence over them was unbounded. So great was the power he was supposed to wield that the King of France, anxious to gain him for the furtherance of the interests for which he had entered into the war, addressed him as "cousin," and promised him, in case of success, the large estates which had at one time belonged to Wallenstein.

The loss of such a general following so closely the disappearance from the scene of giants such as Gustavus and Duke Bernhard would, in any other time, have been regarded almost fatal to the cause for which he had fought. But the first half of the seventeenth century was singularly productive of great warriors. Cromwell and Blake in England; Guébriant, Condé, Turenne, in France; Tilly, Wallenstein, Piccolomini, Mercy, Duke Bernhard, John of Werth, Montecucculi, in Germany; Gustavus and his lieutenants in Sweden: form a long list which but one other period of the world's history has equalled. On the Swedish side especially, in that rôle of promotion by selection, an Amurath did always succeed to an Amurath. Gustavus was followed by Duke Bernhard, Duke Bernhard by Banner, and now, when, after one of the most brilliant feats of generalship of which history gives record—the attempt on Ratisbon and the subsequent retreat—Banner follows his predecessors, there arose a successor whose military achievements are not unworthy to vie even with theirs.

Lennart Torstenson, Count of Ortolu, was born at Torsten in the Swedish province of West Gothland, the 17th August 1603. From his early youth he was attached to the Court and camp of Gustavus Adolphus. He was by the side of the monarch at the sieges of Riga and of Dantzic, and he accompanied him to Germany, having then attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel of artillery. He took his part in the sieges of Demmin, of Frankfurt on the Oder, of Landsberg, and contributed to the victory of Breitenfeld, to the subsequent storming of Würzburg, and to the success of the battle fought with Tilly on the Lech. He had been promoted to the rank of general and commanded in chief the artillery, when Gustavus attacked without success, the position of Wallenstein on the Alte Vest

near Fürth. Taken prisoner on this occasion, he was consigned by Maximilian of Bavaria to a damp cell in the fortress of Ingolstadt. A detention in that cell of six months laid the foundations of the disease which tormented him during the remainder of his life. Released after Lützen, he joined Horn in Alsace, and was sent thence, in 1634, to Sweden to procure reinforcements. He returned with these the following year, joined the army of Banner, served for four years under that general as commandant-in-chief of artillery, was present at the battles of Wittstock (24th September 1636) and of Chemnitz (4th April 1639). His continued sufferings from rheumatic gout, contracted in the cell of Ingolstadt, and which interfered greatly with the proper use of his hands and feet, forced him to return, immediately after Chemnitz, for rest and advice to his own estates, and he would have remained there altogether—so great were his sufferings—but for the imperative call of duty. On the death of Banner the great chancellor made to him an appeal which he could not resist. Although unable, from his infirmities, to mount a horse, and forced to move about carried on a litter, he did not hesitate to quit his home and its comforts, and to set out for the army.

Banner had died the 10th May 1641: Torstenson joined the army the 15th November following. The interval of five months had been a long record of misfortune. Banner had scarcely been laid in his grave when the spirit of indiscipline, which he had known how to repress, broke out in its worst form. There were, in the first place, three generals, Wrangel, Pfuël, and Wittenberg, all eager for the command. Not one of these possessed, or cared, under the circumstances, to exercise, the influence which would have dominated the evil-doers. Officers and men were alike in arrears of pay, and the most prominent to demand payment were the officers. The camp became a bar-garden, in which every man seemed anxious to gain all that was possible for himself.

The actual command of the allied forces, on the death of Banner, had devolved for the moment on his French colleague, Guebriant. Guebriant was a capable general, but the circumstances were extremely difficult. He found himself, in a corner of Lower Saxony, menaced by an enemy superior in numbers. Gradually he had been forced to fall back on Wolfenbüttel, in the duchy of Brunswick. Here, on the 19th June, he delivered battle to the Imperialists, but, although he beat them, and caused them a loss of two thousand men and forty-five standards,

the victory was by no means decisive. It served, however, procure for the allies a much-desired respite.

Torstenson joined the army at Winsen on the Aller the 15 November. He found it in the worst possible order. The growing indiscipline had rendered it impossible for Guébriant to attempt any military operation. Nor was this the worst. The same cause had loosened, and in some cases dissolved, the cohesion of its German allies. Once more had the Duke of Lüneburg quitted the Swedish banners; the princes of the House of Brunswick had become reconciled to the Emperor; and the Landgravine of Hesse, though not proceeding to that extreme, had withdrawn her troops within her own dominions.

The first care of Torstenson was to restore discipline in the army. To bring about this result he had recourse to very severe measures. He brought Colonel Seckendorf before a council of war for holding intelligence with the enemy; he punished officers who had failed to restrain their men; and to the men he declared his firm resolve not to lead them against the enemy until they should give substantial proofs that they were worthy of his leadership. When, by these and other means of the same character, the army had resumed its former character, Torstenson industriously spread abroad that he was about to march into Westphalia, made requisitions in that province, and indicated the line of country he was to traverse. When he had, in this manner, thrown dust into the eyes of the enemy and the public, he suddenly broke up his camp, and, traversing Brandenburg, dashed through the Lausitz into Silesia. He had resolved to quit the exhausted provinces of North Germany, and to carry the war, if it were possible, into those districts, then an appanage of the House of Hapsburg, which had as yet but lightly felt its horrors.

Before he had set out, Guébriant, always bent on the interests of his own country, had quitted him (3rd December 1641) for the banks of the Lower Rhine. But, on the other hand, Colonel Stalhaus, whom we have seen leading the right wing of the Swedish army at Lützen when Gustavus quitted it to dash to the aid of Duke Bernhard, was at Sorau, on the Silesian frontier, with a corps of veteran troops. Torstenson, then marching hastily, as I have said, through the province of Brandenburg, picked up Stalhaus at Sorau, and then made a dash at Glogau, in Lower Silesia. He took Glogau by assault (24th April 1642); then, turning southwards by way of Randten, Lüben, Liegnitz, Jauer, and Striegau, he marched on Schweid-

nitz, the most central and one of the most important places in Silesia. Close to Schweidnitz was encamped the Franz Albert of Lauenburg, the same who had accompanied Gusvatus on the field of Lützen, whom a long chain of circumstantial evidence already accused of being his murderer, and who now commanded the imperial army. Torstenson at once engaged him (24th May). The attack—led, by an irony of fate, by Stalhaus—completely succeeded. The Imperial army was beaten, and Franz Albert, wounded to the death, was taken prisoner.* Schweidnitz surrendered the next day. Neisse, Glatz, and Troppau followed the example of Schweidnitz, and by the end of June Torstenson penetrated into the all-but-untrodden Moravia. Still pursuing his victorious career, he took Olmütz on the 7th July; and his flying parties of cavalry, advancing beyond that capital, caused consternation even in Vienna. Expresses were despatched in all haste from that city to Archduke Leopold and Ottavio Piccolomini to hasten their preparations, so as to prevent the possibility of the fall of the Imperial capital. Before these expresses reached them, the army commanded by those generals, thirty-three thousand strong, was on its march to compel the invader to retire.

Torstenson had, in fact, attempted a daring blow similar in character to that which, the preceding year, Banner had but just failed to deliver at Ratisbon. In both instances the blow had met at the outset with brilliant success; in both, the want of sufficient power had been acknowledged the moment the Imperialists had had time to gather in strength. The distance to be traversed before the heart of the enemy could be struck at was, in both instances, too great for an army which had left its base, and which had no supports. Already, after the capture of Olmütz, had Torstenson recognised how thoroughly false, in a military sense, was his position. He was in the air, enemies before him, a superior hostile army marching on his flank, and hostile countries intervening between himself and his real base. Already had he given orders to fall back into Silesia, so as not to be entirely cut off. He had fallen back, and he had undertaken the siege of Brieg on the Oder (twenty-five miles to the south-east of Breslau), when information reached him that the Imperial army was upon him!

Torstenson was too able a commander to dream of accepting, with twenty thousand men in an isolated position, a battle with an enemy who counted thirty-three thousand. He raised, then,

and died of his wounds seven days later.

the siege of Brieg, and, crossing the Oder, followed the right bank of that river as far as Crossen, about eighteen miles nearly north of Guben. At Crossen he was fortunate enough to receive reinforcements from Sweden. Taking these with him, he directed his march southwards, retook Glogau—which had been captured in his absence—and penetrating into the Upper Lausitz, endeavoured to bring on a general action. This, however, the enemy carefully avoided. His army was divided: Piccolomini had marched westward; and the Archduke Leopold, now inferior in numbers, was in no mood to accept a challenge. In vain did Torstenson besiege and take Zittau under his very eyes. The Archduke was not to be enticed. Rather did he await on the slopes of the Giant Mountains the reinforcement of his army by that of Piccolomini, or the development of some new action on the part of the Swedes.

Too weak in the face of the now-awakened Imperialists to renew the march into Moravia, too prudent to attack the Archduke in an unassailable position, and yet most anxious to render efficient service to the cause the disposal of which was now to a great extent in his hands, Torstenson resolved to wrench Leipzig from the enemy. When we last heard of that city, it had been recovered by the Swedes for their Saxon ally immediately after the battle of Lützen. But the year following that battle, Saxony had made her peace with the Emperor, and Leipzig had since been occupied by a garrison which regarded the Swedes as enemies. The holding of the city by a hostile force—a strong post in the direct line between an army combating on the Bohemian frontier and its base—had been found over and over again by the Swedes to be full of inconvenience. To remove such inconvenience for the future, Torstenson suddenly broke up his camp about Zittau, and marched on Leipzig.

At a respectful distance the Archduke Leopold followed Torstenson on his march to Leipzig. At Dresden he had the satisfaction of reuniting himself with Piccolomini, and then the march of observation became a march of pursuit. So diligently was this pursuit followed, that, on the evening of the 22nd October, the Imperialists came in sight of the Swedish army encamped before, and besieging, Leipzig.

In numbers there was no great disparity between the two armies. Including the garrisons he had drawn to himself as he marched, and the reinforcements received at Crossen, Torstenson could dispose of nearly thirty thousand men, while

the Imperialists had but few in excess of that number. But the difficulty of Torstenson's position lay in the fact that he was between two enemies—a hostile Leipzig in front of him, and an Imperial army behind him. He had to march out to fight or to be assailed at a great disadvantage. Torstenson did not hesitate for a moment. Leaving one corps to cover Leipzig, he marched, on the evening of the 28rd October, to the plain of Breitenfeld, to bid defiance to the enemy when they should advance in the morning.

Eleven years had passed since, on the same plain of Breitenfeld, the great Gustavus had gained his memorable victory over Tilly. On that plain now, one of the most trusted of his lieutenants—the lieutenant who had commanded his artillery in the first action—was about again to invoke the protection of the God of armies. But the position of the belligerents was almost exactly reversed. In 1631 the Swedes were advancing on Leipzig; Tilly was endeavouring on Breitenfeld to prevent that advance. In 1642 the Imperialists were advancing upon, the Swedes were defending, that famous field. The one difference in the two positions was very much to the advantage of the Imperialists. For, whereas in 1631 the city of Leipzig was held for the army which defended Breitenfeld, it was held, in 1642, for the army advancing to the attack.

The Swedish army, formed up close to the ground which Tilly had occupied in 1631, waited, on the morning of the 24th October, for the advance of the enemy. At length they appeared in brilliant array, led in person by the Archduke Leopold, himself, like all the princes of his House, a man of great courage, and, like many of them, possessing very considerable ability. Under him served Ottavio Piccolomini, whose name was already famous, and who was now about to fight the last battle in which, for five years to come, he was to be engaged on German soil.* Other officers whose names at a later period were to become prominent were there likewise. It should be noted, however, that the foreign element in the Imperial army was extremely strong, constituting a considerable majority of the troops engaged.

To march to a position facing the Swedish army, the nature of the ground, covered with small canals and interspersed with villages, rendered it incumbent upon the Imperialists to break their formation. This necessity had occurred to the left wing

* The year following the battle, he exchanged the Imperial for the Spanish service, and returned to the former in 1648.

just as it came within striking distance of the Swedish right. The generals who commanded these, Stalhaus and Wittenberg, took advantage of the slight confusion which thus occurred, to charge with full fury on the enemy. The charge was so unexpected, so sudden, and so fierce, that the enemy's left wing was at once thrown into disorder.

On the Swedish left, a few minutes later, the battle engaged, and here the German element of the Imperial army, led by the Archduke in person, gained a considerable advantage. In vain did the Swedish generals, Schlangen and Lilienhoek, do all that men could do. In vain did Torstenson, carried on his litter, re-animate the discouraged, and urge his men to the front. They were being gradually overpowered, when suddenly, as at Lützen, the victorious right, having driven the enemy in front of them from the field, came round to help their comrades.

They came but just in time. Their arrival, however, not only restored the battle, it enabled the Swedish left wing to assume the offensive. It was now the turn of the Imperialists to look to their own exertions. Their left uncovered, and their right falling back, it seemed impossible that they could escape total defeat. Yet on this day the conduct of the infantry of Southern Germany extorted the admiration even of their enemies. Assailed on all sides, they yet refused to give ground. In ranks always closing up, and always serried, they still offered a defiant opposition. When all their powder was spent, the musketeers, reversing their muskets, still used them as clubs.

Nor was the conduct of their commander, the Archduke Leopold, less worthy of admiration. To use the language of a contemporary writer, he "combined the duties of a commander-in-chief with the action of a resolute colonel. Wherever the fire was hottest, there he rode, encouraging and animating his men. Had he been supported by the foreign element as he was by the German, the result would have been different."

But neither the efforts of Archduke Leopold nor of his Austrian soldiers could change the result. Not less stubbornly than they fought, fought the Swedes. At last, uncovered still more by the falling back of their allies, the men of South Germany fell back sullenly. Their retreat was covered by the Archduke himself with a regiment of cavalry.

The battle had lasted three hours before the result was thus decisively declared. It was a great victory. The Imperialists lost five thousand men killed and wounded, and nearly as many taken prisoners; all their guns, forty-six in number, the

service and the correspondence of the Archduke, and all their baggage. The victors lost more than three thousand killed and wounded: among the former, two generals—Schlangen who, it may be recollected, had at Wald-Neuburg, in 1641, barred the entrance into Bohemia to Piccolomini for four days; and Lilienbock. The Archduke retreated at once into Bohemia.

Too weak to follow him, Torstenson turned all his energies to the reduction of Leipzig. The surrender of that place, nearly three weeks later, brought with it an enormous advantage. The city purchased its exemption from plunder by an abundant supply of good food, serviceable clothing, and money. Rest it would have given likewise, but the ardent nature of the crippled Swedish general would have no rest until the work he had designed had been accomplished. Allowing only time sufficient to reclothe his army, Torstenson entered again into a winter campaign.

Before he set out Torstenson held, at Leipzig, a long consultation with his former colleague, Count Guébriant, who had travelled thither for that special purpose. The result of the consultation was an agreement that whilst Torstenson should pursue the course upon which he had decided, Guébriant should use all the means in his power to attract the attention of the enemy towards himself. Were I to follow strictly the order of dates, I should now describe the immediately antecedent action of Guébriant, and the action which followed this agreement. But it will be more convenient to the reader, and more germane to the general object of my narrative, if I continue to accompany Torstenson, leaving to the next chapter the record of the achievements of his French ally.

Guébriant having returned to the Rhine, Torstenson set out, in the depth of a hard winter (December 1642), on the road to Bohemia. The first place he attacked was the then important Saxon city of Freiberg, exactly midway between Dresden and Chemnitz. Freiberg resisted him bravely and successfully. Its long resistance, moreover, had the effect of forcing the Imperialists to quit their winter-quarters and march to its relief; a movement which, undertaken by troops a large proportion of whom were Spaniards, in the depth of winter, caused them considerable losses. On their approach Torstenson raised the siege and fell back on Frankfurt on the Oder, there to recruit his army alike by the garrisons of the towns in the north, and by expected reinforcements from Sweden. These having been obtained, he again resumed the offensive, and, marching across

Silesia with great rapidity, invaded Bohemia by way of Leitmeritz, and, without stopping to take Prague, penetrated into Moravia, relieved Olmütz, which was pressed by an Imperial army; then, forming an intrenched camp at Tobitschau, ten miles from that city, proceeded to subdue the strong places in that province. One after another, Tovačov, Kremsier, Wischen, succumbed. Brünn alone, though its suburbs and the Spielberg were burned, successfully resisted him. The pertinacity of the garrison of this place saved Vienna; for, whilst the Imperial army, now commanded by Gallas, covered the frontiers of Bohemia, not daring to attack, and ever avoiding an attack from Torstenson; that general, secure in his intrenched camp, had been meditating a blow which, if it could only be carried out as he was planning it, could not fail to be decisive.

Whilst Ferdinand III., alarmed at the close proximity of the Swedes to his capital, was vainly endeavouring to arouse the nobles of Hungary and to induce them to raise an army to fight for his cause, Torstenson was negotiating, in a far more hopeful spirit, with George I., better known as Rákóczi, Prince of Transylvania. A very large party in Hungary, discontented with the rule of the House of Hapsburg, had offered the throne of the kingdom to Rákóczi. Torstenson, informed of this intrigue, had sent at once the most pressing letters to that prince, urging him to accept the offer and promising him the support of the Swedish arms. Mainly in consequence of this advice and this promise Rákóczi complied. He had already entered Hungary to carry out his part of the agreement, when the sudden action of the King of Denmark rendered it impossible, for the moment, for Torstenson to co-operate with him.

On the 23rd September, a messenger from Oxenstierna reached Torstenson, informing him that war with Denmark was upon the point of breaking out, and that he must at once hasten northwards with all speed to strike a blow which should be decisive. The position was one which demanded the skill of the diplomat more even than the resolution of the warrior. Torstenson was in Moravia, within a stone's-throw almost of Vienna. Between himself and Pomerania—whither he was bound now to proceed—lay Bohemia, covered by Gallas. Were he to succeed in outmanœuvring Gallas, no other enemy was to be apprehended. But he had at the same time so to direct his march that the Danes should not hear of it until he should make his presence sensibly felt. At the same time he had to reassure Rákóczi.

It is a striking proof of the great abilities, of the high man

power of Torstenson, that he carried out to the letter this apparently impossible programme. He began by concluding with Gallas an armistice for the entire winter. He then industriously spread the report that he was about to winter in Bavaria. Having set his army in march, he marched into Silesia, making his way gradually to the Elbe. He followed the windings of that river as far as Havelberg, still giving out that Bavaria was his ultimate destination. But at Havelberg he threw off the mask, informed his soldiers of the task before them; then, entering Holstein by way of Trittau (11th December) speedily subdued the whole peninsula, the fortresses of Glückstadt and Crempe excepted. His arrival, in fact, was the first absolute declaration of war! When spring set in, he beat the Danish cavalry at Kolding, and occupied the whole of Jutland as far as Skagen. Gallas, meanwhile, had become aware of the deception, and had followed his enemy northwards. As soon as he discovered his destination, he too entered Holstein, captured Kiel, effected a junction with the Danish army, and then took a position which, he believed, would effectually enclose the Swedish army in Jutland. But Torstenson was again to show his great superiority as a general. As soon as he had finished his task with the Danes he returned into Holstein through an unguarded pass between Schleswig and Stapelholm (24th September 1644); then, marching against Gallas, forced that general, always anxious to avoid a general action, to fall back first along the Elbe, and then along its tributary the Saale as far as Bernburg on that river, the capital of the duchy Anhalt-Bernburg, where he had previously formed an intrenched camp. No sooner had Gallas firmly occupied that camp, than Torstenson passed the Saale, and took up a position to the south of Bernburg, which entirely cut off the Imperialists from Saxony and Bohemia.

In this position the Swedish general remained firm and fixed until Gallas had consumed all his supplies down to the very last crust. Driven then to despair, and shut out from the south, he quitted his camp and made a fierce effort to regain the Elbe and force his way into Brandenburg. Obtaining, by means of a dark night, followed by a day almost as dark, a considerable start, he did succeed (21st November) in crossing the Elbe. But on the 22nd Torstenson was on his track. The half-starved Imperialists were no match in marching for their well-fed pursuers. At Jütenberg, nearly forty miles south of Berlin, Torstenson came up with, attacked, and defeated and dispersed

(23rd November) the fugitive army. Of the whole force at the head of which Gallas had entered Holstein, some five thousand only cut their way back into Bohemia. With these was Gallas himself. He returned, carrying with him, records Schiller, the reputation of being the most perfect master in the art of ruining an army then living. The destruction of the Imperial army was followed by peace with Denmark.

Left free to act on the lines which the expedition to Denmark had forced him temporarily to abandon, Torstenson renewed his relations with Rákóczi, and, despite the inclement season, set out to act in concert with him. That prince had found himself unable, unassisted, to make good his pretensions. At the moment, after a campaign in which he had been foiled by the Imperial army under Götzen, he was in the valley of the Neutra, at the southern base of the Neutragebirge, awaiting the approach of Torstenson. That general did not give him cause for impatience. Rapidly traversing Saxony and Silesia, Torstenson entered Bohemia. His design was to traverse that kingdom likewise, and, entering the valley of the Danube, besiege Vienna, at the same time holding a hand to Rákóczi.

To baffle, if possible, this scheme, the Emperor Ferdinand had repaired in the early winter with Archduke Leopold to Prague. There he had received Gallas with the broken remnants of his army; thither he had summoned from Hungary Götzen, fresh from baffling Rákóczi; there, too, he had been joined by four thousand Bavarian cavalry under General Hatzfeldt. To Hatzfeldt he confided the command-in-chief of his army. For the moment it was the last army he could raise. Its mission was to prevent at all costs the march of Torstenson across Bohemia to the valley of the Danube.

Undeterred by these preparations, Torstenson invaded Bohemia by way of Eger, pushed on thence to Pilsen, and thence to the banks of the Moldau. He crossed the Moldau at Altsattel, and, entering the Tabor circle, marched to Jankau, or Jankowitz, a village nearly in the centre of the tract which is inclosed by the Moldau to the south-west, and by the Sazawa to the north-east.* Learning that the Imperialists, to the number of twenty-three thousand men, were close to him, barring his way southwards, Torstenson took up a position for the night on an isolated hill above the village, in and about which he stored his baggage.

* The nearest railway-station to the field of battle is Wottitz, on the Franz-Joseph's-Bahn.

The ground enclosed by the Moldau and its tributary the Sazawa, may be roughly described as an undulating tract broken up by ranges of hills, occasionally by isolated hills, and abounding in tanks or ponds. Occasionally, indeed, the traveller comes upon a broad plain, free of incumbrances, and admirably adapted for cavalry purposes. In that part of Bohemia such plains, however, are rare. One of the isolated hills of which I have spoken rises about twenty miles to the north of Tabor. I have called it isolated because it is separated from the range immediately to its north by an open space, or pass, leading on to an undulating ground broken up, in sympathy with the general features of the country, by hillocks, and interspersed by ponds. Immediately south of this undulating ground, on the north-western slope of the isolated hill of which I have spoken, is a village called by the Czechs, Jankov, by the Germans Jankau or Jankowitz. South again of this village is a broad, unsheltered plain, admirably adapted for the manoeuvres of cavalry.

Bearing in his mind this description of the country, the reader will have no difficulty in understanding the plans of the Imperial commander-in-chief. General Hatzfeldt's mission was to stop the progress of Torstenson. He outnumbered the Swedish general principally in cavalry. He took up a position, therefore, commanding the road by which the Swedes must proceed, if, on quitting the village of Jankowitz, which they would naturally occupy, they should follow one or other of the roads; that by Tabor and Wittingau, or the alternative by Iglau and Znaim, leading to the Danube. But when, on the evening of the 23rd of February, it was reported to Hatzfeldt that Torstenson had occupied the isolated hill in front of Jankowitz, that general, fearful that he might escape him, agreed, after discussion, to the solicitations pressed upon him by the Count of Götzen, to spring upon him with all the infantry in the early morning; to surprise and drive him from the hill to the broad plain to the south of the hill, then to dash upon him with his cavalry and destroy him. The execution of the infantry portion of this daring scheme was committed to Götzen; the work of the cavalry was to be directed by Hatzfeldt himself.

Before daybreak the following morning, the 24th February, 1645, the Imperialist infantry, in pursuance of this plan, advanced to attack the hill. The Swedes were not expecting an assault, and they were taken at as great a disadvantage as, more than a century later, was Frederic II. of Prussia at

Hochkirch. Götzen made the most complete use of the surprise. Allowing the Swedes no breathing time, he forced them from one position to another, giving them no chance to form, until he had driven them completely from the heights. The victory had actually been gained, when a stray bullet struck dead the Imperialist commander.

The death of the Count of Götzen was fatal to the cause for which he had fought so well. His success had been too rapid to allow the cavalry, which had to make a long detour through difficult ground, to come up. There was no one on the spot to supply his place. General Hatzfeldt was with the cavalry, not yet in sight, and the infantry, flushed with their easy victory, was just in the condition in which men specially require direction. The victory was, I repeat, gained had it only been followed up. Certainly Götzen, who knew well the stubbornness of the Swedish troops and the character of their leader, would have pressed on, giving the Swedes no time to re-form till the cavalry should arrive to complete the victory.

But to the minds of his men, left by his death without a leader, the case presented itself under a totally different aspect. They saw only the enemy, driven from his position, retreating in one direction, whilst beneath them, in and about the village of Jankowitz, was the baggage of the Swedish army, absolutely at their disposal. The temptation was irresistible. With a unanimity as remarkable as though it had been the result of a preceding discussion, they abandoned the pursuit of the Swedes and dashed at the baggage in the village!

This sudden move was Torstenson's opportunity. He used it to the utmost. Rallying, and forming up in their proper places, his men, more shaken by the surprise than beaten, he led them, in their turn, the guns in the centre, to the assault. In their turn, the Imperialists were taken at a disadvantage. A tremendous fire of artillery opened upon the masses, now comprising the whole army of the enemy, engaged in plundering, in and about Jankowitz. A third and fourth discharge repulsed a charge made by the full strength of the Bavarian horsemen, as they arrived, too late, on the spot.

When the guns had done their work the Swedish infantry rushed forward, barring by their advance to the Imperialists the road by which they had descended from the hill, and drove them beyond the village into the tract covered with tanks and hillocks, where their superiority in cavalry could not make itself felt. In its turn, too, the Imperialist army was driven in disorder.

position to position. For them there was no relaxation. Across the uneven plain were they forced, till, finally, the cavalry and the survivors of the infantry fled in wild disorder through the narrow pass which separated the isolated hill from the range adjoining the plain, near the position whence they had emerged that morning to assault the Swedes on the hill of Jankowitz!

The victory, a very bloody victory, was gained. The commander-in-chief of the Imperialists, Count Melchior of Hatzfeldt, five other generals, many officers, and three thousand men were taken prisoners. The killed alone, taking no record of the wounded, exceeded two thousand. The loss of the Swedes, though considerable in the earlier part of the day, did not equal one-fifth of that sustained by the Imperialists. Jankowitz was, in all respects, a decisive victory!

For the road to Vienna lay open. Torstenson did not delay an instant to take it. Sending expresses to Rákóczi, notifying his success and begging him to march on Vienna without delay, the Swedish leader took the direct road by way of Iglau and Znaim to the Danube. Whilst he is marching thither, I propose to glance at the situation of the Emperor Ferdinand and of Rákóczi.

Ferdinand, on hearing of the disaster of Jankowitz, proceeded with the utmost speed to Vienna. The outlook was as bad as it could be. He had lost his last army. With the greatest exertions he could not rally more than from five to six thousand men in and about his capital. Everywhere his allies were falling from him. John George of Saxony, who had abandoned the Protestant cause after Lützen to further, as he believed, his own selfish interests, had found an alliance with the Emperor more onerous than the dictation of Sweden. As one of the consequences of that alliance, Saxony had had to bear the main burdens of the war. Reduced to despair, John George had sued for and obtained from the Swedes a treaty of neutrality renewable from year to year. From no prince in North Germany was help to be expected. In the west, again, the French, after changes of fortune which I shall record in the next chapter, had reduced the Bavarian army to complete inaction, had captured Speyer, Worms, Mannheim, Philippsburg, and even Mainz. In that direction, then, Ferdinand could only cast despairing glances. Nor were the prospects from Hungary more comforting. Rákóczi, in compliance with the summons of Torstenson, was marching from Transylvania at the head of an army of twenty-

five thousand men, laying waste the country through which he passed.

But, even in this extremity, Ferdinand displayed the dogged resolution, the pertinacity, the enduring power, which are innate in the family of the House of Hapsburg. Whilst Torstenson was subduing the strong places on the Danube, Ferdinand was engaged, day and night, in repairing, improving, and strengthening the fortifications of Vienna. In justice to the Empress, a daughter of King Philip of Spain,* it should be recorded that in this action Ferdinand had been anticipated by his wife, who, on hearing the result of the battle, had hastened from Linz to the capital (14th March) and given the orders which Ferdinand, on his arrival five days later, had confirmed and emphasised. The orders issued by the Emperor on this occasion were of the most stringent character. Vienna was to be defended to the last man. No one between the ages of sixteen and sixty was permitted, on any pretence, to leave the city. All craftsmen, apprentices, and students were divided into sections, each specially under the orders of a captain; the city militia was paraded and trained to defensive exercises. All the peasants within a circle of thirty miles were brought in to work at the fortifications. Every householder was required to lay in for himself and family a store of bread-stuffs which would be sufficient for one year's consumption. A general levy was issued to all the dwellers on the banks of the Danube to defend that river.

But these measures, vigorous as they were, would have availed but little if Rácóczi had responded vigorously to the call of Torstenson. Foreseeing this, Ferdinand had opened secret negotiations with the Transylvanian chief, and these, though they produced at the moment no apparent effect, paved the way to a disagreement, leading finally to a rupture, between the two allies.

Torstenson, taking the route I have indicated, had reached the Danube and taken in succession by storm the fortified places of Dürrenstein, Krems, Stein, Kreuzenstein, and Korneuburg. Seizing then the direct road from Moravia to the capital, he approached Vienna by the tract known since 1775 as the Augarten, but then quite open. Crossing this, he had entered the suburb now known as Brigittenau, and thence had moved his army, across a bridge,† into the Wolfau.‡

* She died the 18th May of the year following.

† Now the Brigittenbrücke.

‡ The syllable "au," common to the three suburbs mentioned, is the abbreviated form of "aue," meaning meadow-land or pasturage near running water. It is sometimes used for running water alone, as in the words Donau, Moldau, Elbe, &c.

Beyond that bridge, and holding it by a formidable work, the Imperialists had thrown up intrenchments,* and placed behind these one of their best regiments, the regiment Fehrenberg. On the very night of his arrival in the Wolfau, Torstenson attacked the bridge-head and the intrenchment, and, after a very severe contest, captured both.

The panic which this success produced in Vienna is scarcely to be described. The Empress, till then so brave, started immediately for Gratz, taking with her her son and her daughter. Almost alone, the Emperor and his brother, Leopold William, displayed no fear. They showed themselves everywhere, and declared their determination to defend the city to the very last stone.

After the capture of the bridge-head, Torstenson proceeded to make steady but slow progress in the pasture-lands, along the inner bank of the arm of the Danube—the lands known in the present day as the Spittelauer lands. Every inch of this ground at all defensible was disputed by the Archduke; but as this prince was never able to bring into the field more than five or six thousand men, he was unable to check materially the advance of the Swedes. Torstenson, however, had not as yet directed his efforts against the city itself. For this he was waiting for the advance, on the other side of Vienna, of his Transylvanian ally.

But that ally did not come. Two causes were at work, one of which would have been sufficient to prevent the advance of a man who was a poor general and a poorer politician. The first of these causes was the promises of the Emperor. As the price of peace, Rákóczi had made demands upon Ferdinand II. almost all purely personal. They were insignificant indeed compared to those which he could have dictated from the palaces of Vienna. The second was based on the reception of a mandate from the Sublime Porte, of which he was a tributary, to cease hostilities against Austria. Instead, then, of complying with the requisition of Torstenson, he wrote to him, under the influence of the two causes I have mentioned, to state that military considerations required rather that the Swedes should assist him in conquering Hungary, than that he should assist the Swedes in gaining Vienna and the towns to the west of that city on the Danube. It will easily be understood that this was a mere excuse to recede from his engagements. Shortly after-

* Close to the existing site of the Franz-Joseph's Bahnhof.

wards (July of the same year) he concluded peace with the Emperor.

Convinced by this reply that he must renounce the hope of receiving any aid from Rákóczi, and feeling too weak to assail, with his diminished army, the fortifications of Vienna, Torstenson fell back on Brigittenbrücke, and, leaving only two hundred men to guard the bridge-head,* crossed the bridge, and, quitting the suburbs of the capital, marched (14th April) by way of Mistelbach on Brünn. That strongly-fortified city had already successfully defied him, and he was determined that this time there should be no failure.

Unfortunately for his scheme, Brünn was defended by a man who had deserted from the Swedish service, one Souches or de Souches; and this man, a very capable soldier, expecting no mercy, resolved to defend the place to the very last extremity. He so inspired citizens and soldiers with his own resolution that, although Torstenson lay before the place three months, and tried several assaults, he was forced, at the end of that time, to raise the siege. Sickness, caused by privations, by the profuse eating of unripe fruit, by the unwholesome atmosphere of a camp which witnessed daily many deaths, had combined with the fire of the enemy to diminish his army enormously. On the 15th August, then, he retreated into Bohemia, diminishing his army still further as he fell back, by leaving garrisons in all the conquered places. He marched only as far as Leutomischl, commanding the road into Upper Silesia, when he halted to give his army a long rest. His troops having been refreshed, he marched to and captured Brüz,† on the Biela. There his health broke down completely, the gout flew to his head, and quite incapacitated him for work. He was compelled to make over command of the army to Gustavus Wrangel, and to return to his estates in Sweden.

Torstenson had accomplished great things. Acceding to the command of the Swedish army when that army, by reason of its indiscipline and want of *morale*, was on the very verge of dissolution, he had restored order, re-introduced the lofty sentiments which had animated it in the time of his great sovereign,

* It was not till forty-five days had passed, or till the 29th May, that Archduke Leopold William succeeded in storming that bridge-head, and in taking as prisoners the surviving defenders. It may be added here, as a matter of historical interest, that, on the retreat of the Swedes, the Emperor conferred many liberties on the citizens of Vienna, bestowed upon the then members of the town council patents of nobility, and adorned the city arms with the double-headed eagle.

† Nearly midway between Teplitz and Saaz.

and recovered for it to a great extent its *prestige* by a daring march into Moravia. He completely restored that *prestige* by beating the Imperial army at Breitenfeld. A little later, by a brilliant march, he forced Denmark to peace, destroyed the Imperial army under Gallas, compelled the Elector of Saxony to neutrality, then, marching into Bohemia, fought and gained that battle of Jankowitz which, with a little befriending of Fortune, might have been made decisive of the war. It placed Vienna within the grasp of himself and his ally; and it was by no fault of his that, at the critical moment, that ally failed him. That alone and unsupported he could have succeeded is highly improbable. No more daring general then lived; and if Torstenson deemed the task impossible, posterity may accept his opinion as final.*

Whilst the army, now led by Wrangel, after taking Leitmeritz, Friedland, Teplitz, Brandys, and Saaz, is marching to take up its winter quarters in Thuringen, I must return to record the progress made by Guébriant and his successors on the Rhine and on the German lands watered by the Rhine.

* On his return to Sweden, Torstenson was raised to the rank of Count, and appointed Governor-General of Gothland and the neighbouring districts. He died at Stockholm on the 7th April 1651. "He was a great commander, and a friend of learning and of art," is the contemporary record of this illustrious man.



Man Proposes.

A NOVEL, BY MRS. A. PHILLIPS, AUTHOR OF "BENEDICTA."

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTAIN AUSTIN MAKES A DISCOVERY.

"Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. The introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to one which is the enchantment of human life; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on a man at one period and works a revolution in his mind and body."

AFTER Mrs. Sarah had vanished, the chicken, crying aloud to be eaten, did not receive much attention to its cries from Austin. He was far too intently thinking of what she had told him.

"Was it possible that he owed his life to this calm, stolid, silent girl?" he thought. "The woman had not told him in order to make capital out of the information. On the contrary, he would have known nothing about it had he not led up to the explanation, and she had called the doctor as a witness that she had spoken the truth."

But if it were true, how was it that the girl should try to repel him both in word and manner, now that he was recovering. Women, as a rule, generally conceived a tenderness for the creatures they saved; but nothing of the kind had she ever shown him—quite the opposite. Did she really lack feeling? Was it not possible to win from her one expression of interest?

It seemed not. A cold, self-contained, silent girl, enveloped in a cloak of reserve, refusing to hold any conversation with him, and appearing before him only as a dumb waiter, endowed with mechanism to do his bidding.

He thought about her impenetrability, poor girl as she was, until he grew irritable and restless with determination to conquer her. A state of mind that promised to throw him back, if he could not reach some satisfactory conclusion shortly.

The chicken was lying untouched while these agitating thoughts

were troubling him. Had he been in perfect health he could have quickly dismissed, even had he possibly entertained them. But now his pulses were feeble, his nerves sensitive. He was lonely and fretful, and he yearned for companionship, and perhaps a little tenderness.

It was nature taking revenge for past neglect that, after years of spoken and acted contempt towards her sex, he was indebted to a woman for his life, and longing for her sympathy.

His strength was no match now for his emotions that fairly mastered him, rushing in with a force all the stronger for long resistance. As he lay back on his pillow, the years of his life rose up and mocked him. What harvest of love had he to show for them? None. He had sown contempt and had reaped barrenness.

His mother loved him? Yes; in her cold, proud, passionless way, that would curse him if he disappointed her ambition, and rejoice if he married a woman without love, provided only she added wealth, name, and position to his own.

His sisters loved him? Yes; after the manner of ordinary sisters. They would have shed tears had he died; have worn mourning decorously for nine or twelve months; have spoken of him occasionally as "Poor Roland, who died you know," and then have forgotten him—save at intervals.

But this was not the sort of love that now, in his weakness, he longed for with tears—yes, tears—that slowly made their way from the corners of his half-closed eyes. Proud, over-bearing, and regardless of the feelings of others, as he knew himself to be—a loving woman's voice and kiss, exclusively, passionately his own, could now have softened his imperious nature, and made him as humble and as loving as a little child.

But where was she—this woman to work this miracle?

Not in his memory. That was void.

He only knew, he only thought of one—the one whose face he had been looking at for days, with an interest now fully explainable: the woman who had saved him!

"By heaven, she was his! She should be his—his very own!"

When Nature awakes and strives with us, its laws are imperative and not to be resisted, but devoutly obeyed.

So spake the rising passion of his heart, in an hour of weakness and loneliness. Where now were his oft-boasted professions of disdain and disbelief in a woman's love and tenderness being necessary to any man? Gone like a shadow into the mists of unreality

to which they belonged, leaving him an easy prey to the bitterest emotions which tormented him without mercy. Outraged nature, so long contemned, took advantage of his present weakness to extract a sweet but sure revenge.

He was so exhausted by his mental sufferings and bodily weakness, that he lay back on his pillow in a fainting condition. He did not hear Hagar's foot-step as she came into the room to take away his tray.

She moved gently, thinking he was asleep; but when her eye fell upon the untouched chicken lying neglected in cold gravy, she felt something was wrong with him, and started.

"He is scarcely breathing," she thought. "Oh, is it a relapse! Is he dying!"

Her heart throbbed with apprehension. With sudden abandon she knelt beside him. Taking his bloodless hands within her own, she began to rub them with an energy that strove to warm them with her own warm life.

"O God, save him!" she murmured intently, turning with all a woman's fervent faith to the Power on which instinctively all lean in moments of extreme danger.

The sound of her voice, the warmth she had imparted, aroused him, and he opened his eyes slowly, keeping fast hold of her hands.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, surprised into a sudden outburst of thankfulness when she saw him revive.

"Oh, Sir! are you better? Have you fainted? What was it? You never touched your dinner! Didn't you like it? Why didn't you ring?" she asked, pouring out question after question with soft impetuosity.

"Who are you?" he asked slowly.

"You know me, Sir, don't you?—Hagar!"

"No, *you* are not Hagar. She is a creature of stone, with no feeling, no life. A thing who sat in her chair and read a book, when she saw that I was longing to speak to her, and didn't care whether I lived or died."

"Oh, Sir! you are mistaken. But I was bound to keep you from talking, as the fatigue and excitement would have kept you from getting well. I have done my best that you should recover, all through. Indeed I have."

"Why!—why should you have wanted me to get well? Perhaps you would have been doing me a greater service to have let me die!"

"Well, Sir, I thought at any rate there might be some benefit

to you who would have been sorry to lose you. Most people have someone. I suppose your cousin, Sir, who wrote to you and sent the telegram, he would have been sorry enough for you," she added in a lighter tone; "and he speaks, in his letter that I read to you this morning, of your mother. And you asked for her when you were ill."

"And was it only for their sakes you cared to see me live?"

"We should care to do our best for all our fellow-creatures," she answered. "But I must not be standing talking to you, Sir. You have eaten nothing. I must go down and prepare you something fresh, or the doctor will scold us for starving you."

"I am feasting now, girl. I have been so hungry for days. You can give me no better food."

"Than what, Sir?" she asked, surprised.

"Than this," he said, taking her hands and pressing them to his lips.

She started up half-frightened, a bright red blush spreading over her face.

"Oh, Sir!" she pleaded reproachfully, striving to get free; but he held her hands too forcibly.

"Don't fear me, Hagar," he cried; "on my honour as a gentleman, I will never, never harm you. Only trust me. Be kind to me. God knows I will repay you," he pleaded mournfully.

"I want no payment, Sir!" she cried, with tears in her eyes, for his appeal had touched and disarmed her. "I have been very glad to serve you, Sir, and I will do all I can to be of use to you still."

"Do you mean that, Hagar?" he asked, looking at her solemnly.

"Yes, Sir, indeed I do."

"Then stay with me now, and don't strive to free yourself if I take your hands again, child. I will never harm you, as God is my judge. Do you believe me, and trust me?"

"Yes, Sir," she murmured, trembling.

"And you won't be proud, or cold, or shy with me any more?"

"I'll try not to be, Sir, if it displeases you."

"Your answer is cold, Hagar."

"I must not forget what I am, Sir."

"Forget it when you are with me. To me you seem a high-born lady. Your face, your hands," taking up one he held, "your voice, all show me that nature made you one: I forget everything else but that when I see you, I have not learnt your face by heart,

day by day watching you silently when you refused to talk, not to know this."

She stood by him, pale and silent, until he had finished speaking when, with a sudden and unlooked-for burst of feeling, she exclaimed:

"I shall never, never forget your kind words, Sir; but oh please to remember that I am nothing but a very poor girl."

The pleading, pathetic entreaty in her eyes as she spoke, stirred all that was chivalrous in Austin's nature. He answered her by an ardent, admiring, half adoring glance that assured her he would never take a wrong advantage of the knowledge. Then followed a short, sweet, intense silence, which she was the first to break.

"Won't you let me go now, Sir," she pleaded—for he had refused to give up the two small hands he kept such fast prisoners—"I want to get you something, or you will be fainting again and frightening me," she added with a shy smile, the first he had ever seen on her face—a smile of such rare sweetness that he let fall his hands, fearing to lose something of the exquisiteness of the moment by a word of resistance. So he let her go, and she repaid him by another smile, that was to him as if he had seen an angel.

The experience was so new to him. That a man, and he, above all other men, should fall down and worship a woman, as he was now doing, was a marvel he would have wondered at, had not his sensations swallowed up all powers of reflection, leaving him only too happy to enjoy without inquiring how he came to do so.

And without his seeking to do so, either, that was so extraordinary! Could anyone have predicted to him a month before, that instead of going to India he would be stopped short by a sudden illness, out of which he would come madly in love with a girl whom the world would not recognise as a lady—had anyone foretold these two facts, he would have cried out an emphatic "God forbid" to them both, heaping contempt upon the second as not possible to happen to him. However some men might fall victims to insanities, and this he regarded as the greatest, he knew himself to be proof against every assault of the kind.

And now——

And now he was as madly in love as any man might well desire to be. All the waste of feeling which other men squandered in flirtations and vain imaginations, supposing they have given their hearts away to every pretty girl they meet, all such waste had with Austin, been gathering in readiness for one grand absorbing passion, which could never again find a repetition in his life.

Austin in rude health, surrounded by friends—all men, of course

—engaged in his duties, his sports, his clubs, his mess-room, would have been unassailable; but Austin, sick, lonely, thrown day by day upon a woman's compassion for his comforts and society, was not only a victim, but a willing victim, wondering how it was he had lived so long blind to the meaning of happiness; and yet glad to have lived until now not knowing it, and untouched by real love, that left his heart free to be given to the only woman that could ever have roused him—this fair, tender-hearted girl, Hagar.

Poor Hagar! How suddenly life had changed for her, too! The victim, as she was, of constant self-repression, she hardly dared to think what was the meaning of all the warm looks and words that made her heart beat with such wild gladness, and now gave wings to her feet as she flew down-stairs to prepare their invalid some fresh dainty, that she could not help thinking he would enjoy all the more because she had done it for him.

Mrs. Sarah, fortunately, was out of the way, so no questions would be asked, and Hagar felt that at this moment she could have answered none. For the last half-hour she had actually been suffered to live, and feel that she was a woman, strong to love—**No!** she must not use the word, she thought, aghast; so she thrust it back as a shameless intruder.

But she knew now her possibilities. She was something more than a machine to clean and sew and sweep. She was a woman who could give happiness to another by being kind, and ready to serve one whom she loved—

Again that word! Was there no other to take its place for *her*? Love was a word she must not dare to use, she must remember that. She might be kind and obedient, and sit with him and talk to him, but she must not *love* him; oh no! she must not *love* him, except as a person may love a superior, with reverence and obedience; and that, for her, would be happiness. And was she not fortunate to have found even this in her life—she, who had never thought to find anything outside of a few books and constant hard work? Ah! how well she had done to watch and pray to save him; and this now—most unexpected of blessings—had come back to her in return. Surely she might accept it?

Repress her nature as she would, such were the intrusive whisperings that she heard as from some *alter ego* with whom she was always in communication; and loudly enough it now spoke, refusing to be dismissed, as she beat the eggs ready for the omelette she was going to make.

The warrings of flesh and spirit were realities to this girl who had learnt to distrust her human nature as the enemy of her

spiritual, an enemy to be sternly resisted whenever its whispering was in the least sweet or seductive. Self-torment had, in Hagia, an apt devotee. That souls could be lost by yielding to the vicious inclinations she had learnt to believe, but her compunctions did not arise from any slavish terror of anticipated doom, but from a desire to keep her heart upright and stainless of will. Her passionate appreciation of perfect goodness made her look upon herself as something very feeble and unworthy, and liable to fall quickly into all kinds of error, if her spirit were not always on guard to thrust out every suggestion that promised her happiness of a purely natural kind.

By the time the omelette was cooked she had reasoned herself into believing that she ought to resist the temptation of being glad at what had happened.

She carried up the omelette, that looked tempting enough to satisfy the most delicate appetite, and placed it before him without uttering a word. Her self-repression had begun again, as she had relapsed into reserve.

He, too, was silent, and this alarmed her.

"Perhaps she had made too free, and had forgotten herself. Horrible thought! She must make no sign again, whatever she might feel. It was better so. Then there could be no drawing back, no repentance."

In this manner she kept tormenting herself while he picked delicately at the omelette and enjoyed it; his silence proceeding from a very different cause.

It was a fact he no longer allowed himself to dispute, that the girl should belong to him. By a process of reasoning, satisfactory to himself, if to no one else, he argued that the service she had rendered him gave him a right over her that he determined to hold firmly. What the outcome might be he never stopped to consider. It was sufficient for him, at present, that he had gained an advantage in overcoming her reserve, and had established a understanding that must eventually lead to future relationship. And he determined not to spoil his position by undue haste.

In military tactics it was good, he knew, in open combat, to press home an advantage by pushing another quickly upon the last. But in this case he was surprising the supposed enemy in her own stronghold, and he would not cry "victory" until he had surrounded her, and forced a willing capitulation. Day by day he must contrive to make himself as necessary to her as she had been to him, until resistance was impossible, and then——

"If you please, Sir, I think I hear the doctor's bell," said

Hagar, interrupting the train of his reflections. She had stood apart while he was eating his omelette, waiting, until he had finished, to carry away the tray. "Shall I take it away?" she now asked.

"Yes, and thanks. I have enjoyed it more than anything I have yet eaten," he answered languidly, scarcely looking at her as he spoke.

"His manner is changed," thought Hagar, sensitive to painfulness and ready for self-torment. "Have I vexed him? Have I been forward? What shall I do?"

As she was carrying away the tray she met the doctor, whom Mrs. Sarah was showing up.

"Ah! my good little Hagar," he cried cheerily, "you deserve a diploma, you take such good care of your patient; and how has he been going on?"

"You must judge, Sir, when you see him; a little better now, I think."

"A good move, capital!" exclaimed the doctor, walking into the room, and seeing Austin on the sofa. "We shall soon have you off the sick list at this rate."

After the usual enquiries were over, the doctor complimented him on a radical cure.

"Well, I have to thank you for it. It was a near touch for me, was it not?"

"Well, yes; I made sure, one night, I should never see you alive again. But I can't take all the credit. You, a military man, know that a good general is nothing without an efficient staff; and without the good nursing you have had, I am afraid you would have slipped through my fingers."

"Yes, they have been very attentive. I hope the old woman will take care that I am duly grateful," returned Austin; "I am prepared to be so when settling day comes."

"Ah, my dear Sir, I am sure of that. By the way, there is a lady most anxious for your recovery," said the doctor, changing the conversation.

"A lady—didn't know I knew one!" answered Austin, shortly.

"Not know a lady? Come, now, that is giving yourself too bad a character."

"Or the ladies. It cuts both ways, you'll find."

"Ah, not in this case. Miss Gregory, the lady in question, has done you a service: you are occupying her rooms."

"And she is anxious I should turn out of them as soon as

possible, I suppose, which I am not prepared to do ; so beg her to take the best she can find in the place at my expense."

"Don't rush to conclusions ; you misunderstand altogether," said the doctor, thinking it a good symptom, though unpleasant, that his patient was so cross-grained. "Miss Gregory is my wife's guest at present, but it seems she takes an interest in you."

"An interest in me ! How awful !" exclaimed Austin, with a grimace of impatience.

"Yes, your name is familiar to her. She knows a cousin of yours—the one who telegraphed to you when you were ill."

"Oh, of course ; that is the woman Drummond wrote about."

"Mr. Drummond—the same—is he coming to see you ? There could be no objection to his doing so ; in fact, a little society now would promote cheerfulness, and that would assist recovery," said the doctor, in his most professional manner. "What do you say ?"

"I'll think about it. Drummond is away on the moors now, shooting to his soul's content. It would be a shame to drag him away."

"Miss Gregory seems to think he is only too anxious to come and look after you."

"Perhaps she wants to look after him," suggested Austin cynically. "She'll find him the hardest shot she ever tried to bring down."

"It is about time she brought down some one," said the doctor with a twinkle in his eye. "She has been making frantic efforts to do so for years ; and, by George ! Sir, if she don't succeed soon, it is my belief she'll—she'll——"

"Now for something dreadful," said Austin, with a smile.

"Go in for the *Matrimonial News*, Sir !" whispered the doctor ominously.

"And what may her age be, if it's a fair question ?"

"The near side of forty, I should say," replied the doctor, holding his round cleft chin in his substantial fingers meditatively.

"Excellent !"

"What is ?" inquired the doctor with surprise.

"Her age. She'll just do for Jasper, unless you like to propose to her to come back to her apartments and look after me. I have no objection—you have just recommended cheerful society—so send Miss Gregory to take Jasper's place."

"I shouldn't like to provoke her, for it's my belief she'd do it, and talk like a sister of mercy afterwards. She's a caution, and no take ; but your suggestion reminds me that she is only waiting

for your permission to come and get some things that she wants, which are packed away in this or the next room."

"By all means! Then I shall see her. Oh, doctor, you have given me an inducement to recover!" cried Austin, in so dubious a tone that good Dr. Jameson, ready as he was to enter into a joke, took his leave without knowing quite if his patient were in jest or not.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS GREGORY IS SHOCKED.

"I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot."

DR. JAMESON'S house, in the chief street of Hillington, was one of those irregular buildings that had grown with the prosperity of its owner. It did not face the road, as originally it had been surrounded by a garden and situated outside the town, but the town had crept up to meet it, and the road on which it stood became in time a street, and the west end of Hillington. The doctor had, therefore, to throw out a covered way from the side of his house to his garden-wall, in order to bring his front door and brass plate to the notice of the public. Every seven or ten years, as the doctor's circumstances had increased, the house had had a wing or a room or a story added, until now both the doctor and his house had become so well proportioned in point of size, that they were looked upon in Hillington as respectable institutions, second only to the church, the schools, the jail, or the hospital.

If the doctor reminded one of John Bull, his wife might have posed for Britannia. Tall, commanding both in speech and figure, handsome, and defying time to make her otherwise, was Mrs. Jameson. Keeping pace, too, with the fashions, save in the matter of her hair, which was never bechignonné, or frizzled, or puffed, but worn in long straight bands upon her long thin cheeks, which would have looked unclothed without them, and gave dignity to her imposing presence. For wherever Mrs. Jameson went she was a person to be observed. Hillington without her would have resembled a copper coin of the realm without the effigy of her prototype. Only, in justice to Mrs. Jameson, it must be said that she was rather more alive to the claims of clothing than Britannia, as she rustled about generally in the richest of silks.

The doctor had married her because he loved her, of course; that was without saying. But he had also thought that she would make

an admirable mother for a nursery full of young children with who he was left, a widower, years ago. She had other advantages, too, being a woman of good connections, the daughter of a colonel in the army, and having a little independence of her own, all of which were valuable helps to the doctor at that time, and always; for much of his subsequent success was due to her good generalship in society.

This she cultivated for him, entertaining the best people of Hillington at her well-appointed dinner-table, and they in return confided their gout and dyspepsias to the doctor's keeping. To the mass of society she received at sundry small parties, and a large annual ball, which was always one of the social events of Hillington. Together with the county, the race, the hunt, and the bachelor ball, it helped to promote the trade of the town; and for a month before it came off, Mrs. Jameson was the most sought after and popular of women, and the doctor's sick list was at its heaviest of small ailments. It is true many sniggled and laughed, and called the coming ball "the doctor's mixture"; but they would have been much confounded had they been forgotten as a component part in the dose.

Mrs. Jameson had not disappointed the doctor's expectations. She had made him the best of step-mothers for his children, with none of whom have we now to do, except with the youngest, Nellie. The rest were all out in the world, married and otherwise provided for. Only Nellie was left, the pet and tyrant of the house, and acknowledged to be the most incorrigible flirt in Hillington. In every regiment that had been quartered in the town for the last four years, Nellie had had a lover. It was reported that she was engaged to Richardson, of the Reds, a brother-officer of Austin's; but no one believed in Nellie's steadfastness. They only looked upon the reigning man as they did on a ruling minister, in power so long as he was not voted out.

She had no regular beauty to boast of, and less education; for books and studies she had abhorred from her childhood upwards. But she had a pair of bright eyes, a good figure, and she dressed and danced well.

Her manner was fearless and almost childish, enabling her to say daring things with a grace that made them excusable. Reverence of any kind was a virtue of which she was destitute.

"What has become of Miss Gregory?" she asked, coming into the drawing-room, dressed ready for dinner, Mrs. Jameson being there already.

"She will be down presently, I suppose. Dear me, how tired

feel. She has been sitting at home all the afternoon, saying she ~~was~~ going every moment, and never doing so. I have been having a long history of the Gregories, regular family chronicles; I know nothing more fatiguing."

"That was not so good as the story I had yesterday of her ~~sweet~~ dresses," cried Nellie, imitating their guest, who could never speak without a gush of superlatives. "I was let into the secret of the blue silk. It had belonged to a Countess, who had given it to her lady's maid, who had sold it to a buyer, who had sold it to Miss Gregory, who wears it. I declare it reads like the story of the house that Jack built."

"It is too bad of us to laugh at her," said Mrs. Jameson, feeling reproof was necessary, if useless.

"I cannot help it, she is the greatest fun I have ever had. If you only could have seen her the other night at the theatre. We were sitting in the next box to Colonel Mannering. He is a bachelor, you know, and when I told her this she was so delighted that she kept admiring him all the evening. At last she whispered to me. 'Ah, Nellie, wouldn't it be de-e-e-lightful, now, to be sitting opposite to a man like that at one's own fireside.'"

"Poor soul! and very natural, too, I am sure," said Mrs. Jameson, laughing heartily at the inimitable mimicry of her graceless step-child, "But, hush now, I hear her coming. Do be serious."

Bustling into the room came Miss Gregory, full of apologies, and hoping she was not too late. A short, square, sharp-featured dark-haired little woman, whose age was concealed by a certain attempt at juvenility of dress and manner. To hear her speak was like reading a letter—a lady's, of course—in which every second word is singly, doubly, or trebly dashed, to express her positive, comparative, and superlative feelings about everything.

"So, so glad I have not kept you waiting, de-e-ar Mrs. Jameson—and the doctor, has he come in yet? and dear Nellie, what has she been doing with herself this afternoon?"

"I went to hear the band of the new regiment play—nothing to be compared to the dear old Reds," said Nelly.

"Captain Austin's regiment—do you know the last accounts of him?" (to Mrs. Jameson). Miss Gregory rarely ever waited for a reply. "Dear, dear, I am so interested in the poor young man! In my apartments, too; only fancy, dear Nelly, how romantic!" sighed Miss Gregory, leaving the romance to be imagined on a large scale by the sentimental expression she threw into her face.

"Dear fellow," she continued, "I hear he is superb. You should see his cousin Drummond: I met him at Lady Ascott's, an aunt of Captain Austin's, wife of Sir John Ascott, a first cousin of my mother's."

The ramifications of Miss Gregory's relationships were as endless as a modern railway chart; it was Nelly's private opinion that directly or indirectly she was first cousin to the world.

"Mr. Drummond was staying in the house when I was there and, oh dear me!" giving a short laugh, "he pretends to hate ladies, but I was determined he shouldn't hate *me*, dear"—to Nelly—"You know a woman can always have her own way if she likes—and I made him, positively *made* him, talk to me. A tall, surly middle-aged, cross-grained old darling! I wish you could see him."

"I shouldn't have had your success, you'd bewitch anybody," said Nelly, slyly.

"Flattering puss," cried Miss Gregory, doubtful, yet delighted—

"Did you say he was Captain Austin's cousin?" asked Mrs. Jameson.

"Yes, they are related on the father's side. He is his father's first cousin. Mrs. Drummond was a Miss Austin, an elder sister of Captain Austin's father, who married one of the Miss Locksleys, daughters of old Lord Locksley, all great beauties in their day. But their father was such a gambler on the turf that the girls were all but dowerless. Still, they married well, at least Lady Ascott did, and Mrs. Austin, who married Gerald Austin of Riversdale, a younger son of Lord Roland, and his uncle's heir, who left him the fine estate which Captain Austin has now come into. Lord Locksley had other daughters, one or two—he had no sons—I am sure I don't know who the other girls married, army or naval men, and one died."

"What a memory you have, Miss Gregory!" said Mrs. Jameson, to whom these chronicles were tedious.

"My dear mother knew them all," continued Miss Gregory, spurred on by the supposed compliment to her recollection. "She has often told me long stories about the old Lord Locksley, how proud he was, how unforgiving, and how frightened his girls were of him."

The annals of the Austin family might never have ceased had not the doctor, for whom they had been waiting, hurried into the room, and, offering his arm to the chronicler, took her down-stairs to dinner.

"And how is he?" was her first inquiry when seated.

"I suppose you mean Austin? Doing admirably, I am glad to say, thanks to the best little nurse I ever had for a patient—Hagar. I think of taking her on my staff altogether."

"Impossible! I can't spare her," said Miss Gregory. "I assure you it is Hagar that keeps me with Mrs. Mullocks, I find her so useful. I would like to have her altogether, but the mother is foolish and selfish, I think, quite spoiling the girl's prospects, for, of course, with me the girl would have opportunities of seeing the world she will never have where she is. She is just the sort of girl I could take about when travelling, as she is not given to finery and quite modest in her manners," added Miss Gregory, patronisingly.

"Will Captain Austin soon be well enough to come and dine with us?" asked Nelly.

"In about a fortnight's time he ought to be able to go out; dining out is another matter," said the doctor, beginning his

"Ah! we must make him."

"I don't think Austin is a man who could be made to do anything he did not wish to do. He is a funny fellow."

"They are a strange family," said Miss Gregory. "You had better let me go and see him," she urged, with an attempt at vivacity that was grotesque. "I am bound to go, Doctor, there are some things in my room I positively require. And then, his Aunt having married my cousin, Sir John Ascott, makes him almost a relative. I feel it almost a duty to show him some kindness."

"He will make no objection, I dare say," returned the doctor, smiling. "I am sure I should not, if a pretty young lady were to offer to come and see me."

"Fie, bad man," cried the pretty young lady so addressed, blushing, and holding up her finger deprecatingly.

"Take him some books to read," suggested Nellie; "then you can offer to read aloud to him. Sister-of-mercy to a handsome man! Just the situation of all others I should love to fill!" cried the girl, with a saucy smile at Miss Gregory.

"Hagar is before-hand there," risked the doctor, incautiously, enjoying his daughter's badinage, which he knew was being levelled at their old-young-lady guest.

"Hagar!" exclaimed Miss Gregory. "Does she read aloud to him?" (She knew from experience how well Hagar could read.)

"Reads and writes, for that, of course."

"Now, I call that downright aggravating," said Nellie, gravel-enjoying the look of concern upon Miss Gregory's face.

"I think it very wrong of Mrs. Mullocks to allow her daughter to be so familiarly attentive to a gentleman."

"But then, girls in her position can do what neither you nor Nelly could," suggested Mrs. Jameson, soothingly.

"Oh, you needn't bother your heads about Hagar," said the doctor, bluntly. "She knows how to take care of herself. She is a rock of virtue."

"Yes, Papa always sticks up for Hagar," remarked Nelly. "I am quite curious to see this rock of propriety a little nearer."

"Talking of your wanting to get some of your things from Austin's rooms, Miss Gregory," said the doctor, "I must not forget to tell you that he wished me to assure you that you were not to consider him in the least, but to come when you please, take what you require. What shall I say to him? It would not be fair to take him unawares. When will you go?"

"I must leave that to Mrs. Jameson," said Miss Gregory. She felt that to make such a call she would require the guardianship of a chaperone.

"Oh, you could go alone, I think," said the doctor; "Mrs. Mullocks will be in the house."

"Impossible!" she cried. "You heard what Mrs. Jameson said only a moment ago, about girls in our position," an allusion which had not missed its mark.

"Well, no, perhaps not," returned the doctor, ponderingly, restraining the corners of his mouth from expanding into a laugh. "My wife had better go with you."

"By all means," said Mrs. Jameson. "I am ready to go whenever you like, after this week. Supposing we say next Wednesday?"

"Now, I call that tiresome," laughed Nelly, "I am engaged for that day; but I am sure you are not sorry. You want to have all the fun to yourself. Now, mind how you behave. I think your good fortune is too great. You are sure to make a conquest, and then," whispering, "I'll be your brides-maid."

"Absurd girl, do be quiet," said Miss Gregory, blushing into juvenility again, while Mrs. Jameson was on thorns at Nelly's daring. But Miss Gregory had far too good an opinion of herself to suppose that any quizzing could be applicable to her. She took all that Nelly said in good part, because she felt it was so possible. Her maiden career had reached a stage that, when seriously considered, made her desperate; and she resolved to entertain with tender hospitality the very first offer of marriage that she could

get. But she was no believer in social miracles. She knew that unless she made an effort she could not expect a man to come forward. So she studied the laws of opportunity, and never lost a chance for want of courage to grasp it.

It seems intrusive to venture into her chamber, and pry into the mysteries of her toilette; but, impertinent as it may be, it is amusing.

How carefully she dressed herself on the following Wednesday to pay the interesting visit, with Mrs. Jameson as her protector. From its many folds of tissue paper, she drew forth her best bonnet, and placed it becomingly on her head. A quantity of white tulle hid her neck, just a very little rouge—the material of which was always carefully concealed under lock and key—gave her a requisite amount of colour.

Nobody inveighed louder than Miss Gregory against women who “painted.” She scorned them as she scorned everything not rigidly orthodox. But not a little of her condemnation won its strength from envy, when she saw how her handsomer sisters cheated time by the help of art. As years increased, and her chances of matrimony grew desperate, she went over to the enemy secretly, and borrowed their wiles.

“You look prepared for conquest,” exclaimed the irrepressible Nellie, when Miss Gregory, conscious of having put on all her war-paint, came into the room, looking youthful.

“Don’t forget now, that you are to act the part of sister-of-mercy. You must go armed with a nice good book. Here is the very one, *Ernest Maltravers*. Nothing could be more appropriate,” cried the madcap, snatching the volume from the table.

“Oh, shocking! It is quite a bad book. I never read it,” whispered Miss Gregory.

“Then how can you tell that it is a bad book?”

“I mean, I was never allowed to read it.”

“How wicked you must be!” laughed Nelly. “Now, do you know that I am so downright good that there is not a book I can’t and don’t read—a novel I mean—I wouldn’t give you a fig for anything else. Of a good novel or a good sermon, give me the novel. I remember the one, I can’t the other.”

“Oh, Nelly!”

“It is a fact. I’ve told Mr. Roberts, the clergyman, so, scores of times, and I think he half agrees with me. In the one case a man talks for half an hour, and tells you not to do this, that, or the other. In the other, you have the men and women painted up for you, and you learn to hate their bad actions and like their good.

That's the sermon I like best. Hurrah for novels! Am I going to take *Ernest Maltravers*, you had better; or dear, is it *Jane Eyre*? Dear me! How I fell in love with Rochester. I am quite sure that was because he was in a book. Were he a real live flesh-and-blood man, I should hate his ugliness and his rude rough ways. Did you ever read *Jane Eyre*, now?"

"What are you going on about, Nelly?" said Mrs. Jameson, rustling in in her handsomest silk. "Do be quiet. You talk, and such nonsense. I am afraid you are tired of waiting for Miss Gregory. But I am ready now, if you are. Shall I go? You, Nelly, are due at Mrs. Roberts', are you not?"

"Yes, to give her a dose of wonders. How she will stare at her eyes, and shake her hands, when I tell her where *you* have gone to, Miss Gregory."

"Oh, say nothing about it, dear! oblige me," exclaimed Miss Gregory. "I want some things, you know, that is all. It is only a visit."

"I can't promise," was all the tease said, as they drove away.

"Don't you think, now that I have taken you so far, that I can get what you want without me?" said Mrs. Jameson, as she drove up to the door of No. 7.

"As you please, dear," said Miss Gregory, who secretly preferred to execute her mission unaccompanied. Only appearances were dear to her, respectability dearer. In neither instance could her action be impugned, sanctioned as it was by both the husband and his wife. So she did not press Mrs. Jameson to do more. Still, it was as well to leave her with a last impression that put the propriety of the matter beyond misinterpretation. So, stepping out of the carriage, she said demurely:

"I am not going to call upon him, you know. I am only to get one or two things which Mrs. Mullocks will send for to your house."

"Of course, I quite understand," said Mrs. Jameson, reassuringly. "I will amuse myself with my book until you come back. Don't hurry yourself."

Mrs. Sarah opened the door to her "permamint" and received her most graciously. The door closed upon them, and Mrs. Jameson took up her book.

She had not read many pages, when, to her surprise, the door was opened again, and Miss Gregory came out, slamming it after her in her agitation or indignation. Stepping into her carriage, she hurriedly requested it might drive on.

"What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Jameson, seeing that Miss Gregory was trembling with some unusual excitement. "You did not pay a very long visit."

"Visit! I never went to pay a visit. I went to get some *things*! After what I have witnessed, I cannot possibly return to that house again. What that old fool, Mrs. Mullocks, means by it, I don't know. It's shameful!"

"Dear me! you quite interest me. What can have happened to shock you?"

"Shocked! I should think so," exclaimed Miss Gregory, with onimous head-shakes and exclamations that insinuated unutterable things.

At last, coming nearer to the point, she whispered:

"I never felt more scandalised in my life! Something very wrong is going on, I am sure. It ought not to be allowed to continue; and, what is more, it must not. What would his family think? The doctor must speak to Mrs. Mullocks, and I shall consider it my duty to inform Mr. Drummond."

"What about?"

"Captain Austin's goings on with Hagar, of course."

"My dear! what are you thinking of!" exclaimed Mrs. Jameson. "You must not attempt to interfere."

"Oh yes, I can! I will write to his aunt, Lady Ascott, then. You don't know what a pass things are come to."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," suggested Mrs. Jameson.

"Mistaken! The evidence of one's eyes may be relied upon, I think."

"But what did you see?" urged Mrs. Jameson. The inquiry was growing interesting.

"Well, I was going up to my sitting-room. The doctor, it seems, had forgotten to say I was coming."

"Just like him," remarked his wife.

"However, Mrs. Mullocks told me it was all right, and that I could go up and get what I wanted. I thought Captain Austin was in the back-room or down-stairs, so I went straight on to my own sitting-room in the front. Both doors were closed. I walked on, of course, and opened the door of my room, which I expected to find empty, and I went in!"

Here Miss Gregory paused, and more shakings of both head and hands were employed to supply her lack of expression. Mrs. Jameson was rigid with curiosity.

"Well," she said, "and what did you see? Captain Austin, I suppose, was in there?"

possible, I suppose, which I am not prepared to do ; so beg her take the best she can find in the place at my expense."

"Don't rush to conclusions ; you misunderstand altogether said the doctor, thinking it a good symptom, though unpleasant that his patient was so cross-grained. "Miss Gregory is my wife's guest at present, but it seems she takes an interest in you."

"An interest in me ! How awful !" exclaimed Austin, with a grimace of impatience.

"Yes, your name is familiar to her. She knows a cousin of yours—the one who telegraphed to you when you were ill."

"Oh, of course ; that is the woman Drummond wrote about."

"Mr. Drummond—the same—is he coming to see you ? There could be no objection to his doing so ; in fact, a little society would promote cheerfulness, and that would assist recovery," said the doctor, in his most professional manner. "What do you say ?"

"I'll think about it. Drummond is away on the moors now, shooting to his soul's content. It would be a shame to drag him away."

"Miss Gregory seems to think he is only too anxious to come and look after you."

"Perhaps she wants to look after him," suggested Austin cynically. "She'll find him the hardest shot she ever tried to bring down."

"It is about time she brought down some one," said the doctor with a twinkle in his eye. "She has been making frantic efforts to do so for years ; and, by George ! Sir, if she doesn't succeed soon, my belief she'll—she'll——"

"Now for something dreadful," said Austin, with a smile.

"Go in for the *Matrimonial News*, Sir !" whispered the doctor ominously.

"And what may her age be, if it's a fair question ?"

"The near side of forty, I should say," replied the doctor, holding his round cleft chin in his substantial fingers meditatively.

"Excellent !"

"What is ?" inquired the doctor with surprise.

"Her age. She'll just do for Jasper, unless you like to propose to her to come back to her apartments and look after me. I have no objection—you have just recommended cheerful society—send Miss Gregory to take Jasper's place."

"I shouldn't like to provoke her, for it's my belief she'd do as I say and talk like a sister of mercy afterwards. She's a caution, and a mistake ; but your suggestion reminds me that she is only wait-

for your permission to come and get some things that she wants, which are packed away in this or the next room."

"By all means! Then I shall see her. Oh, doctor, you have given me an inducement to recover!" cried Austin, in so dubious a tone that good Dr. Jameson, ready as he was to enter into a joke, took his leave without knowing quite if his patient were in jest or not.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS GREGORY IS SHOCKED.

"I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot."

DR. JAMESON'S house, in the chief street of Hillington, was one of those irregular buildings that had grown with the prosperity of its owner. It did not face the road, as originally it had been surrounded by a garden and situated outside the town, but the town had crept up to meet it, and the road on which it stood became in time a street, and the west end of Hillington. The doctor had, therefore, to throw out a covered way from the side of his house to his garden-wall, in order to bring his front door and brass plate to the notice of the public. Every seven or ten years, as the doctor's circumstances had increased, the house had had a wing or a room or a story added, until now both the doctor and his house had become so well proportioned in point of size, that they were looked upon in Hillington as respectable institutions, second only to the church, the schools, the jail, or the hospital.

If the doctor reminded one of John Bull, his wife might have posed for Britannia. Tall, commanding both in speech and figure, handsome, and defying time to make her otherwise, was Mrs. Jameson. Keeping pace, too, with the fashions, save in the matter of her hair, which was never bechignonned, or frizzled, or puffed, but worn in long straight bands upon her long thin cheeks, which would have looked unclothed without them, and gave dignity to her imposing presence. For wherever Mrs. Jameson went she was a person to be observed. Hillington without her would have resembled a copper coin of the realm without the effigy of her prototype. Only, in justice to Mrs. Jameson, it must be said that she was rather more alive to the claims of clothing than Britannia, as she rustled about generally in the richest of silks.

The doctor had married her because he loved her, of course; that goes without saying. But he had also thought that she would make

"Very much in there," interrupted Miss Gregory. "Yes, was in there, and so was Hagar."

"Is that all?" cried Mrs. Jameson. "Why, the doctor told you she read and wrote for him."

"Then all this reading and writing is doing her no good," whispered Miss Gregory, mysteriously, "and it must be stopped. I should not like you to say what I had witnessed, but I hope you will give the doctor a hint. Imagine, when I opened the door, there was Captain Austin in my arm-chair, my own arm-chair that was my poor mother's; Hagar was standing by his side, and, will you believe it?—I saw it with my own eyes, otherwise I could not have credited it—he had her hand held to his lips and kissing it, positively kissing it!"

"But that is not the worst part of it, although it is bad enough," exclaimed Miss Gregory, pausing to gather strength for the first stroke of astonishment.

"There stood Hagar, as bold as brass, taking it all as a matter of course, and actually allowing him to kiss her hands. I positively believe she encouraged him! After this, I should never forgive myself if I were to neglect to acquaint his family."

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS HIDDEN PURPOSE.

" Now she is fixed
Firm in my heart, by secret vows made there."

"WHAT shall I do! What shall I do!" uttered at first passionately, then in accents of acute distress, was all that fell from Hagar as the door closed upon Miss Gregory, who hurled a thunderbolt of indignant outraged virtue upon the surprised pair in the look she bestowed upon them at parting.

Austin flung an oath after her. Her "confounded intrusiveness" would then have been dismissed for ever from his mind as unworthy of recollection, but for Hagar's distress, which was so keen that he felt he must say something to reassure her, and he did so promptly.

For some days past he had been worried by her altered manner. Ignorant as he was of the inner workings of a mind like hers, he knew nothing of the stern repression to which she was subjecting herself. Trying herself, as she always did, by a super-human standard, she was suffering always, more or less, from a sense

unworthiness, arising from unattained victory over evils, real or imaginary.

And now, that she should know her heart to be going out in love to one so far above her, and experience an ecstacy of delight when he kissed her hand, seemed to her, in the stillness of her "corner," where she bared her heart to the scrutiny of God, very like sin, and, therefore, something to be fought with and cast out. It was assuming the form of idolatry in her mind, this terrible human craving to accept love and tenderness from the man whom her care had saved; and because she fancied she was growing to love "too much," she thought that her one duty was to slay the affection and lay her heart upon the altar of sacrifice.

Once or twice, when he had reproached her with unkindness for some refusal to read or sit with him, she had ventured to explain her motives, but imperfectly; for her explanations were an unknown language to one ignorant of the intricacies of a pure girl's heart, especially Hagar's, which held mysteries for him beyond either his discernment or comprehension.

He stung her once by asking if she were studying, by her coldness, to make herself more acceptable. She could not bear his taunts, and determined to deserve them no more. She would read and write for him, and even suffer him to kiss her hands, if he went, thinking that in another fortnight, at latest, he would be off and away; she would then have time enough and to spare for repentance, and could blot out with the tears of a life-time the remembrance of a short month or so of delight.

"I have heard some fellows call love-making easy. By heavens, my experience is that it is the hardest part I ever tried to act," was Austin's mental note of the position. "If the girl were an angel, with millions, she could not be more difficult to reach. At one moment I feel sure of her; her soft, sweet eyes, with their strange, pathetic pleading, tell me all I want to know, and I feel—oh, I feel then that she is an incarnation of all that is worth having in a woman. But the glimpse of sunlight soon passes, and then the devil himself gets hold of her, and turns her into a block of ice. A contradiction that, by the way, for fire is his weakness.

"Yes, she is a puzzle, my—yes, my Hagar. How will it end, I wonder? I long to speak to her, to tell her I love her, that she must be mine, my very own. But when she is near me the words die on my lips, I am afraid to speak, afraid lest I lose her."

This had been the tenor of his mind for some days past. And Miss Gregory had surprised them. He was only kissing

Hagar's hand, it is true, but that may convey a vast amount of unspoken happiness to those who have not words to tell their love.

By the keen distress of Hagar's look and exclamations, however, he knew that a crisis had come, and he roused himself to meet the occasion. She had snatched her hand from him, and now stood waiting in an attitude of entreaty.

Entreaty for what? She could not have told you.

She was as one taken at a disadvantage, knowing not how to escape, and putting out feeble hands to be spared the consequences of an unforeseen calamity.

"What shall you do, Hagar?" said Austin, quoting her question in reply; "simply nothing. D—— the woman, she is not worth thought. Let her alone. I defy her to harm you."

"Ah yes, but she will—she can say all manner of cruel things against me."

"Again I tell you I defy her to do so," he answered, authoritatively. "But you must cease this anxiety and distress. I say you *must*. Hagar, look at me."

She was leaning against the side of the window in a hopeless attitude, and crimson with shame. Her sin, poor child, the sin of allowing herself to accept and bestow the kind services of affection from and upon one in Austin's position (she never for a second supposed he loved her), seemed to call loudly to her now that she had been doing wrong, and must suffer the consequences; so much more timid, very often, and ready for self-reproach, is innocence than guilt. And now, when Austin almost sternly commanded her to look at him, she could not obey, but remained silent.

"Look at me, Hagar," he said again, in a low, earnest, pleading manner, looking up at her from the easy chair in which he was seated.

But she remained silent and downcast. Not so the strife of words in her heart that were deafening her with internal commotion.

Bent upon getting an answer, Austin rose slowly from his chair—he did most things leisurely—and going up to her, took her hand. But she snatched it impatiently from him, exclaiming, "No, no. Let me leave the room, please, Sir. Indeed, I must go. I have been wrong to sit and talk with you, wrong to forget for a moment our relative positions—that you are here in my mother's house, paying for my services, whose duty it is to wait upon you, and that is all. Ah! I have been wrong; now, Sir, I have been punished, and it must cease. I can suffer only let me go."

Before she had time to reach the door Austin had placed himself against it, and stood with his arms folded, in an attitude of determination.

"No, Hagar," he said calmly, "you cannot leave this room until your fate and mine is decided one way or another."

Thus arrested, she stood before him helpless. When he spoke of deciding their fate, a look of fear and anxiety was in her eyes.

"I swore at the woman just now for her intrusion, but I retract all I said. She has done me a service, and made easy what I have found it difficult to bring before your mind, Hagar. We must understand each other once for all. And now, without coldness, or pride, or whatever it is that you have tormented me with, tell me now—no trifling. mind, I am not a man to be trifled with," he said, sternly—"tell me truly, do you love me? Remember, all our lives depend upon your answer."

"Oh, Sir," she cried, trembling violently, "what have you or I to do with love. You, a gentleman; and I, only——"

"Hagar," he interrupted, supplying the definition he preferred. "That is what you are, simply Hagar. Now, once again, I ask you, do you love me?"

"Why should I tell you?" she returned with defiance. "To be mocked at for my pains, if I were so foolish as to say yes, and earn your pity, perhaps your scorn, to say nothing of my own, for the rest of my days. No, I see it all now. In that look Miss Gregory gave me as she closed the door, I read all the good that I could hope for were I ever for a moment to go on forgetting who you are, who I am."

"I have told you that that is my affair, not yours," he answered.

Only by the intense pallor of his face and the scarcely perceptible trembling of his lower lip, could anyone have known what he was feeling; outwardly he seemed so calm, one might almost have said so indifferent. And, surely, never did a lover so woo a girl before. It was not wooing, but demanding, and that impatiently, to know if he were loved. But Austin had never studied in any court of love, and he stood there now with no idle purpose in his mind—a purpose he had no intention, however, of disclosing until he was assured by the girl, from her own lips, and the necessity of her nature, that she loved him well enough to tell him so, in defiance of every consideration, and could, if need be, leave all for his sake. Such love as this he could understand and believe in, and worship. Once assured from her own lips that she possessed this for him, then, and then only, should she know

why he had questioned her rather than declare himself. first of all, for his own imperious satisfaction, she must stand the test he demanded. It was for him, no less than for her, the supreme moment. Their whole future depended upon her answer.

And now she stood before him trembling and defiant. He, calm and waiting.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" he asked, after a pause.

"Yes, Sir, listen to me," she pleaded. "You said to me the other day that you never read your Bible, that since you were a boy you had not looked into it, so perhaps you have forgotten where it tells how Satan once tempted Christ. Oh, Sir, do you know that as I see you there standing before me, asking me a question, I feel as if—as if—" she stammered, her voice trembling with agitation—"as if I, too, now know the real meaning of that awful word—temptation. Oh, Sir, pity me; don't question me any more. Only let me go."

She held out her hands imploringly to him, but he was resolute and immovable. Her very entreaty was an admission, he said, and answered him sufficiently for his purpose in one sense; but he must conquer her, or lose her.

"Yes, Hagar, I will open the door and let you pass out of this room, and my sight for ever, if you can look up into my face, and say to me truthfully, as you would to your God in your prayers—I know you pray a great deal, and people don't will to lie when they pray—if you can so look in my face and say, 'Roland Austin I do *not* love you,' then, Hagar, I will open the door and free you. I am not a scoundrel. I know nothing of your religion; but I am a man of honour and a gentleman. My promises are as sacred from harm in my eyes as if you were my sister."

By this time Hagar's agitation had turned into sobs, and she was crying. Did they touch him, or what, that his tone changed gradually from command to assurance, from assurance to entreaty as he said, after another short pause, during which she stood brooding and irresolute:

"And now, Hagar, can you say it, that you do not love me? Oh, you know you can't! You could not break my heart by wounding your own by saying what is not true. Hagar, my own, darling, speak to me."

"Oh, how cruel you are!" she sobbed, "to try me like this. It would not so distress you."

"I must know it—the truth from your own lips—without proof of any kind," he murmured. "If I am cruel, as you seem

to you who would have been sorry to lose you. Most people have someone. I suppose your cousin, Sir, who wrote to you and sent the telegram, he would have been sorry enough for you," she added in a lighter tone; "and he speaks, in his letter that I read to you this morning, of your mother. And you asked for her when you were ill."

"And was it only for their sakes you cared to see me live?"

"We should care to do our best for all our fellow-creatures," she answered. "But I must not be standing talking to you, Sir. You have eaten nothing. I must go down and prepare you something fresh, or the doctor will scold us for starving you."

"I am feasting now, girl. I have been so hungry for days. You can give me no better food."

"Than what, Sir?" she asked, surprised.

"Than this," he said, taking her hands and pressing them to his lips.

She started up half-frightened, a bright red blush spreading over her face.

"Oh, Sir!" she pleaded reproachfully, striving to get free; but he held her hands too forcibly.

"Don't fear me, Hagar," he cried; "on my honour as a gentleman, I will never, never harm you. Only trust me. Be kind to me. God knows I will repay you," he pleaded mournfully.

"I want no payment, Sir!" she cried, with tears in her eyes, for his appeal had touched and disarmed her. "I have been very glad to serve you, Sir, and I will do all I can to be of use to you still."

"Do you mean that, Hagar?" he asked, looking at her solemnly.

"Yes, Sir, indeed I do."

"Then stay with me now, and don't strive to free yourself if I kiss your hands again, child. I will never harm you, as God is my judge. Do you believe me, and trust me?"

"Yes, Sir," she murmured, trembling.

"And you won't be proud, or cold, or shy with me any more?"

"I'll try not to be, Sir, if it displeases you."

"Your answer is cold, Hagar."

"I must not forget what I am, Sir."

"Forget it when you are with me. To me you seem a high-born lady. Your face, your hands," taking up one he held, "your voice, all show me that nature made you one: I forget everything else but that when I see you. I have not learnt your face by heart,

But the tormentor, conscience, here tripped her up, whispering "Idolatry!" For once, however, she boldly claimed her own the tyrant: determined to accept the exquisite gift of love and honour that had been so unexpectedly given to her.

If it were "Idolatry," it now only sharpened her perception. Perfect as the present moment seemed, she would not prolong it, his sake.

"You must sit down now, and keep quiet," she said; "remember you are still so invalid under my care. Always under my care now," she whispered, as she led him, looking and feeling exhausted to the easy chair.

"And why would you not answer me at first?" he asked, as sipped the wine she had poured out for him.

"Oh, why!" she murmured, ponderingly; "because I fear to wrong you—to wrong myself. Are you quite sure even now after all that has been said, that you will never repent your generosity?" she pleaded.

"If I do, I shall regret the only good thing I have reason to be grateful for in my life. Understand me, Hagar. I am cursed or blessed, whichever way you may like to look at it with, with faults, or virtues—pride and determination. I was determined to make you tell me you loved me for myself alone, before I held to you one single inducement, such as might tempt meaner women to say so. But believing you to be a true woman among women such an one as I always felt I could love if I ever found her none but the highest place a man can give you is good enough for you, and that from me you shall have. You are the first I suppose you are the last woman I shall ever love. As a class have avoided them: and don't imagine that any other girl in your place would have had the power to touch me as you have. You might have nursed me night and day, or have saved my life, even ten times over; but that would not have made me feel anything for her, unless she had been Hagar, someone quite alone and unapproachable by anyone I have ever seen before. It has not been your doing that has brought me mine; but that strange thing called 'chance,' which plays odd tricks with everyone sometimes, has brought us together, because we have met each other. As my wife, no breath of scorn can touch you, poor girl; so did I not say truly that I defied Miss Gregor to hurt you?"

"But she will have told mother. May I not explain?" asked Hagar, in a low voice.

"Not yet," said Austin, decisively, after he had considered for a few seconds.

But neither Miss Gregory nor Hagar had any need to inform Mrs. Sarah, who at that moment moved slowly away from the outside of the door, against which Austin had placed himself when extracting the confession of her love from Hagar.

For some days past Mrs. Sarah had been speculating silently on the probable good to be derived from so much reading, writing, and talking as went on between Hagar and the "sick party." She was keen and wary, and most on the alert to scent mischief where Hagar suspected none. If it were likely to turn out well for the girl, then she was not going to be a fool and stand in her light; but if "my gentleman" was only a trifler, then Mrs. Sarah was ready to come to the front armed with all a mother's wrath to defend her child.

On this account she thought it advisable, when she heard the front door give a slam, as much as to say there was mischief going on, and found that Miss Gregory had gone without so much as a word, or taking a thing,—it was then that Mrs. Sarah thought it advisable to mount the stairs with the tread of a cat, to hear or see all that she could of what was going on.

Her ear was to the key-hole, and she heard all that passed, only moving away as Hagar's last question warned her to retreat before she was discovered.

Satisfied with what she had heard, she came down-stairs with the same slow cat-like tread, and busied herself in the kitchen, so that Hagar should not suspect her of knowing anything that had just taken place. But she paused once in her work as if struck by a sudden thought, and exclaimed to herself: "Bless my heart! there's my dream out. There's the gallows I saw, and sure enough my dream is come true. Hagar's to be a lady, a lady!! Ha, ha! Old Nick, you thought to gain the day, did ye, and crush the poor child's life for ever with that bad day's work. But ye see, ye didn't bargain for havin' to do with Sarah Mullocks. I vowed then I'd be even with ye, and I've *done* ye at last! Hagar a lady!"

After thus apostrophising the Evil One, surely Mrs. Sarah ought not to have complained at being likened to a witch.

CHAPTER IX.

HAGAR HAS AN IDEA.

"The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation."

WHY is it, or rather, what a pity it is, that we must always pay for our moments of exaltation by reaction which involves a

corresponding amount of depression. But to ascend the mountain and survey from thence the glories of the world, necessitates also a descent.

This now, morally speaking, was the case with Austin. He had reached a height of feeling, of which, but for the peculiar circumstances of his illness, he might have remained for ever ignorant. Suffering as he was from that lassitude which attends all convalescence, and far removed from all companionship that could make light of his emotions, he yielded only too readily to the influences by which he was surrounded. Eagerly longing for the climax, he had now gained the assurance he desired. "The girl he loved, loved him, and in return he meant to marry her. She was worth it, worth the sacrifice. Yes, worth the *sacrifice*," he echoed.

Such was his thought when, with his head upon his pillow, and sleep far from his eyes, he recalled the events of the day.

But now with that unlucky word "sacrifice," came the inevitable reaction, and he began to count the cost. For let a man be ever so much in love, love is, after all, but a fragment of his life, ranking often below his ambition or his interest, and sometimes below his duty.

And now what a formidable array of objections sat like giants upon his heart, and whispered their suggestions into his ear. It was the old story, as hackneyed as the hills—a man falling in love with the woman who had nursed him. What more natural, justifiable, nay inevitable, when the nurse was at once both pretty and tender! All very delightful this, so long as it lasted. Still, a few more weeks would see him no longer a prisoner tied to a sick room, but a man at large, a man whom all the men he knew looked upon as a "good fellow." Austin knew he bore this reputation in his regiment and at his clubs, he was member of three or four. How would it be when his friends heard that he was married!

"Austin a married man!" About the last thing any of them would credit him with. He could hear them, he thought, talking about it, and could see the smile of contemptuous pity they gave him when they heard that he, of all men, had "gone and made a fool of himself." For, to marry, among his set, was to join, not the noble "army of martyrs," but the ignoble legion of asses. This would occur were he to marry wealthy Dora Ascott, his cousin, pleading, in extenuation of his conduct, "family property and the claims of posterity." But when he heard the world that knew him asking each other, "And *who* has Austin married?" Then no

Hagar, interrupting the train of his reflections. She had stood apart while he was eating his omelette, waiting, until he had finished, to carry away the tray. "Shall I take it away?" she now asked.

"Yes, and thanks. I have enjoyed it more than anything I have yet eaten," he answered languidly, scarcely looking at her as he spoke.

"His manner is changed," thought Hagar, sensitive to painfulness and ready for self-torment. "Have I vexed him? Have I been forward? What shall I do?"

As she was carrying away the tray she met the doctor, whom Mrs. Sarah was showing up.

"Ah! my good little Hagar," he cried cheerily, "you deserve a diploma, you take such good care of your patient; and how has he been going on?"

"You must judge, Sir, when you see him; a little better now, I think."

"A good move, capital!" exclaimed the doctor, walking into the room, and seeing Austin on the sofa. "We shall soon have you off the sick list at this rate."

After the usual enquiries were over, the doctor complimented him on a radical cure.

"Well, I have to thank you for it. It was a near touch for me, was it not?"

"Well, yes; I made sure, one night, I should never see you alive again. But I can't take all the credit. You, a military man, know that a good general is nothing without an efficient staff; and without the good nursing you have had, I am afraid you would have slipped through my fingers."

"Yes, they have been very attentive. I hope the old woman will take care that I am duly grateful," returned Austin; "I am prepared to be so when settling day comes."

"Ah, my dear Sir, I am sure of that. By the way, there is a lady most anxious for your recovery," said the doctor, changing the conversation.

"A lady—didn't know I knew one!" answered Austin, shortly.

"Not know a lady? Come, now, that is giving yourself too bad a character."

"Or the ladies. It cuts both ways, you'll find."

"Ah, not in this case. Miss Gregory, the lady in question, has done you a service: you are occupying her rooms."

"And she is anxious I should turn out of them as soon as

possible, I suppose, which I am not prepared to do ; so beg her to take the best she can find in the place at my expense."

"Don't rush to conclusions ; you misunderstand altogether," said the doctor, thinking it a good symptom, though unpleasant, that his patient was so cross-grained. "Miss Gregory is my wife's guest at present, but it seems she takes an interest in you."

"An interest in me ! How awful !" exclaimed Austin, with a grimace of impatience.

"Yes, your name is familiar to her. She knows a cousin of yours—the one who telegraphed to you when you were ill."

"Oh, of course ; that is the woman Drummond wrote about."

"Mr. Drummond—the same—is he coming to see you ? There could be no objection to his doing so ; in fact, a little society now would promote cheerfulness, and that would assist recovery," said the doctor, in his most professional manner. "What do you say ?"

"I'll think about it. Drummond is away on the moors now, shooting to his soul's content. It would be a shame to drag him away."

"Miss Gregory seems to think he is only too anxious to come and look after you."

"Perhaps she wants to look after him," suggested Austin cynically. "She'll find him the hardest shot she ever tried to bring down."

"It is about time she brought down some one," said the doctor with a twinkle in his eye. "She has been making frantic efforts to do so for years ; and, by George ! Sir, if she don't succeed soon, in my belief she'll—she'll——"

"Now for something dreadful," said Austin, with a smile.

"Go in for the *Matrimonial News*, Sir !" whispered the doctor ominously.

"And what may her age be, if it's a fair question ?"

"The near side of forty, I should say," replied the doctor, holding his round cleft chin in his substantial fingers meditatively.

"Excellent !"

"What is ?" inquired the doctor with surprise.

"Her age. She'll just do for Jasper, unless you like to propose to her to come back to her apartments and look after me. I have no objection—you have just recommended cheerful society—so send Miss Gregory to take Jasper's place."

"I shouldn't like to provoke her, for it's my belief she'd do it, and talk like a sister of mercy afterwards. She's a caution, and no mistake ; but your suggestion reminds me that she is only waiting

for your permission to come and get some things that she wants, which are packed away in this or the next room."

"By all means! Then I shall see her. Oh, doctor, you have given me an inducement to recover!" cried Austin, in so dubious a tone that good Dr. Jameson, ready as he was to enter into a joke, took his leave without knowing quite if his patient were in jest or not.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS GREGORY IS SHOCKED.

"I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot."

DR. JAMESON'S house, in the chief street of Hillington, was one of those irregular buildings that had grown with the prosperity of its owner. It did not face the road, as originally it had been surrounded by a garden and situated outside the town, but the town had crept up to meet it, and the road on which it stood became in time a street, and the west end of Hillington. The doctor had, therefore, to throw out a covered way from the side of his house to his garden-wall, in order to bring his front door and brass plate to the notice of the public. Every seven or ten years, as the doctor's circumstances had increased, the house had had a wing or a room or a story added, until now both the doctor and his house had become so well proportioned in point of size, that they were looked upon in Hillington as respectable institutions, second only to the church, the schools, the jail, or the hospital.

If the doctor reminded one of John Bull, his wife might have posed for Britannia. Tall, commanding both in speech and figure, handsome, and defying time to make her otherwise, was Mrs. Jameson. Keeping pace, too, with the fashions, save in the matter of her hair, which was never bechignonned, or frizzled, or puffed, but worn in long straight bands upon her long thin cheeks, which would have looked unclothed without them, and gave dignity to her imposing presence. For wherever Mrs. Jameson went she was a person to be observed. Hillington without her would have resembled a copper coin of the realm without the effigy of her prototype. Only, in justice to Mrs. Jameson, it must be said that she was rather more alive to the claims of clothing than Britannia, as she rustled about generally in the richest of silks.

The doctor had married her because he loved her, of course; that goes without saying. But he had also thought that she would make

an admirable mother for a nursery full of young children with which he was left, a widower, years ago. She had other advantages, being a woman of good connections, the daughter of a colonel in the army, and having a little independence of her own, all of which were valuable helps to the doctor at that time, and always; much of his subsequent success was due to her good general position in society.

This she cultivated for him, entertaining the best people of Hillington at her well-appointed dinner-table, and they in return confided their gout and dyspepsias to the doctor's keeping. In the mass of society she received at sundry small parties, and at an annual ball, which was always one of the social events of Hillington. Together with the county, the race, the hunt, and the bachelors' ball, it helped to promote the trade of the town; and for a month before it came off, Mrs. Jameson was the most sought after and popular of women, and the doctor's sick list was at its heaviest from small ailments. It is true many sniggled and laughed, and called the coming ball "the doctor's mixture"; but they would have been much confounded had they been forgotten as a component part in the dose.

Mrs. Jameson had not disappointed the doctor's expectations. She had made him the best of step-mothers for his children, none of whom have we now to do, except with the youngest, Nellie. The rest were all out in the world, married and otherwise provided for. Only Nellie was left, the pet and tyrant of the house, acknowledged to be the most incorrigible flirt in Hillington. In every regiment that had been quartered in the town for the last years, Nellie had had a lover. It was reported that she was engaged to Richardson, of the Reds, a brother-officer of Austin's; but no one believed in Nellie's steadfastness. They only looked upon the reigning man as they did on a ruling minister, in power so long that he was not voted out.

She had no regular beauty to boast of, and less education; books and studies she had abhorred from her childhood upward. But she had a pair of bright eyes, a good figure, and she danced and dined well.

Her manner was fearless and almost childish, enabling her to say daring things with a grace that made them excusable. Reverence of any kind was a virtue of which she was destitute.

"What has become of Miss Gregory?" she asked, coming into the drawing-room, dressed ready for dinner, Mrs. Jameson being there already.

"She will be down presently, I suppose. Dear me, how tired

feel. She has been sitting at home all the afternoon, saying she **was** going every moment, and never doing so. I have been having a long history of the Gregories, regular family chronicles; I know nothing more fatiguing."

"That was not so good as the story I had yesterday of her **swee-e-t** dresses," cried Nellie, imitating their guest, who could never speak without a gush of superlatives. "I was let into the secret of the blue silk. It had belonged to a Countess, who had given it to her lady's maid, who had sold it to a buyer, who had sold it to Miss Gregory, who wears it. I declare it reads like the story of the house that Jack built."

"It is too bad of us to laugh at her," said Mrs. Jameson, feeling reproof was necessary, if useless.

"I cannot help it, she is the greatest fun I have ever had. If you only could have seen her the other night at the theatre. We were sitting in the next box to Colonel Mannering. He is a bachelor, you know, and when I told her this she was so delighted that she kept admiring him all the evening. At last she whispered to me. 'Ah, Nellie, wouldn't it be de-e-e-lightful, now, to be sitting opposite to a man like that at one's own fireside.'"

"Poor soul! and very natural, too, I am sure," said Mrs. Jameson, laughing heartily at the inimitable mimicry of her graceless step-child, "But, hush now, I hear her coming. Do be serious."

Bustling into the room came Miss Gregory, full of apologies, and hoping she was not too late. A short, square, sharp-featured dark-haired little woman, whose age was concealed by a certain attempt at juvenility of dress and manner. To hear her speak was like reading a letter—a lady's, of course—in which every second word is singly, doubly, or trebly dashed, to express her positive, comparative, and superlative feelings about everything.

"So, so glad I have not kept you waiting, de-e-ar Mrs. Jameson—and the doctor, has he come in yet? and dear Nellie, what has she been doing with herself this afternoon?"

"I went to hear the band of the new regiment play—nothing to be compared to the dear old Reds," said Nelly.

"Captain Austin's regiment—do you know the last accounts of him?" (to Mrs. Jameson). Miss Gregory rarely ever waited for a reply. "Dear, dear, I am so interested in the poor young man! In my apartments, too; only fancy, dear Nelly, how romantic!" sighed Miss Gregory, leaving the romance to be imagined on a large scale by the sentimental expression she threw into her face.

"Dear fellow," she continued, "I hear he is superb. You should see his cousin Drummond: I met him at Lady Ascott's, an aunt of Captain Austin's, wife of Sir John Ascott, a first cousin of my mother's."

The ramifications of Miss Gregory's relationships were as endless as a modern railway chart; it was Nelly's private opinion that directly or indirectly she was first cousin to the world.

"Mr. Drummond was staying in the house when I was there, and, oh dear me!" giving a short laugh, "he pretends to hate ladies, but I was determined he shouldn't hate *me*, dear"—to Nelly. "You know a woman can always have her own way if she likes, and I made him, positively *made* him, talk to me. A tall, surly, middle-aged, cross-grained old darling! I wish you could see him."

"I shouldn't have had your success, you'd bewitch anybody," said Nelly, slyly.

"Flattering puss," cried Miss Gregory, doubtful, yet delighted.

"Did you say he was Captain Austin's cousin?" asked Mrs. Jameson.

"Yes, they are related on the father's side. He is his father's first cousin. Mrs. Drummond was a Miss Austin, an elder sister of Captain Austin's father, who married one of the Miss Locksleys, daughters of old Lord Locksley, all great beauties in their day. But their father was such a gambler on the turf that the girls were all but dowerless. Still, they married well, at least Lady Ascott did, and Mrs. Austin, who married Gerald Austin of Riversdale, a younger son of Lord Roland, and his uncle's heir, who left him the fine estate which Captain Austin has now come into. Lord Locksley had other daughters, one or two—he had no sons—I am sure I don't know who the other girls married, army or naval men, and one died."

"What a memory you have, Miss Gregory!" said Mrs. Jameson to whom these chronicles were tedious.

"My dear mother knew them all," continued Miss Gregory, spurred on by the supposed compliment to her recollection. "She has often told me long stories about the old Lord Locksley, how proud he was, how unforgiving, and how frightened his girls were of him."

The annals of the Austin family might never have ceased had not the doctor, for whom they had been waiting, hurried into the room, and, offering his arm to the chronicler, took her down-stairs to dinner.

"And how is he?" was her first inquiry when seated.

"I suppose you mean Austin? Doing admirably, I am glad to say, thanks to the best little nurse I ever had for a patient—Hagar. I think of taking her on my staff altogether."

"Impossible! I can't spare her," said Miss Gregory. "I assure you it is Hagar that keeps me with Mrs. Mullocks, I find her so useful. I would like to have her altogether, but the mother is foolish and selfish, I think, quite spoiling the girl's prospects, for, of course, with me the girl would have opportunities of seeing the world she will never have where she is. She is just the sort of girl I could take about when travelling, as she is not given to finery and quite modest in her manners," added Miss Gregory, patronisingly.

"Will Captain Austin soon be well enough to come and dine with us?" asked Nelly.

"In about a fortnight's time he ought to be able to go out; dining out is another matter," said the doctor, beginning his dinner.

"Ah! we must make him."

"I don't think Austin is a man who could be made to do anything he did not wish to do. He is a funny fellow."

"They are a strange family," said Miss Gregory. "You had better let me go and see him," she urged, with an attempt at naïveté that was grotesque. "I am bound to go, Doctor, there are some things in my room I positively require. And then, his Aunt having married my cousin, Sir John Ascott, makes him almost a relative. I feel it almost a duty to show him some kindness."

"He will make no objection, I dare say," returned the doctor, smiling. "I am sure I should not, if a pretty young lady were to offer to come and see me."

"Fie, bad man," cried the pretty young lady so addressed, blushing, and holding up her finger deprecatingly.

"Take him some books to read," suggested Nellie; "then you can offer to read aloud to him. Sister-of-mercy to a handsome man! Just the situation of all others I should love to fill!" cried the girl, with a saucy smile at Miss Gregory.

"Hagar is before-hand there," risked the doctor, incautiously, enjoying his daughter's badinage, which he knew was being levelled at their old-young-lady guest.

"Hagar!" exclaimed Miss Gregory. "Does she read aloud to him?" (She knew from experience how well Hagar could read.)

"Reads and writes for him, of course."

"Now, I call that downright aggravating," said Nellie, greatly enjoying the look of concern upon Miss Gregory's face.

"I think it very wrong of Mrs. Mullocks to allow her daughter to be so familiarly attentive to a gentleman."

"But then, girls in her position can do what neither you Nelly could," suggested Mrs. Jameson, soothingly.

"Oh, you needn't bother your heads about Hagar," said the doctor, bluntly. "She knows how to take care of herself. She is a rock of virtue."

"Yes, Papa always sticks up for Hagar," remarked Nellie. "I am quite curious to see this rock of propriety a little nearer."

"Talking of your wanting to get some of your things out of Austin's rooms, Miss Gregory," said the doctor, "I must not forget to tell you that he wished me to assure you that you need not to consider him in the least, but to come when you please and take what you require. What shall I say to him? It would be fair to take him unawares. When will you go?"

"I must leave that to Mrs. Jameson," said Miss Gregory. She felt that to make such a call she would require the guardianship of a chaperone.

"Oh, you could go alone, I think," said the doctor; "Mrs. Mullocks will be in the house."

"Impossible!" she cried. "You heard what Mrs. Jameson said only a moment ago, about girls in our position," an allusion which had not missed its mark.

"Well, no, perhaps not," returned the doctor, pondering, restraining the corners of his mouth from expanding into a laugh. "My wife had better go with you."

"By all means," said Mrs. Jameson. "I am ready to go with you like, after this week. Supposing we say next Wednesday?"

"Now, I call that tiresome," laughed Nellie. "I am engaged that day; but I am sure you are not sorry. You want to have the fun to yourself. Now, mind how you behave. I think your good fortune is too great. You are sure to make a conquest of him then," whispering, "I'll be your brides-maid."

"Absurd girl, do be quiet," said Miss Gregory, blushing with juvenility again, while Mrs. Jameson was on thorns at Nellie's daring. But Miss Gregory had far too good an opinion of herself to suppose that any quizzing could be applicable to her. She took all that Nellie said in good part, because she felt it was so possible. Her maiden career had reached a stage that, when seriously considered, made her desperate; and she resolved to entertain with tender hospitality the very first offer of marriage that she could

get. But she was no believer in social miracles. She knew that unless she made an effort she could not expect a man to come forward. So she studied the laws of opportunity, and never lost a chance for want of courage to grasp it.

It seems intrusive to venture into her chamber, and pry into the mysteries of her toilette; but, impertinent as it may be, it is amusing.

How carefully she dressed herself on the following Wednesday to pay the interesting visit, with Mrs. Jameson as her protector. From its many folds of tissue paper, she drew forth her best bonnet, and placed it becomingly on her head. A quantity of white tulle hid her neck, just a very little rouge—the material of which was always carefully concealed under lock and key—gave her a requisite amount of colour.

Nobody inveighed louder than Miss Gregory against women who “painted.” She scorned them as she scorned everything not rigidly orthodox. But not a little of her condemnation won its strength from envy, when she saw how her handsomer sisters cheated time by the help of art. As years increased, and her chances of matrimony grew desperate, she went over to the enemy secretly, and borrowed their wiles.

“You look prepared for conquest,” exclaimed the irrepressible Nellie, when Miss Gregory, conscious of having put on all her war-paint, came into the room, looking youthful.

“Don’t forget now, that you are to act the part of sister-of-mercy. You must go armed with a nice good book. Here is the very one, *Ernest Maltravers*. Nothing could be more appropriate,” cried the madcap, snatching the volume from the table.

“Oh, shocking! It is quite a bad book. I never read it,” whispered Miss Gregory.

“Then how can you tell that it is a bad book?”

“I mean, I was never allowed to read it.”

“How wicked you must be!” laughed Nelly. “Now, do you know that I am so downright good that there is not a book I can’t and don’t read—a novel I mean—I wouldn’t give you a fig for anything else. Of a good novel or a good sermon, give me the novel. I remember the one, I can’t the other.”

“Oh, Nelly!”

“It is a fact. I’ve told Mr. Roberts, the clergyman, so, scores of times, and I think he half agrees with me. In the one case a man talks for half an hour, and tells you not to do this, that, or the other. In the other, you have the men and women painted up for you, and you learn to hate their bad actions and like their good.

That's the sermon I like best. Hurrah for novels! Are you going to take *Ernest Maltravers*, you had better; or dear, darling *Jane Eyre*? Dear me! How I fell in love with Rochester. But I am quite sure that was because he was in a book. Were he but a real live flesh-and-blood man, I should hate his ugliness and his rude rough ways. Did you ever read *Jane Eyre*, now?"

"What are you going on about, Nelly?" said Mrs. Jameson rustling in in her handsomest silk. "Do be quiet. You talk and talk, and such nonsense. I am afraid you are tired of waiting for Miss Gregory. But I am ready now, if you are. Shall we go? You, Nelly, are due at Mrs. Roberts', are you not?"

"Yes, to give her a dose of wonders. How she will screw her eyes, and shake her hands, when I tell her where you have gone to, Miss Gregory."

"Oh, say nothing about it, dear! oblige me," exclaimed Miss Gregory. "I want some things, you know, that is all. It is only a visit."

"I can't promise," was all the tease said, as they drove away.

"Don't you think, now that I have taken you so far, that you can get what you want without me?" said Mrs. Jameson, as the carriage drove up to the door of No. 7.

"As you please, dear," said Miss Gregory, who secretly preferred to execute her mission unaccompanied. Only appearances were dear to her, respectability dearer. In neither instance could her action be impugned, sanctioned as it was by both the doctor and his wife. So she did not press Mrs. Jameson to descend. Still, it was as well to leave her with a last impression that put the propriety of the matter beyond misinterpretation. So, before stepping out of the carriage, she said demurely:

"I am not going to call upon him, you know. I am only going to get one or two things which Mrs. Mullocks will send for me to your house."

"Of course, I quite understand," said Mrs. Jameson, nodding assuringly. "I will amuse myself with my book until you come back. Don't hurry yourself."

Mrs. Sarah opened the door to her "permanint" parlour, receiving her most graciously. The door closed upon them, and Mrs. Jameson took up her book.

She had not read many pages, when, to her surprise, the front door was opened again, and Miss Gregory came out, slamming after her in her agitation or indignation. Stepping into the carriage, she hurriedly requested it might drive on.

"What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Jameson, seeing that Miss Gregory was trembling with some unusual excitement.

"You did not pay a very long visit."

"Visit! I never went to pay a visit. I went to get some *things*! After what I have witnessed, I cannot possibly return to that house again. What that old fool, Mrs. Mullocks, means by it, I don't know. It's shameful!"

"Dear me! you quite interest me. What can have happened to shock you?"

"Shocked! I should think so," exclaimed Miss Gregory, with ominous head-shakes and exclamations that insinuated unutterable things.

At last, coming nearer to the point, she whispered:

"I never felt more scandalised in my life! Something very wrong is going on, I am sure. It ought not to be allowed to continue; and, what is more, it must not. What would his family think? The doctor must speak to Mrs. Mullocks, and I shall consider it my duty to inform Mr. Drummond."

"What about?"

"Captain Austin's goings on with Hagar, of course."

"My dear! what are you thinking of!" exclaimed Mrs. Jameson. "You must not attempt to interfere."

"Oh yes, I can! I will write to his aunt, Lady Ascott, then. You don't know what a pass things are come to."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," suggested Mrs. Jameson.

"Mistaken! The evidence of one's eyes may be relied upon, I think."

"But what did you see?" urged Mrs. Jameson. The inquiry was growing interesting.

"Well, I was going up to my sitting-room. The doctor, it seems, had forgotten to say I was coming."

"Just like him," remarked his wife.

"However, Mrs. Mullocks told me it was all right, and that I could go up and get what I wanted. I thought Captain Austin was in the back-room or down-stairs, so I went straight on to my own sitting-room in the front. Both doors were closed. I walked on, of course, and opened the door of my room, which I expected to find empty, and I went in!"

Here Miss Gregory paused, and more shakings of both head and hands were employed to supply her lack of expression. Mrs. Jameson was rigid with curiosity.

"Well," she said, "and what did you see? Captain Austin, I suppose, was in there?"

"Very much in there," interrupted Miss Gregory. "Yes, was in there, and so was Hagar."

"Is that all?" cried Mrs. Jameson. "Why, the doctor told you she read and wrote for him."

"Then all this reading and writing is doing her no good," whispered Miss Gregory, mysteriously, "and it must be stopped. I should not like you to say what I had witnessed, but I hope you will give the doctor a hint. Imagine, when I opened the door, there was Captain Austin in my arm-chair, my own arm-chair that was my poor mother's; Hagar was standing by his side, and, will you believe it?—I saw it with my own eyes, otherwise I could not have credited it—he had her hand held to his lips and kissing it, positively kissing it!"

"But that is not the worst part of it, although it is bad enough," exclaimed Miss Gregory, pausing to gather strength for the first stroke of astonishment.

"There stood Hagar, as bold as brass, taking it all as a matter of course, and actually allowing him to kiss her hands. I positively believe she encouraged him! After this, I should never forgive myself if I were to neglect to acquaint his family."

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS HIDDEN PURPOSE.

" Now she is fixed
Firm in my heart, by secret vows made there."

"WHAT shall I do! What shall I do!" uttered at first passionately, then in accents of acute distress, was all that fell from Hagar as the door closed upon Miss Gregory, who hurled a thunderbolt of indignant outraged virtue upon the surprised pair in the look she bestowed upon them at parting.

Austin flung an oath after her. Her "confounded intrusiveness" would then have been dismissed for ever from his mind as unworthy of recollection, but for Hagar's distress, which was keen that he felt he must say something to reassure her, and he did so promptly.

For some days past he had been worried by her altered manner. Ignorant as he was of the inner workings of a mind like hers, he knew nothing of the stern repression to which she was subjecting herself. Trying herself, as she always did, by a super-human standard, she was suffering always, more or less, from a sense

unworthiness, arising from unattained victory over evils, real or imaginary.

And now, that she should know her heart to be going out in love to one so far above her, and experience an ecstasy of delight when he kissed her hand, seemed to her, in the stillness of her "corner," where she bared her heart to the scrutiny of God, very like sin, and, therefore, something to be fought with and cast out. It was assuming the form of idolatry in her mind, this terrible human craving to accept love and tenderness from the man whom her care had saved; and because she fancied she was growing to love "too much," she thought that her one duty was to slay the affection and lay her heart upon the altar of sacrifice.

Once or twice, when he had reproached her with unkindness for some refusal to read or sit with him, she had ventured to explain her motives, but imperfectly; for her explanations were an unknown language to one ignorant of the intricacies of a pure girl's heart, especially Hagar's, which held mysteries for him beyond either his discernment or comprehension.

He stung her once by asking if she were studying, by her coldness, to make herself more acceptable. She could not bear his taunts, and determined to deserve them no more. She would read and write for him, and even suffer him to kiss her hands, if he must, thinking that in another fortnight, at latest, he would be off and away; she would then have time enough and to spare for repentance, and could blot out with the tears of a life-time the remembrance of a short month or so of delight.

"I have heard some fellows call love-making easy. By heavens, my experience is that it is the hardest part I ever tried to act," was Austin's mental note of the position. "If the girl were an heiress, with millions, she could not be more difficult to reach. At one moment I feel sure of her; her soft, sweet eyes, with their strange, pathetic pleading, tell me all I want to know, and I feel—oh, I feel then that she is an incarnation of all that is worth having in a woman. But the glimpse of sunlight soon passes, and then the devil himself gets hold of her, and turns her into a block of ice. A contradiction that, by the way, for fire is *his* weakness.

"Yes, she is a puzzle, my—yes, *my* Hagar. How will it end, I wonder? I long to speak to her, to tell her I love her, that she must be mine, my very own. But when she is near me the words die on my lips, I am afraid to speak, afraid lest I lose her."

This had been the tenour of his mind for some days past. And now Miss Gregory had surprised them. He was only kissing

Hagar's hand, it is true, but that may convey a vast amount unspoken happiness to those who have not words to tell the love.

By the keen distress of Hagar's look and exclamations, however he knew that a crisis had come, and he roused himself to meet the occasion. She had snatched her hand from him, and now stood waiting in an attitude of entreaty.

Entreaty for what? She could not have told you.

She was as one taken at a disadvantage, knowing not how to escape, and putting out feeble hands to be spared the consequences of an unforeseen calamity.

"What shall you do, Hagar?" said Austin, quoting her question in reply; "simply nothing. D—— the woman, she is not worth thought. Let her alone. I defy her to harm you."

"Ah yes, but she will—she can say all manner of cruel things against me."

"Again I tell you I defy her to do so," he answered, authoritatively. "But you must cease this anxiety and distress. I say you *must*. Hagar, look at me."

She was leaning against the side of the window in a hopeless attitude, and crimson with shame. Her sin, poor child, the sin of allowing herself to accept and bestow the kind services of affection from and upon one in Austin's position (she never for a second supposed he loved her), seemed to call loudly to her now that she had been doing wrong, and must suffer the consequences; so much more timid, very often, and ready for self-reproach, is innocence than guilt. And now, when Austin almost sternly commanded her to look at him, she could not obey, but remained silent.

"Look at me, Hagar," he said again, in a low, earnest, pleading manner, looking up at her from the easy chair in which he was seated.

But she remained silent and downcast. Not so the strife of voices in her heart that were deafening her with internal commotion.

Bent upon getting an answer, Austin rose slowly from his chair—he did most things leisurely—and going up to her, took her hand. But she snatched it impatiently from him, exclaiming "No, no. Let me leave the room, please, Sir. Indeed, I *must* go. I have been wrong to sit and talk with you, wrong to forget for a moment our relative positions—that you are here in my mother's house, paying for my services, whose duty it is to wait upon you, and that is all. Ah! I have been wrong; but now, Sir, I have been punished, and it must cease. I can suffer only let me go."

Before she had time to reach the door Austin had placed himself against it, and stood with his arms folded, in an attitude of determination.

"No, Hagar," he said calmly, "you cannot leave this room until your fate and mine is decided one way or another."

Thus arrested, she stood before him helpless. When he spoke of deciding their fate, a look of fear and anxiety was in her eyes.

"I swore at the woman just now for her intrusion, but I retract all I said. She has done me a service, and made easy what I have found it difficult to bring before your mind, Hagar. We must understand each other once for all. And now, without coldness, or pride, or whatever it is that you have tormented me with, tell me now—no trifling, mind, I am not a man to be trifled with," he said, sternly—"tell me truly, do you love me? Remember, all our lives depend upon your answer."

"Oh, Sir," she cried, trembling violently, "what have you or I to do with love. You, a gentleman; and I, only——"

"Hagar," he interrupted, supplying the definition he preferred. "That is what you are, simply Hagar. Now, once again, I ask you, do you love me?"

"Why should I tell you?" she returned with defiance. "To be mocked at for my pains, if I were so foolish as to say yes, and earn your pity, perhaps your scorn, to say nothing of my own, for the rest of my days. No, I see it all now. In that look Miss Gregory gave me as she closed the door, I read all the good that I could hope for were I ever for a moment to go on forgetting who you are, who I am."

"I have told you that that is my affair, not yours," he answered.

Only by the intense pallor of his face and the scarcely perceptible trembling of his lower lip, could anyone have known what he was feeling; outwardly he seemed so calm, one might almost have said so indifferent. And, surely, never did a lover so woo a girl before. It was not wooing, but demanding, and that imperiously, to know if he were loved. But Austin had never studied in any court of love, and he stood there now with no idle purpose in his mind—a purpose he had no intention, however, of disclosing until he was assured by the girl, from her own lips, and the necessity of her nature, that she loved him well enough to tell him so, in defiance of every consideration, and could, if need be, brave all for his sake. Such love as this he could understand and believe in, and worship. Once assured from her own lips that she possessed this for him, then, and then only, should she know

why he had questioned her rather than declare himself. But first of all, for his own imperious satisfaction, she must stand the test he demanded. It was for him, no less than for her, supreme moment. Their whole future depended upon her answer.

And now she stood before him trembling and defiant. He, calm and waiting.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" he asked, after a pause.

"Yes, Sir, listen to me," she pleaded. "You said to me the other day that you never read your Bible, that since you were a boy you had not looked into it, so perhaps you have forgotten where it tells how Satan once tempted Christ. Oh, Sir, do you know that as I see you there standing before me, asking me the question, I feel as if—as if—" she stammered, her voice trembling with agitation—"as if I, too, now know the real meaning of that awful word—temptation. Oh, Sir, pity me; don't question me any more. Only let me go."

She held out her hands imploringly to him, but he was resolute and immovable. Her very entreaty was an admission, he felt, and answered him sufficiently for his purpose in one sense; but he must conquer her, or lose her.

"Yes, Hagar, I will open the door and let you pass out of this room, and my sight for ever, if you can look up into my face, and say to me truthfully, as you would to your God in your prayers—I know you pray a great deal, and people don't willingly lie when they pray—if you can so look in my face and say, 'Roland Austin I do *not* love you,' then, Hagar, I will open the door and free you. I am not a scoundrel. I know nothing of your religion; but I am a man of honour and a gentleman. You are as sacred from harm in my eyes as if you were my sister."

By this time Hagar's agitation had turned into sobs, and she was crying. Did they touch him, or what, that his tone changed gradually from command to assurance, from assurance to entreaty as he said, after another short pause, during which she stood broke and irresolute:

"And now, Hagar, can you say it, that you do not love me? Oh, you know you can't! You could not break my heart and wound your own by saying what is not true. Hagar, my own, my darling, speak to me."

"Oh, how cruel you are!" she sobbed, "to try me like this. It would not so distress you."

"I must know it—the truth from your own lips—without proof of any kind," he murmured. "If I am cruel, as you seem

think, it is only to be kind—to you, and to myself. Hagar, have you no pity for me? Do you not see that you are taxing my strength? This is the first time since my illness that I have stood up at all, I may say; but I will fall dead at your feet before I give way. You *shall* obey me,” he cried, growing excited. “Do you love me?”

“Yes, yes—O God forgive me—yes!” she cried, breaking down utterly before his appeal, and hiding her head on his shoulder, as she gave herself up at last to his passionate beseeching.

But she thought, with her habit of self-tormenting, that she had fallen down and worshipped where she should have said, “Get thee hence,” and this robbed her confession of joy. O the agony of the few seconds that followed. With her face hidden, she could not see the workings of his. He was silent, and this silence she interpreted into the re-action that meant ultimate scorn; for there was something about this girl peculiar in her ideas of demonstration of feeling. Deeply, strongly, intensely as she could love, to show her love was, to her, to lose something of it, and to reduce it from the ideal grand into the actual common. This, of course, is only an explanation of sensations she had not herself defined. And now, having, in an outburst of passion, given up her secret, she felt she had lost something that must for ever lessen her in his eyes.

But no, she had wronged him there, as she knew when, mastering his emotion, he whispered:

“You shall never regret it, my darling; and all that you have done for me. You are mine, my very own, now and always?” he again pleaded.

“I have told you that I love you,” she murmured. “Ask me nothing more; what more can I say?” she sobbed.

“Then trust me, Hagar,” he said solemnly; “there is but one place for you now in the world, after your sweet confession. Here, where you are, Hagar, my poor forlorn pet. Here, with your pretty head upon my heart, now and always, before God and man, as my *wife*!” he whispered, unlocking at last his secret but honest purpose from its hiding-place, with a passionate fondness that nearly overwhelmed her with a shock of joy.

“Such love as this, O God! what did it mean? It was too perfect!” she felt, as the weight of doubt and agony of expected scorn were removed by his tenderness. She remembered no more the wide river of social distinction which had once divided them; if it had ever existed, it was crossed now. “‘She was his own, to be his wife,’” he said; and at least he should not be ashamed of her, for she would live but to repay him, to be his loving slave.

But the tormentor, conscience, here tripped her up, whispering "Idolatry!" For once, however, she boldly claimed her own as the tyrant; determined to accept the exquisite gift of love as honour that had been so unexpectedly given to her.

If it were "Idolatry," it now only sharpened her perception: Perfect as the present moment seemed, she would not prolong it, for his sake.

"You must sit down now, and keep quiet," she said; "remember you are still an invalid under my care. Always under my care now," she whispered, as she led him, looking and feeling exhausted to the easy chair.

"And why would you not answer me at first?" he asked, as sipped the wine she had poured out for him.

"Oh, why!" she murmured, ponderingly; "because I fear to wrong you—to wrong myself. Are you quite sure even now after all that has been said, that you will never repent your generosity?" she pleaded.

"If I do, I shall regret the only good thing I have reason to be grateful for in my life. Understand me, Hagar. I am cursed, blessed, whichever way you may like to look at it with, with its faults, or virtues—pride and determination. I was determined to make you tell me you loved me for myself alone, before I held out to you one single inducement, such as might tempt meaner women to say so. But believing you to be a *true* woman among women—such an one as I always felt I could love if I ever found her—none but the highest place a man can give you is good enough for you, and that from me you shall have. You are the first, I suppose you are the last woman I shall ever love. As a class have avoided them; and don't imagine that any other girl in your place would have had the power to touch me as you have. She might have nursed me night and day, or have saved my life, even ten times over; but that would not have made me feel anything for her, unless she had been Hagar, someone quite alone and unlike anyone I have ever seen before. It has not been your doing, mine; but that strange thing called 'chance,' which plays odd tricks with everyone sometimes, has brought us together, because we sought each other. As my wife, no breath of scorn can touch you, poor girl; so did I not say truly that I defied Miss Gregory to hurt you?"

"But she will have told mother. May I not explain?" asked Hagar, in a low voice.

"No, not yet," said Austin, decisively, after he had considered her question a few seconds.

But neither Miss Gregory nor Hagar had any need to inform Mrs. Sarah, who at that moment moved slowly away from the outside of the door, against which Austin had placed himself when extracting the confession of her love from Hagar.

For some days past Mrs. Sarah had been speculating silently on the probable good to be derived from so much reading, writing, and talking as went on between Hagar and the "sick party." She was keen and wary, and most on the alert to scent mischief where Hagar suspected none. If it were likely to turn out well for the girl, then she was not going to be a fool and stand in her light; but if "my gentleman" was only a trifler, then Mrs. Sarah was ready to come to the front armed with all a mother's wrath to defend her child.

On this account she thought it advisable, when she heard the front door give a slam, as much as to say there was mischief going on, and found that Miss Gregory had gone without so much as a word, or taking a thing,—it was then that Mrs. Sarah thought it advisable to mount the stairs with the tread of a cat, to hear or see all that she could of what was going on.

Her ear was to the key-hole, and she heard all that passed, only moving away as Hagar's last question warned her to retreat before she was discovered.

Satisfied with what she had heard, she came down-stairs with the same slow cat-like tread, and busied herself in the kitchen, so that Hagar should not suspect her of knowing anything that had just taken place. But she paused once in her work as if struck by a sudden thought, and exclaimed to herself: "Bless my heart! there's my dream out. There's the gallows I saw, and sure enough my dream is come true. Hagar's to be a lady, a lady!! Ha, ha! Old Nick, you thought to gain the day, did ye, and crush the poor child's life for ever with that bad day's work. But ye see, ye didn't bargain for havin' to do with Sarah Mullocks. I vowed then I'd be even with ye, and I've *done* ye at last! Hagar a lady!"

After thus apostrophising the Evil One, surely Mrs. Sarah ought not to have complained at being likened to a witch.

CHAPTER IX.

HAGAR HAS AN IDEA.

"The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation."

Why is it, or rather, what a pity it is, that we must always pay for our moments of exaltation by reaction which involves a

corresponding amount of depression. But to ascend the mountain and survey from thence the glories of the world, necessitates also a descent.

This now, morally speaking, was the case with Austin. He had reached a height of feeling, of which, but for the peculiar circumstances of his illness, he might have remained for ever ignorant. Suffering as he was from that lassitude which attends all convalescence, and far removed from all companionship that could make light of his emotions, he yielded only too readily to the influences by which he was surrounded. Eagerly longing for the climax, he had now gained the assurance he desired. "The girl he loved, loved him, and in return he meant to marry her. She was worth it, worth the sacrifice. Yes, worth the *sacrifice*," echoed.

Such was his thought when, with his head upon his pillow, asleep far from his eyes, he recalled the events of the day.

But now with that unlucky word "*sacrifice*," came the inevitable reaction, and he began to count the cost. For let a man be ever so much in love, love is, after all, but a fragment of his life, ranked often below his ambition or his interest, and sometimes below duty.

And now what a formidable array of objections sat like giants upon his heart, and whispered their suggestions into his ear. It was the old story, as hackneyed as the hills—a man falling in love with the woman who had nursed him. What more natural, justifiable, nay inevitable, when the nurse was at once both prettily and tender! All very delightful this, so long as it lasted. Still a few more weeks would see him no longer a prisoner tied to his sick room, but a man at large, a man whom all the men he knew looked upon as a "good fellow." Austin knew he bore the reputation in his regiment and at his clubs, he was member of three or four. How would it be when his friends heard that he was married!

"Austin a married man!" About the last thing any of them would credit him with. He could hear them, he thought, talking about it, and could see the smile of contemptuous pity they gave him when they heard that he, of all men, had "gone and made a fool of himself." For, to marry, among his set, was to join, not the noble "army of martyrs," but the ignoble legion of asses. This would occur were he to marry wealthy Dora Ascott, his cousin pleading, in extenuation of his conduct, "family property and the claims of posterity." But when he heard the world that knew him asking each other, "And *who* has Austin married?" Then he

even his great love for Hagar could keep him from wincing painfully as he anticipated their reply, and heard them discuss the bare facts, stripped of all the seductive influences which had made him desire a marriage with this poor and humble girl more than anything he had ever hitherto wished for in his life.

His very love for her was one powerful factor in the torment he suffered in hearing these truths. He shrank from exposing her name to a breath of contempt in any quarter. He could kill the man, he felt, that dared to speak of her with less respect than they would of a duchess; and yet he knew, but too well, how and what would he said of her by all who, ignorant of her true nature, regarded the facts of the case dispassionately.

Against all this his pride revolted fiercely.

That Hagar, his Hagar, who was sweeter and better than any woman he had ever seen, a revelation of woman nature in fact, that she, his darling, should be spoken of in the degrading light of a "mesalliance," to be apologised for and patronised by women in no way her equals, and men unworthy to tie her shoe-string, that *she* should be subjected to this! It was impossible he could bear it. His life would be one long chafing warfare with society.

Was there no way out of the difficulty?

The thought was tormenting, and he could only arrive at one conclusion.

He must marry her secretly. He would marry her, of that he was determined. No other man should ever have his Hagar. He would make that impossible. But society must not know anything about it for years to come, when, perhaps, time having passed, he could defy the world to say a word, and leaving it only admiration to bestow, his wife could take her position publicly.

Let us do Austin justice. If he could have given her that position at once, feeling that he could have tied the wagging tongues of family wrath and public toleration or scandal, then he would have done so thankfully. But he knew that this was impossible, and he loved the girl far too well to subject her to the scathing ordeal the gentle world compels an intruder to undergo before it awards to that one an equal place among its ranks—such a place, in fact, as his wife ought to occupy.

"And she must make a sacrifice for me," he thought. "Why not?"

Of one thing he was determined; but he would say nothing about it until after they were married. It would be doing her no

wrong. He was going to marry her, and then he could demand it as his right, in return for the sacrifice he had made.

Having settled this, he came down to the more practical details. In another fortnight he would be out of the doctor's hands. Kingsworth, the military chaplain, best of preachers, and easiest of men—Kingsworth should come, and, with the help of a special license, and the marriage service spoken in the next room, should make Hagar his wife.

"I must have a sleeping draught," he thought. "I wonder if the old horror has gone to bed. Hours ago, no doubt. Good heavens! fancy living in proximity to such ugliness all the days of one's life, and to call that creature Mother. It almost makes me repent of the whole thing."

"Mother-in law!" whispered the aggravating imp of sleeplessness.

"Never, I swear!" answered Austin, pulling the bell violently and summoning Mrs. Sarah from her slumbers to give him a sleeping draught.

"What is the matter, Mother?" asked Hagar, anxiously meeting her mother on her return upstairs. "Is he not well?"

"Yes, deary," answered Mrs. Sarah, kindly, now that she understood the reason of Hagar's anxiety. "He's only restless a bit, and wanted his sleepin' draught. And you looks as if I ought to have brought you up a dose also. What's keepin' you both awake like this, I wonder?" she remarked, pretending ignorance, as she followed Hagar into her "corner," and found that she had not yet gone to rest.

"Readin', are ye? I wish the old bellows had never come again in my fancy at that auction, tied up along of them old brown rubbish as you're always a pourin' over. I'd better by half have gone to shop and bought a new one outright; for the candles ye burnt readin' here at nights would, if saved, have bought me a brand-new pair. This was a new candle when ye took it up to bed, and there it is now flicking out its soul in the socket—in another minit it'll be out."

"I've been to blame, Mother, but I got thinking, and forgot."

"Yes, thinkin' 's no good. Into your bed at once, and I'll tuck you up as I used to when you were a wee one."

"And give me a kiss, Mother," she said, throwing her arms round her neck as she laid down. "You are not cross with me now, are you, Mother? I am always sorry to vex you."

"All right," said Mrs. Sarah, with rough kindness, as she kissed the girl. "Now good-night, and go to sleep."

And then Mrs. Sarah went back into her room.

‘Poor young thing. It ain’t much sleep as she’ll get, I say. No wonder she’s thinkin’. She never let on a word to me about Miss Gregory. She’s frettin’ a bit about that, I suspect. And my lord down-stairs a pullin’ of the bell until I thought it was the day of judgment, I was that dead asleep. He’s none too ill, but he means well by the gell. He ought to speak to me enough, I think. A gell’s mother is a gell’s mother, not a chair or a table to be just sat upon, and used, and kicked aside when she with. But as I know he means well I’ll hold my tongue, I bide awhile; and if Miss Gregory has any of her talk——”

But dreams finished the sleepy consequences for Mrs. Sarah.

Not so for Hagar, however, who was wide awake thinking.

‘Miss Gregory won’t hold her tongue. She’ll tell the doctor, and the doctor’s daughter, and they’ll think evil of me. The only way is to disarm her. But how?’

She thought of a plan that seemed to her feasible; but before acting upon it she must ask *him*. She could never do anything without him now. Oh, what had *she* done to deserve such good fortune, that *he*, the finest-looking, noblest-hearted, the kindest——

But we must break off here, for words are lacking to paint the enthusiasm of Hagar’s love for and belief in Austin. It was the perfection of faith supplementing the most devoted love a fine, re-natured girl ever gave to the man she was about to marry.

It was eleven o’clock the next morning before she saw him. Up at that hour Mrs. Sarah, to use her own expression, “earned her money well by waiting on him!” He was strong enough now to walk into Miss Gregory’s parlour, overlooking the road, the room which he had spent yesterday. Not such a pleasant one as his room, as it overlooked a very dusty road. But there was a fire in it, and one or two easy-chairs besides a couch, together with a few pictures and knick-knacks, that made it acceptable as a temporary change to a man whom convalescence makes restless.

Here, at eleven o’clock, he was seated once more, and impatient

Hagar. If marrying her did involve sacrifices, they were all forgotten when she was near him; and while he was waiting he could not help putting to himself the question: What was it about this girl so intensely fascinating, that he, Roland Austin, born woman-hater as he professed and believed himself to be, loved her, as he had never loved anything human before?

He was asking himself the question, when she opened the door with a gentle touch and manner peculiar to herself. She stood

there for a second, waiting for him to speak before she came forward.

"Oh Hagar! your secret is simply this—would that no women understood it. There is in you that reticence which requires you always to be wooed, and you will dispense your favors with such unconscious coyness that no man can ever weary of you. You will possess for him, therefore, the perpetual charm of freshness, the one essential to preserve love. Your lover will always have to be your courtier, otherwise his queen will hide her bounties."

This was the answer to his question that flashed through Austin's mind with delight, as he saw her pause timidly on the threshold waiting for his invitation to draw nearer. There was no presumption in her manner on what had passed between them yesterday. It was a new day, and must bring its own events.

But the exquisite smile she gave him as she said "Good morning," standing there by the door, was better than another woman's kisses.

He was not one to make much demonstration of what he felt. He only held out both hands to her, without a word. Eyes, head, and lips said the rest, and that very briefly, but none the less surely; and then Hagar sat down by the table ready to read, write, or talk, as his mood might indicate.

She was full of her plan to disarm Miss Gregory, but she waited for a fitting moment. It would come, she felt.

"Did I disturb you last night with my bell?" he asked. "I should have been ill this morning if I had not got sleep. And yet I heard your voice. Were you awake, too?"

"Yes, for a long while, and mother was scolding me for wasting my candle reading; but I wasn't reading, I was thinking," she said timidly, taking up a pen lying on the table, and playing with it while he sat back in his chair, his elbows resting on its arms, and his hands meeting in a point at the fingers. He had beautiful hands, and was particular in his care of them.

"And what were you thinking of? I cannot guess, can I?" he asked, with a smile.

"You can guess a great deal, I dare say," she answered, without looking up; "but not all. I was full of an idea"—then she lifted her eyes, and met his,—“an idea that I should like to tell you, I may.”

The sweet deference of her manner was like a perfume. "Would I could refuse her anything?" thought Austin. A commoner nature would have assumed a very different tone to him, after what had passed between them. But not so his Hagar. It was a test, the

meeting, after the outburst of yesterday. He had rather dreaded it, even while impatient to see her. But she bore the light of morning bravely. He was more in love with her than ever. His eyes told her this without any need for words, as he answered:

"May you tell me! Anything on earth, O queen! and thy servant will listen."

"Don't laugh at me." Then pointing to her print dress, she said, smiling: "It is queen-like, is it not?"

"No; but you are. Now go on, and let me hear your idea."

"I was thinking of Miss Gregory."

"What of her? Not bothering your head, I hope."

"No, not exactly. But she has always been very kind to me—and—it struck me it would be a good plan, perhaps, if *you* would not mind telling her. She would not blame us then, or say anything. She would keep your secret I feel sure, and be a good friend to us both, for she has always been most kind to me."

"Kind to you, do you say?" remarked Austin, who had not quite accepted her proposal.

"Yes; she would have taken me to live with her always, if mother would have let me go. I should not like her to speak ill of us. We owe her an explanation, I think."

"Clever little woman!" exclaimed Austin, the idea having at last taken hold of him. "I see what you mean. You want us to take the enemy into our confidence. It is a stroke of policy that would never have occurred to me. You must let me think it over," he remarked, ponderingly. "You mean that *I* am to tell her. Why not you?"

"I think it would come better from you."

"Why better from me?"

"Because, in the first place, it would have more weight. She would only scold me. She will listen to you, and if she thinks she is helping you, she will be pleased. She has not a bad heart. She is only a little fussy and vain."

"And she will like the importance of being consulted, you think?"

"I'll even give her the credit of better motives. She thinks now, perhaps, that I am forgetting myself, and, of course, as she has always professed to take an interest in me, she is naturally displeased. But if you would kindly represent the matter to her in the true light——"

"It will only be doing you justice, and what I ought to have thought of for you myself, darling, only that men are such dunder-heads. But bring pen and ink at once, and it shall be done," he

cried, "before she has time to propagate an ugly thought against you. Paper, pens, ink, where are they, Hagar? Bring them once, O queen, to thy slave, that he may do thy bidding."

At which they both laughed. He seemed to enjoy the idea and chuckled with amusement as he dashed off the note.

"It is only a woman's wit that could have originated such a fine stroke of policy," he said, as he signed his name, and then tossed the letter across the table to Hagar.

"Read it aloud," he said, "let me hear how it sounds. I don't know what I have said, the first nonsense that came into my head."

Then Hagar read—

"DEAR MADAM,

"As if it were not injury enough to keep you so long out of your rooms, I must needs add to my offence by being unprepared to receive your amiable visit which you honoured me with yesterday. I feel I owe you a thousand apologies and some explanations. I hope you will take compassion on my state of health, as yet only in the convalescent stage, and permit me to ask you to repeat your kindness of yesterday, I hope I may be able to obliterate my previous unreadiness by an explanation which, I believe, will fully satisfy you. We shall find many topics of interest in common as I understand you know some of my people; and my cousin Jasper Drummond, has already mentioned you in one of his letters. Under these circumstances, you will allow me, I hope, to consider myself no stranger, as I am already.

"Yours faithfully and obliged,

"ROLAND AUSTIN."

"I never wrote such a lot of polite humbug to a woman in my life before. Will it do?" he asked, when she had finished reading."

"Very well indeed, and thank you. She is sure to come. I have it sent round to her at once, if you will be good enough to address and seal it."

"A capital move," thought Austin, when Hagar had left the room. "The marriage must be a secret one. I am determined on that point. If she really cares for Hagar, and I make her my ally and chief repository of our secret, she can be of immense service to my darling when I am far away. All the same, I don't relish the idea of the interview. Oh, what a comfort it would be if I could turn to my mother and sisters in this emergency. But

is just in a case of this kind that a 'man's foes are those of his own household.' That is a true and clever saying, who ever said it; by the way, who was it, I wonder? Shakespeare, I suspect. He seems to have said everything there was to say about anything."

Austin's education, it must be told, had consisted in being "crammed" for a commission. And that particular quotation did not happen to be among the questions for examination. It was certainly not in the couple of Shakespeare's plays with which the young men of his year went armed into the world as their martial stock of literature. So his ignorance was pardonable.

"But, failing my own family, I am not sorry to find a friend in need," he thought again. "The question is, which will she be—enemy or ally?"

(To be continued.)

Is India a Conquered Country?

BY H. G. KEENE.

A DISTINGUISHED jurist has lately approached a topic of and ephemeral interest for the Empire at large, which, nevertheless, has, for the time, deeply stirred the fashions of thought concerned with India. He has founded the whole of his argument trenchant against the proposal to confer jurisdiction over Englishmen on Native judicial officers upon the assumption that India is a conquered country. There is, it must be confessed, much relevance in this view, as, indeed, was only expected by all who knew the quality of the learned mind. His principle would go far to establish the right of paramount power to do what seemed good in the matter, regardless of native claims. It might be even pushed farther applied to more drastic purpose. If it be true that India has been won by the sword, and continues to be held by the sword, seems no reason why the entire destruction of Hindu and Mahomedan law and the introduction of gavelkind or borough-law or of any other system, should not be forthwith decreed by the Queen-Empress. If, on the other hand, the laws of the country and the religious institutions and endowments with which they are connected, have been (in theory, at least) respected and enforced, that may perhaps afford an *à priori* reason for supposing that, neither in its acquisition nor in its maintenance, is it what is supposed by Mr. Justice Stephen.

It may be readily believed that I have no pretension to lay up my judgment against such an authority. It will be the humbler task of these pages to show how the dominion of Britain over the various Provinces has been gained, and how it is maintained at present, so as to afford to the reader the means of pronouncing a judgment as to the vital fact on which that dominion now rests. My view will not be legal so much as historical, and the only pedantry that I shall consciously employ will

widening the inquiry into the three parts, What is India, what is conquest, and what is a country? I am sorry if I am giving my discourse the appearance of a sermon, but I cannot see my way any other kind of treatment.

I.

First, then, as to what is India? It is a great peninsula, in which a vast number of human beings, descended from several distinct races, or from a blending of several, have long been settled. It is as large as Europe without Russia; and it contains at least as many separate races, regions, and climates. For details, the reader will prefer to follow Mr. W. W. Hunter's graphic descriptions. What we must notice here is the relations of the different races to each other; as well as the fact that, while the population of British India is reckoned at about one hundred and ninety-eight and a half millions, there is a total that is estimated at over fifty-four millions of persons not under British rule at all. As it may be conceded without argument that this portion (say a fourth) has not been conquered, we may confine our study to the countries inhabited by the remaining three-quarters of the whole people.

The various origins of the population of British India have not yet been quite cleared up. In several articles contributed to the *Calcutta Review* in past years, I have endeavoured to give a summary of so much as has been hitherto established. The aborigines, to use a word without any accuracy, but sufficiently intelligible for our purpose, were a very dark-skinned race with long straight black hair, who still form the bulk of the population south of the Nerbada, and the lower stratum of the population in other parts. It is also probable that the blood of this race has been largely mixed in that of the castes next above them; and that the constant rules against intermarriage in Hindu religious law are a testimony to the prevalence of such mixture. To a high Hindu, pure aborigines are not even *Sudras*; for this term—implying members of the community regarded with a friendly eye, though "twice-born" or admitted to the use of Scripture—applies to descendants of conquered inhabitants, who affiliated themselves to the three superior classes, and furnished wives to the Aryan conquerors. Next in the social scale come Himalayan and sub-Himalayan tribes of Thibetan and Mongoloid extraction, yellow, tanned, and speaking, for the most part, non-Aryan dialects of distinctive form. Lastly, we have the descendants of the Aryan race, none of whom are now quite fair, excepting some of the

scattered tribes who have remained in the Alpine region between Kashmir and Kábul; but all speaking languages of Aryan, Indo-Germanic character.

Here, in fact (as in a microcosm), are the representatives of the three races recorded in the old Jewish books, Shem, Ham, and Japhet; if by "Shem" we are to understand the Caucasian blonde race, by "Ham" the Malay, or straight-haired blacks, and by "Japhet" the yellow men, known in ancient times as the Accadians, and whose most powerful modern representatives are the Chinese. The only human family that has no representation among the natives of India is the Negro, or woolly-haired black.

Among the children of "Shem" I have included the Aryans well as the descendants of Arabs and Afghans, who—together with the offspring of converts—make up the bulk of the Muhammadan population, which may be taken to form at least one-third of the whole in all, excepting, perhaps, in quite the Southern parts; and I suppose the yellow race to be descended from "Japhet," as their own tradition. I believe that this is an ethnological heresy for which foundation is hardly yet forthcoming; it seems, however, to enjoy the high authority of Lassen (*Ind. Alter.*, i. 636 ff) as also of Blamenbach. If it is wrong, there must be even more than three original stocks represented in India. When we turn to the matter of language, we find reason for expecting a far greater variety and disunion. In November 1858, after the final suppression of the revolts and disturbances incidental upon the mutiny of the Bengal army, the gracious proclamation of amnesty issued by Her Majesty was published in no less than twenty different tongues. That is, at least, double the number of languages that would be required to make a document generally intelligible over the continent of Europe.

Now if, in Europe, differing race and language imply a want of coherence with some tendency to hostile feelings, what must it be in India when the languages are more numerous and the races more distinct? And to this must be added a yet further cause of separation. Among all unsophisticated races, and most of all among those of Aryan blood, there is a strong feeling of isolation of *familie*. Without going into the controversy as to the ultimate form of the "cell," or integer, out of which the organisation of society has sprung and progressed, we may safely assume that those social systems which have been the most endowed with vitality, have been those in which that integer was not an individual but a family. The luminous reasonings of Sir Henry Maine have established this

is has been pre-eminently the case with all branches of the Aryan race. In Europe and America, where that race has been subjected to the pressure of Roman law, and the cementing action of Christianity, the family has expanded into the clan, the clan into the tribe, the tribe into the provincial nation, that nation into the still larger social aggregate produced by federation and imperial union. Local dialects die out at the same time, till at last the step is gained which we have now arrived. Norway and Sweden, the seven united provinces of Holland, the realm of France (formed out of such discordant elements as Picardy and Corsica, Brittany and Burgundy), Great Britain (out of Scotland, Wales, the Saxon Heptarchy and the Norman Channel Islands), Austro-Hungary (scarcely yet united), Italy (whose constituent parts were at daggers drawn in times not yet ancient), and last of all the colossal empire of modern Germany, only a dozen years old,—are startling European illustrations of this truth, without looking to lands beyond the Atlantic. There, also, the aggregating principle is at work. It is far otherwise when we turn to the cradle of the race. The family exists in Aryan Asia, and has reached its first, sometimes even its second expansion. The clan has been formed, often also the tribe. It is beyond that organisation has hardly proceeded; and clan and tribe are still—or affect to be—hardly more than very large families. They assume common blood relations (which may or may not exist), but usually speak of their union as *barádari*, “brotherhood.” Each tribe regards the others with scarcely veiled hostility. India, being so constituted and peopled, is obviously, what Italy was said to be down to late in the present century, a mere geographical expression. We must, therefore, be prepared to find the local adventures of the various portions quite unlike, and must be prepared also to realise that there may be a great difficulty in regarding of “India” anything that shall be of universal application. As it would be impossible to say that “India” was “a cold country” because it snows on Jamnutri in May, or “a rich country” because there was gold in Wainád, or because there were elephants in Ceylon; so it may prove impossible to say that it is a “conquered country” because the Mahratta power was destroyed in the Deccan, or the Sikh power in the Punjab.

II.

Coming, now, to inquire what it is that we understand by the term, we shall find, I think, that the term is properly applied to those possessions alone that are obtained otherwise than by conquest. That is the sense of the word in Roman law,

and in the systems derived from it, notably in Scottish law, where the term still obtains. Now, a review of the way in which the various possessions of Britain in India have been acquired, will show that what has accrued to the empire, otherwise than by succession, has been acquired from the chiefs, and not from the people. In M. Calvo's great work on *International Law*, it is expressly stated that the English system is always imposed upon a people conquered by the English; and the case of Ireland is given as an example. Now in India popular systems have been maintained.

The distinctive characteristics of European civilisation are usually, and rightly, thought to be those, mainly, which result from the great formative influences of Roman jurisprudence and Roman religion. Originally identical, the Aryan institutions of east and west underwent a strange divergence. In the former the family and the *Patria potestas*—to confine ourselves to one out of many features—remained, after some very gradual modifications, and are still at the root of legal ideas and popular social habits, being connected with the deepest religious emotions and convictions of the race. In the latter all these ideas have been dissolved and welded into something quite different, as we can see with the greatest ease by simply looking about us. But it is remarkable that long before anything of this kind had occurred, shrewd observers had already noted a difference between the social habits and mental nature of the stationary Aryan peoples who had stayed at home, and those of their wilder kinsmen who had taken flight to western lands. Hippocrates, for example, in the fourth century before Christ, used these remarkable words:—

Europeans are not governed by kings as Asiatics are; and with men subjected to such government courage necessarily fails. Their souls are enslaved; and they do not care to encounter needless perils in order to increase the power of another.

That is exactly the truth that is illustrated by the history of India. The people, broken up into families, clans, and tribes, and subjected to despotic rulers, were without patriotism, and passed readily under a foreign yoke. They have not, however, been conquered, nay, they have sometimes borne an active part in overthrowing their old rulers and aiding the new-comers.

Begin with what is now the Madras Presidency, which is the part that first admitted British supremacy on anything like a large scale. It was acquired by the Mughuls from the native princes, by the French from the Mughuls, by the British from the French. Without looking too closely into the first conquest, it cannot be said that the French were opposed by the people, or that the people

made any opposition to the transfer of power to the British that ensued not long after.

In the slow disintegration of the Empire of Dehli we find much southern campaigning. But it is between one outsider and another. In Aurangzeb's reign it is a son of the Emperor who endeavours to found a throne on rebellion against his father; in the next reign the southern provinces are still the theatre of family feuds; or the powerful satrap, who began the dynasty still represented by "the Nizam," is engaged against the chiefs of the Mahrattas who are trying to extend their conquests. Then came the ambitious efforts of Labourdonnais and Dupleix; and, in the autumn of 1746, the battle of S. Thomé, described by Col. Malleson (*Decisive Battles of India*), as the event which "changed the face of southern India." On that occasion the French struck a blow that told of what was to come, for with a single battalion of infantry they encountered the Nawáb of the Carnatic commanding ten thousand Muslim troops, and put him to flight, mounted on his state elephant, and flying the fish-standard of his rank in the Imperial hierarchy. Then came the war between the French and English, and the peace of 1754; and soon after began the final struggle which ended in the fall of Pondicherry (16th Jan. 1761), after which the French cause was as good as lost. The British power went on consolidating, without opposition from the people; Haider and his son Tippoo, who only represented Muhamaden usurpation, waged a vain resistance, which was finally overthrown in 1799. In none of these events can we trace any conquest of the people of the Dravidian country, where Travancore and other native states, aggregating nearly ten thousand square miles (about the size of Belgium) still preserve their independence.

Turning northward, we have the Central Provinces, annexed without difficulty by Lord Dalhousie—we need not inquire on what grounds—and Bengal (including Behar and Orissa), where, with the aid of native chiefs and native soldiers, the British became empowered as to obtain an Imperial grant of administration in 1765. The legal—if not the actual—nature of that transaction may be taken to be symbolised by an odd formula which has come down from those times to our own. To this day, whenever a British Court in Bengal decrees the sale of an estate that has been lost by its holder in the process of litigation, the crier proclaims the fact by beat of drum. And the formal commencement of his proclamation is made in these words: "The kingdom is God's, the kingdom is the Emperor's, the autho-

city is the Company's." Here we have an open recognition of the fact that the British only came into Bengal as Ministers of the Empire.

It would be making an undue demand upon the indulgence of the reader to adduce all the facts; they are well known to all who have studied Macaulay's *Essays*. As far as Bengal is concerned few will question the assertion that the people were not conquered. If we turn, for a moment, from the extreme east of the Empire - what (excepting Canada) may be called its extreme west, what difference we find! When Ireland was successfully invaded by Henry II. the first step was to portion out the lands among the Fitzgilberts, the De Courcis, and other Norman adventurers, and to introduce the Norman laws and the feudal system. So, traitorous natives may, for purposes of their own, appear to give transitory support to the usurpation, but, as time goes on, we see stronger and more general antagonism; the natives everywhere persecuted and oppressed; penalties denounced against all who used their customs; an alien creed established; Ulster depopulated; the ravages of the rebellion in 1641; Cromwell and William; the bloodshed of ninety-eight; the still irreconcilable attitude of a large proportion of the people. In the three eastern provinces of India, on the other hand, we have nothing but a consistent course of conciliation, cordially accepted; attempts to bolster up native administration, Hindu and Muslim codes established in the law courts, the endowments of mosques and temples preserved, Muhamadan college maintained in the Presidency town, and, as a natural consequence, a peace hardly broken seriously for more than a hundred years.

It may, no doubt, be argued on the other side, that the rising of Kunwar Singh in 1857 received some considerable show of sympathy from the people of Bahár. That is true; and, indeed, may be gathered from any book on Fifty-seven, with sufficient detail, it was during the Sepoy war that the nearest approach to conquest took place in any portion of the peninsula. As to what occurred previously, it may be broadly asserted that some provinces were obtained by treaty, some by cession. But neither in the North-West Provinces nor in the Punjab was there any general popular resistance to the first introduction of British power. It occurred among the less manly tribes of the Eastern Provinces. The people everywhere co-operated or acquiesced down to 1857 -

Even during the short-lived anarchy that accompanied the temporary paralysis of power due to the mutiny of the Bengal army there was no such general popular opposition as to call

a general conquest. The rising of Kunwar Singh, just mentioned, was the mad attempt of a discontented landlord, in which—as was but natural—he received some support from villagers who sympathised with him. Elsewhere, it was much the same thing; a desire to break away from money obligations, or a still more direct lust of plunder, led individuals, clans, and tribes to avail themselves of the opportunities of mischief presented by the times. But these outbreaks were not general in any district; and they were put down, with active co-operation from other sets of natives, as soon as it was perceived that the weakness of the Government was neither deep nor lasting.

Oudh, perhaps, may be thought the one exception. Here something like universal resistance apparently took place. But, even in Oudh, resistance was never universal, and ceased almost as soon as the Government made effective exertions; while the confiscation of Oudh estates by Lord Canning was little more than a platonic action preliminary to a re-granting under another title.

III.

Even if the settlement of Oudh, after the final capture of Lucknow in the beginning of 1858, could be represented as “conquest,” it would have no significance or bearing upon the case of India regarded as “a country.” As has been already shown, the peninsula is an aggregate of regions so vast and various that the forcible imposition of a foreign yoke upon one of them would never justify the foreign rulers in disturbing the native usages or restricting the liberties of the people elsewhere. It may, therefore, be unnecessary to say anything more on the question involved in the third head of our inquiry. If India is so multifarious and extensive; if, out of the whole of its constituent portions, only one contains a population that can, by any stretching and straining of the word, be said to have been “conquered” by the British; if ~~it~~ ^{it is} only be necessary to turn a passing glance to the means by which the empire is maintained and carried on. It may be argued that a population that has been dazzled by the first magic of success will, after the charm of novelty has passed and the weaknesses and shortcomings of the new rule have had time to make themselves perceived, require a strong military machinery to coerce it and ensure a continuance of submission.

The best answer to such an argument—if it should be seriously employed in the instance that we are now considering—will be to observe what force is actually required to maintain full tranquillity ~~and the subordination~~ to the law in British India. In 1881 the

total strength of the European army was 64,509; of the Native armies, 126,088; of police, 126,731; or a total of 317,328 officers and men, to a population close upon two hundred millions.

From the above-reviewed facts it seems to follow that India is not a conquered *country*; though the sceptres of so many of her Provinces have been wrested with native aid from various chiefs and dynasties, while some were acquired by treaty or cession on various terms. The difference is important; for, if a foreign Power, arriving in a country and encountering an armed resistance of the whole of the social organs of that country beats them down, it is able, if so disposed, to substitute its own organisation in place of that which it has overthrown. Such—among other cases—was the conquest of Italy and Gaul by the Romans; such, too, in modern times, the conquest of Turkestan by the Russians. But when, instead of this, the people of the country that is attacked makes no resistance, the dominion held by their prince being the only thing acquired by the new comer, then there is no ground for the change of institutions, but dominion alone is transferred. It is like Bosworth Field, where the crown fallen from the head of Richard is placed upon the head of Henry. Here, the victor, assuming the substance as well as the signs of sovereignty, founds his rule upon an inarticulate *plébiscite* that presupposes respect for all that his new subjects love and value. Whether or no such is the case with India, must be decided by each reader for himself. But the decision ought not to be made without due consideration of the facts of which mention has been, however briefly, made in these papers.

les at the Homburg Manœuvres.

SEPTEMBER 1883.

By F. N. M.

By the German manœuvres should first determine in mind what it is he is really going to see.

to find a fair specimen of the German fighting army, takes the field in time of war, he will be disappointed, regards the physique of the men.

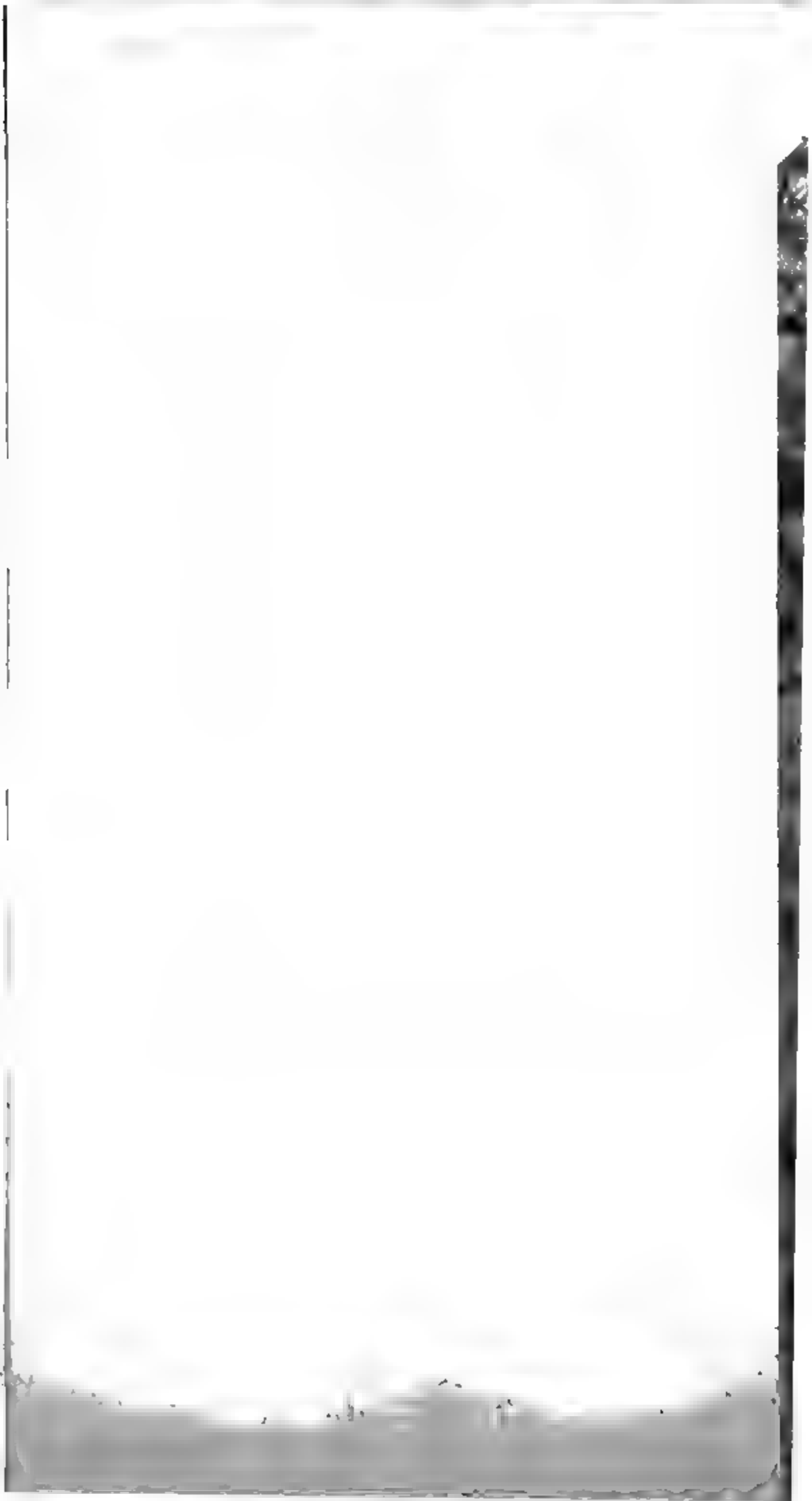
come in mind that the peace army is composed of at half of the whole force, viz. of men between the age of twenty-two, together with a sprinkling of volunteers to twenty-one, none of the actual reserve being, up.

On the other hand, the officers present with the colours and commands to handle, the average strength of the peace army is only 180 in peace, against 250 in time of war, and accordingly a greater degree of skill.

Thus, their average efficiency in peace is much above what is required in war, owing to the large demands made on them which has to supply instructors to the "Ersatz" battalions for the training of recruits (a duty for which smartness is particularly requisite), to improve the tone of the peace battalions and to complete the numerous staffs which are required immediately on the outbreak of war.

These have to be filled from the reserve of officers, and from one-year volunteers, who have qualified for the peace army. The high degree of proficiency can hardly be looked for in a peace battalion, as in one on a peace footing.

As the men are below the standard of the war army in physique, owing to their youth, the officers should show greater tactical skill in the handling of their present troops than might be expected of them in time of war.



Notes at the Gomburg Manœuvres.

SEPTEMBER 1883.

By F. N. M.

ANYONE visiting the German manœuvres should first determine clearly in his own mind what it is he is really going to see.

If he expects to find a fair specimen of the German fighting army, as it is when it takes the field in time of war, he will be disappointed, at all events as regards the physique of the men.

It must be borne in mind that the peace army is composed of only the youngest half of the whole force, viz. of men between the ages of twenty and twenty-two, together with a sprinkling of volunteers from eighteen to twenty-one, none of the actual reserve being, as a rule, called up.

But, on the other hand, the officers present with the colours have much smaller commands to handle, the average strength of the companies being only 130 in peace, against 250 in time of war, and they should show accordingly a greater degree of skill.

Further than this, their average efficiency in peace is much above what to be expected in war, owing to the large demands made on the active list, which has to supply instructors to the "Ersatz" battalions for the training of recruits (a duty for which smartness and efficiency are particularly requisite), to improve the tone of the "Landwehr" battalions and to complete the numerous staffs which have to be formed immediately on the outbreak of war.

As these places have to be filled from the reserve of officers, composed mostly of one-year volunteers, who have qualified for the position, the same high degree of proficiency can hardly be looked for in a mobilised battalion, as in one on a peace footing.

Hence, though the men are below the standard of the war army as to physical endurance, owing to their youth, the officers should show considerably greater tactical skill in the handling of their present commands, than might be expected of them in time of war.

The combatant staff of a corps is the only portion of the German army which does not change on the outbreak of war; but this again is hampered by the necessity which exists in all manœuvres of limiting the area of the ground fought over, of being compelled to house the troops, for the greater portion of the manœuvres, in wide cantonments, and by the absence of the necessary supply arrangements as they would exist in war, for the trains are never horsed in peace time, neither is it possible to completely subordinate all the claims of private industry to the one aim, as must be done when troops are being concentrated for active operations.

But these, or somewhat similar restraints, are common to all manœuvres; and military readers will always understand what allowances to make for them.

Having said this much, I will now proceed to give as accurate an account as I can of what actually took place at the Homburg manœuvres the other day, and leave my readers to draw their own conclusions therefrom.

Leaving London on the night of the 18th, I reached Homburg on Thursday, the 20th of September. It was a day of rest for the whole of the corps (XIth), and hence the streets were crowded with soldiers, who had come in from the neighbouring villages in which they were quartered, to see the preparations which were being made for the Emperor's arrival, and I took advantage of the opportunity thus presented to form some idea of the physique of the men generally. These when seen in marching order, knapsack on back, and rolled great coat, worn horse-collar fashion over the left shoulder, present a decidedly sturdy and thick-set appearance; but when shorn of these accoutrements, they seem deficient in chest measurement and badly set up.

The Emperor's parade on Friday, September 21st, called for but little remark. The total number of troops on the ground was about 36,000 men, consisting of thirty-nine battalions, of a little over 500 men each; six cavalry regiments, of nearly 600 sabres each, and twenty-five batteries, including four of horse-artillery. The organisation of which is shown in the appended Order of Battle.

The effect of the well-known "parade schritt" in marching past, is certainly wonderfully steady and imposing in the case of large bodies of men; but in the individual it is frequently most ridiculous, and a small sergeant or corporal, in the supernumerary rank, stepping out manfully to keep up with his longer-legged comrades, can easily destroy the favourable impression produced by the whole number.

The practice of making many movements, even on the parade-

ground itself, out of step, is also trying to English eyes; the effect of a long line of infantry advancing towards you, each man with a step of his own, is terribly unsightly.

Unquestionably the best thing to be seen in the whole review, was the way in which the cavalry moved at the trot, a smart brisk pace, not a horse breaking or rushing, but a steady uniform motion throughout the whole mass.

In the field-artillery the effect was spoiled by the gun-detachments marching on foot in rear of the guns, and wearing white trousers, whilst the rest of the battery wore blue.

The turn-out of the infantry was wonderfully good, as, indeed, it ought to have been, since every man's clothing was brau new, from head to foot, it being the custom in Germany to keep each set of uniform two years in store, before issuing it to the troops for ordinary parade wear; during the first year it is kept in the war-storehouse, ready for issue in case of mobilisation; during the second, on occasions of state, when the Emperor, or a crowned head visits a garrison, and only in the third year is it taken into wear for ordinary purposes.

Though nothing took place on the 21st, beyond the inspection and march past, the demands on the marching powers of the men were very severe. Some of the infantry regiments were quartered in Hanau, fourteen miles by road from the parade-ground, and taking the actual marching on the ground itself at four miles more, they must have covered at least thirty-two miles that day, in marching order, by the time they reached their billets again in the evening.

The general idea on which the manœuvres of the next four days were based, was that an eastern army had given way during the preceding days before the concentric attack of a western force advancing from Mainz and Darmstadt. On the evening of the 21st September, the outposts of the latter force occupied the line, Boden, Rödelshheim, suburbs of Frankfort, and Offenbach; those of the former, that of the Ursel stream, Eschersheim, Seckbach, and Hainhausen.

The "special idea" for the west army was that the XIth Corps should attack the enemy's right, seeking, if possible, to throw him obliquely across his line of retreat from Vilbel to Friedberg, whilst an imaginary right wing held him engaged in front on the ground south of the Nidda.

The "special idea" for the eastern army (the right wing of which was represented for the day by a skeleton enemy, made up of detachments from the army, and representing a force of twenty-four

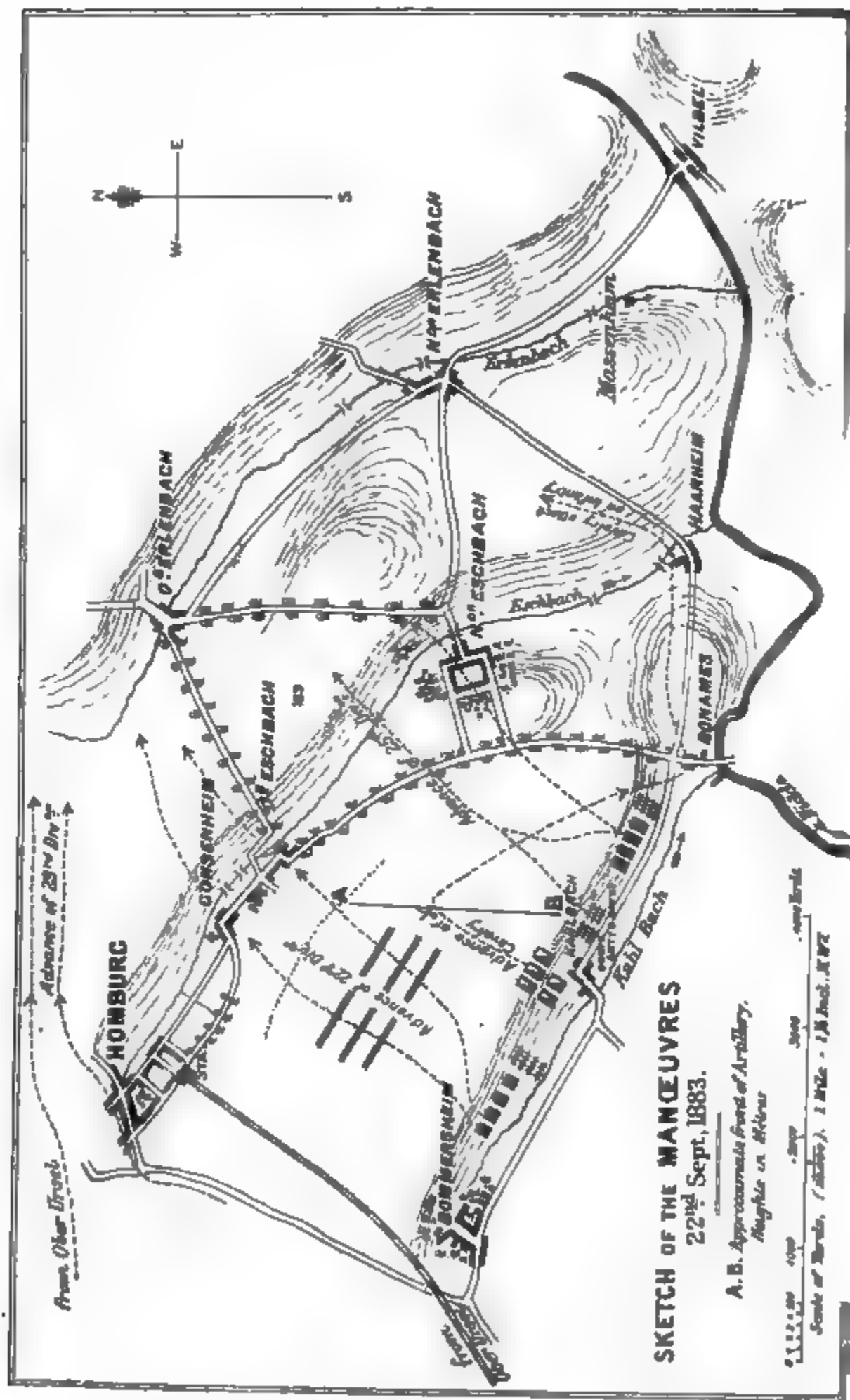
squadrons, thirty-six battalions, and sixteen batteries, whilst the left wing was entirely imaginary), was that the former must hold its ground as long as possible, to allow the columns of the left wing to get away in a north-eastern direction.

Before describing the course of the action, it may be as well to sketch briefly the rôle which modern German tactical ideas assign to the cavalry in the period immediately preceding a general engagement, and which, owing to want of space and time, had in this case to be left out of the programme. The corps is preceded in its advance, at the distance of at least a day's march, by its cavalry brigade, or, if acting in conjunction with other corps, by a cavalry division, whose duty is to pierce the screen of vedettes, &c. behind which the enemy conceals his movements.

As resistance in front increases, the whole force is concentrated and a determined attempt made to break through and discover the enemy's position behind. A division of three brigades, each of two regiments, can cover a front of between twenty to twenty-five miles with its scouts, which would generally be supplied by two brigades, one on each flank, whilst the third follows some five miles in rear of the centre, in reserve.

A concentration could, therefore, be effected on the centre in about one hour, or on either flank brigade within two hours. Let us assume such an attack to take place during the afternoon of a given day, and the intelligence so gained to reach the corps headquarters that evening. However detailed the information thus obtained might be, it would be impossible to do more than to order the troops to prepare for an engagement, and to bring them together in such a formation that, when final intelligence is obtained next morning from the further action of the cavalry, they may be ready to move at once and without delay in the required direction; and the case is best met by allowing each division and the corps artillery to concentrate from their night-quarters, some few miles to the front, in "rendezvous formation." Thus each commander knows what he really has in hand, and can issue his orders with the certainty of their being received and understood, which is far from being the case when the troops are straggling on in long columns behind; and he has also the power, if the ground is fairly open, of moving his whole command compactly about, as was done by Prince Frederic Charles' army at St. Privat.

It was at this point that the action of the 22nd September opened. Acting on the intelligence supposed to have been received from his cavalry, Von Schlottheim, the corps ~~commander~~ had



ordered his troops to rendezvous in the valley running from Homburg to Bonames, in the following positions :—

25th Division, between Kahlbach and Bonames.

22nd ,, ,, Kahlbach and Bommersheim.

21st ,, east of Oberursel on the Homburg road.

Corps Artillery, near Kahlbach.

Cavalry Division, north-west of Kahlbach.

All fronting towards the Eschbach.

The following orders were then issued to them :—

“Heights, West of Kahlbach,

“22nd Sept., 9.45 A.M.

“The enemy has again shown front behind the Eschbach, and holds the villages Haarheim, Nieder, and Obereschbach. Homburg has been found unoccupied. I shall hold him in front with the 25th and 22nd divisions, till the 21st division can make a simultaneous attack on his right flank.

“With this object—

“No. 1. The cavalry division will drive in the enemy's vedettes, still on this side of the Eschbach, with a view to obtaining further information.

“No. 2. The 25th and 22nd divisions will send out advance guards towards Haarheim, Niedereschbach and Gonsenheim respectively, under cover of which—

“No. 3. The corps artillery, and the batteries belonging to the above-mentioned divisions will come into action.

“No. 4. The 21st division will advance in two columns through Homburg, and form on the far side of the Eschbach, to attack the enemy's right wing.

“No. 5. The 43rd brigade will be reserved for my special disposition.

“No. 6. My position will be between the main body of the 22nd division and the corps artillery.

Signed

“VON SCHLOTTHEIM,

“Commanding XIth Corps.”

The ground on which the coming fight was to take place, is generally undulating in character, and is intersected from north-west to south-east by two small streamlets, the Eschbach and the Altenbach, which run parallel to each other, and about two thousand yards apart. Both were considered to be impassable except at the bridges.

The slopes are generally very gentle, but fall somewhat more

steeply to the streams, so that only the tops of the houses in the villages are visible from the plateau rising between them.

The whole country is entirely destitute of hedges or other obstacles to the free movement of troops except the above-mentioned streams.

On the Emperor's arrival, the cavalry division trotted forward in the normal formation for attack, viz. in "three treffen" (a word for which our term "line" conveys a very misleading impression).

Each of these "treffen" or lines were formed of two regiments in line of squadron columns, the first at deploying intervals, and the second and third* in echelon, three hundred and six hundred yards respectively behind the flanks of the first line, both at deploying intervals. Meeting with the enemy's cavalry, the first line deployed and galloped for some 400 yards, and sounded the charge when about 150 yards from the object of their attack; each regiment then broke up, and every man circled his horse round and round and walked in imitation of the *melée*, whilst the remaining regiment charged in the same manner, only one, as far as I could see, being left closed, in the hands of its leader.

Presently the enemy began to retreat, and each squadron, rallying to its front, without waiting to tell off, charged again in pursuit. This drew on them the fire of the defenders' artillery, which appeared to be in position on a spur above the village of Vibel, some 3,000 yards distant.

The "retire" was then sounded, and the squadrons trotted back independently, behind the roll of the ground towards Bonam. Only one horse-artillery battery supported this attack, though there were three others on the ground, and, indeed, throughout the whole of the manœuvres the want of co-operation between the two arms was most noticeable.

On the first appearance of the enemy's guns, the corps artillery began to come into action, and were supported almost immediately by the batteries belonging to the 22nd and 25th divisions, the whole seventeen batteries forming a line something over a mile long, fronting about east; whereas the infantry, in their advance, which had already begun, faced nearly north-east. The alignment was formed by the advance of groups of four batteries, each of which trotted up in line, and took up its position independently. The 22nd infantry division, the only one I could see, had moved off at the first gun-fire, in the normal formation for attack, viz. the brigades alongside of each other, each in three lines, preceded

* I learnt afterwards that the third treffen was formed of only one regiment, the order of battle appended.

an advance guard some 1,500 paces to the front. They had already reached the general line of the artillery before the last group of batteries had come into action; and owing to their front facing north-east, whilst, as already mentioned, the artillery faced east, the two intersected each other obliquely at an angle of 30° .

In this position they halted, and, being on the exposed slope of a hill, they deployed from company column, in which they had previously moved, into line, and lay down whilst the line of guns was completed.

The whole of this movement was extremely puzzling, being in dead opposition to the received principles, that the line of the artillery fixes the front of the infantry, and nothing could have been more unpleasant than the position of the right brigade of the 22nd division, raked obliquely by the shots meant for their artillery. After about half an hour, the infantry recommenced their attack, and I attached myself to the advance guard of the left brigade of the division which was just beginning to attack the village of Ober Eschbach, which lay on both sides of the stream of that name, and had a field of fire of about 500 yards. The main body was gradually brought up into the fighting line, which made a dash forward of some sixty or seventy yards as each fresh support reached it, but not till nearly half the distance had been covered did the divisional artillery, whose duty it was to prepare the attack, come into action, and open fire upon the enemy over the heads of its own infantry, barely 100 yards in front. Its position also was not well chosen, as only the tops of the houses were visible from it. Each reinforcement closed upon the fighting line with drums beating, and doing the "parade schritt" as well as the heavy ground would allow.

Presently the village was carried with a rush, and immediately the officers commenced rallying their men who had become rather mixed in the struggle. This was very rapidly done, each captain collecting his company behind any cover that offered itself; and as soon as it re-formed, it was led out across the streamlet which flowed through the village, and thrown into the fight which had commenced beyond.

This fresh attack was directed against a roll of the ground about 400 yards in advance of Ober Erlenbach, which had a field of fire before it of about 1,000 yards. Both sides opened fire on each other at once, in spite of the range. Independent firing only was employed, and was controlled by the officers precisely as in our own service; I only heard three shells fired during the day at infantry and artillery. Presently

the divisional artillery came up and commenced firing as before, over the heads of the infantry. As the attack progressed, again line after line of the infantry was absorbed into the fighting line, which became very dense.

The German regulations lay down that when once a line of infantry is fairly engaged within effective range, say 500 yards, no troops can stand the strain of being halted on the same spot for more than about five minutes; if they cannot advance during that time they must inevitably retreat unless fresh support reaches them. On this condition the distance between successive lines is based, and it was noticeable how well the idea was worked out in practice.

The enemy's position was at last reached, but not till the fighting line had assumed a density of about four men to the pace, whilst two more lines were standing close behind within ten or fifteen paces, only kept back for want of the space which the enemy's fire would doubtless, had it been shotted, have made for them. The first of these lines now moved forward and fired on the retreating enemy, whilst the troops already broken up again rallied.

The fight had now been going on for some time, and was evidently drawing to a close; on our left the 21st division could be seen coming into action, but to the right the trees along the chaussée shut out the view. Having heard that there was to be a grand cavalry attack on the left flank of the enemy, I now rode off to see it. The distance was about two miles, along the whole of which lines of batteries were in action with covering detachments of infantry in front, and successive lines of the same arm behind them. It may be a very excellent theory that no troops should be posted in rear of artillery in action, but the great extent of front occupied by the latter renders it impossible to adhere to this axiom in practice. I arrived just in time to see the cavalry come over the rising ground, as before, in three lines; the infantry at once formed rallying squares, and opened fire by volleys. The distance to the brow of the hill was about 500 yards. The cavalry came on at a trot in line of squadron columns; the first line then deployed and broke into a gallop, and when at a distance of about 200 yards, sounded the charge and dashed right through the line of groups formed by the infantry, and wheeling right and left, attacked them in flank. The second line had also deployed, and was in the act of charging, when the "cease fire" sounded. What the result of this charge would have been in actual war is difficult to say, the speed was comparatively slow, and they were formed in close order instead of open files, ~~which~~



be the best formation for cavalry to adopt against the breech-ader; but with due regard to the achievements of the Prussian cavalry on the field of Mars la Tour, it would be impossible together to condemn it.

What principally struck the English spectators was the entire want of co-operation on the part of the horse-artillery; on the other hand the Germans stated that the infantry were considered to have been already sufficiently shaken by the losses and strain which the course of the action had already occasioned, to justify hopes of success.

On Monday, the 24th September, which was supposed to be the day following the fight on the Eschbach, the manœuvres were continued in accordance with the general idea already stated, only the corps was now divided into two opposing forces which manœuvred against each other.

The situation during the night after this engagement was supposed to be as follows:—

The beaten right wing of the eastern army, together with the greater part of the imaginary left wing, reached the line Ockstadt, Friedberg, and Ossenheim, covered by a detachment in Heldenbergen.

The western army occupied the line Köppern, Rodheim, and Harben; detachments from the imaginary right wing bivouacked at Kloppenheim and Niederdorffelden.

During the night news reaches the eastern army that reinforcements are arriving by rail, and the detachments at Heldenbergen receive orders to engage the enemy as much as possible, in order to cover the detraining of the expected troops.

The western army advances against Friedberg, sending out a detachment to clear the ground between the two streams, the Nidda and Nidder; this detachment consisted of the 25th division, and a combined division, supposed to have bivouacked at Niederdorffelden and Kloppenheim respectively.

The fight which now took place arose out of the operations of the two forces.

The eastern force consisted of the following troops:—

Advance guard: One infantry regiment (three battalions); one half squadron cavalry; two batteries (eight guns).

Main body: Three regiments of infantry; half squadron cavalry; two batteries (eight guns).

Corps artillery: four batteries.

Left-flanking detachment: Two regiments infantry; one squadron cavalry; two batteries (eight guns); one company pioneers.

Combined cavalry brigade: Two regiments (four squadrons each); two horse-artillery batteries.

And the following orders were issued to them at 11 P.M. on the 23rd:—

“The eastern army will make a fresh stand on the 24th September near Friedberg. A reserve corps is advancing from Fulda, and will reach to-morrow, with a flanking detachment, the village Büdingen, with the main body, the district Wachtersbach-Gelnhausen (about ten miles east of Heldenberg).

“The enemy occupies the line Köppern, Rodheim, and Okarben.

“Detachments of the enemy are bivouacking at Kloppenheim and Niederdorffelden.

“The mission of the eastern detachment is to draw as much of the enemy's forces on it as possible. In execution of this duty the eastern detachment will advance to-morrow against the Nidda.

“I order, therefore:—

“1. The outposts (83rd Regiment, two battalions 97th Regiment, 5th squadron 5th Dragoons, 5th squadron 14th Hussars) will examine the ground towards the Nidda from Ilbenstadt to Niederdorffelden, in the direction of the last-named village; also on the left bank of the Nidder. Officers' patrols to be stationed on the heights west of Kaichen and Kilianstädten. I expect accurate reports as to strength and movements of the enemy.

“2. The combined cavalry brigade, No. 22, will march to-morrow at 10 A.M. from its bivouac in Heldenbergen towards the Kaicher heights, taking up a covered position on their eastward slope; it will protect the right wing of the corps, and will observe towards Okarben, maintaining communication with the eastern army about Friedberg.

“3. The advance guard will move off at 10 A.M. on the road Heldenbergen, Gross-Karben, in the direction of the last-named place.

“4. The main body will follow at an interval of 1,000 metres, as far as the ground allows, on the broadest possible front.

“5. The left-flanking detachment marches at 10 A.M., forming its own advance guard, towards Rendel, and covers the left-flank of the corps against Niederdorffelden. Büdesheim is to be held by one battalion of infantry, which will detach one company to the heights west of Kilianstädten, to protect the road from Niederdorffelden.

“6. The outposts will rejoin the positions of the corps to which they belong, as the latter advances.”

7, 8, 9, 10 omitted, as they refer only to imaginary operations which were not carried out.)

'11. Reports will find me at the head of the main body.

Signed "VON BOEHN,
"Lieut.-General."

The western force consisted of the following troops:—

Left wing. Division Rauch. Nine and a half battalions infantry; seven batteries; five squadrons; one and a half companies pioneers.

Right wing. 25th division. Nine battalions; five batteries; eight squadrons.

Right flanking detachment. Three battalions; one battery; six squadrons; one company pioneers.

In accordance with the special idea already quoted, the following orders were issued by its commander, Prince Henry of Hessen:—

"Those portions of the enemy which retreated by Vilbel and Oberdorffelden are still in the vicinity of Heldenbergen. Whilst the western army continues on the 24th September its offensive towards Friedberg, the west corps will throw any detachments remaining between the Nidda and Nidder as far back eastwards as possible, still keeping in mind the protection of the weakly-manned town of Frankfurt."

"The west corps will accordingly advance in two columns conventionally on the right bank of the Nidder against Heldenbergen, and attack the enemy wherever he is met with."

"With this object I order:—

1. "The combined division Rauch will advance between the copses of Gross and Klein Karben, against Heldenbergen, examining the ground to the left in the direction of Kaichen and Erbstadt."

2. "The 25th division marches by the road Niederdorffelden and Büdesheim on Heldenbergen, sending its cavalry on to find the enemy, and they will hold him in front until the attack of the division Rauch is developed."

"The right flanking detachment remains south of the Nidder, advances by Oberdorffelden and Kilianstädten to the heights of Heileberg; its special mission is to observe and protect the division from undertakings from Windecken, as well as the maintenance of its communications with the 25th division north of the river. It will take part in the engagement according to circumstances."

"The 117th Regiment is reserved for my special disposal."

5. "Each division and the flanking detachment provides for its own safety in the advance.

6. "Reports will reach me with the advance guard, 25th division.

"HENRY, Prince of Hessen."

I have given the above orders in extenso, as they afford a good insight into the tactical ideas at present in fashion in Germany. The resumé of the general situation (given before the commencement of the actual orders), enables each commander to act in the spirit of these orders, should events interfere with their execution according to the absolute letter.

The composition of the advance guard of the eastern corps is also worthy of attention, particularly the proportion of artillery assigned to it. It is also worthy of note, with reference to this subject, that in the engagement itself no written orders were allowed. As it is considered to be more difficult to work with verbal orders than with written ones, therefore, every opportunity is taken to accustom the commanders to the use of the former. It is also insisted upon throughout the whole army that the receiver of any message should always repeat it to the giver before riding off with it.

Owing to the entire disorganisation of the railway service, I unfortunately did not arrive in time to see the commencement of the action. The tail of Rauch's division was just defiling through the village of Groskarben when I succeeded in catching them up, and were marching at the rate of at least four miles an hour, so that one could gain but little on them.

The road led us through a dense wood, and on arriving at its exit the battalions were thrown into it on each side of the road, in column of companies, the leading company being barely fifty paces from its edge, along which seven batteries of artillery were deployed with their teams close behind them. The space being very insufficient, the guns were at half interval only, and altogether the troops were jammed so closely together that every shell from the enemy must have told. In front of us lay a ridge about 100 feet high, and some 2,000 yards distant a patch of wood divided it, and on the northern half stood the farm-yard of Marienhof, which was being stormed by the infantry. The southern half bent back at a considerable angle, and we could see the advance of the 25th division, which had just carried that portion of the ridge.

I then decided to push on and join it, and arrived in time to see the artillery take up their new position, each battery doing

independently, a small stream in the valley having stopped their advance in line, a small covering party of infantry lay in front of them, whilst the remainder of the force which had carried the ridge rallied just behind its brow. In front of us, at a distance of 1,500 yards, we could see the village of Heldenbergen, the ground sloping uniformly down towards it at an angle of about 3° , and entirely destitute of cover.

The enemy held the line of a small ditch, some 250 yards in front of the village, with their artillery jammed together in the corner between two chaussées. Against this the newly-arrived batteries came into action, and presently we heard the guns of Rauch's division opening fire from the northern side of the wood. Meanwhile the remainder of the infantry were being formed up in several lines behind the guns, on the reverse slope of the hill which dipped gently to the rear, about parallel to the trajectory of the enemy's shells. Every "over" meant for the guns must have swept them from end to end. Fortunately they did not remain there long, for the attack recommenced, and they advanced through the guns which fired gaily over their heads the moment they were past. I had by this time managed to get well in front, and saw that the left column was pursuing the same tactics. When the fighting line had covered about half the distance to the front, and the whole three "treffen," or lines, were nearly at the bottom of the slope, they all halted in full view and in most effective range of the enemy. Of the two positions, viz. that on the reverse slope and that on the exposed side of the hill, I fancy that the latter was the most preferable. Fortunately, after the halt had lasted for a few minutes, the "cease fire" was sounded, and the imaginary slaughter came to an end. The enemy, meanwhile, was in almost equally trying circumstances; as already mentioned, his batteries had not sufficient room to deploy, and, together with the infantry, were crowded into a narrow space in the re-entering angle formed by the chaussée on their right and the Nidder stream on their left; whilst the village of Heldenbergen, chiefly composed of wooden-built shingle-roofed houses, would have long since been in flames and completely untenable.

I do not presume to criticise all this, I merely relate what I saw, leaving my readers to draw their own conclusions. I spent the night in the bivouac of a brigade belonging to the eastern corps. The method adopted is fairly well-known. Each battalion forms column on the centre (*kolonne nach der mitte*), which corresponds very closely with our column of double companies. Arms are piled, the men fall out to either flank, take

off their knapsacks, &c., and proceed with the regular fatigues.

The transport was entirely managed by contract, and as the men were kept waiting two or three hours for their food, after eight hours under arms, they had fully earned. Fort when the rations did arrive, it was tinned and not fresh and half an hour was enough to see it cooked and eaten.

Each company carried a long strip of canvas, about two feet wide, which was fixed to uprights, and stuck in the ground in the shape of a circle, to act as a protection against the wind. A fire was then arranged all round it, and in the centre a fire was made, and, after all was settled, the men seemed fairly comfortable. The officers all had tents, and each of them carried an amount of baggage which would have driven an Aldershot quarter-master general demented.

Market-tenders' carts were allowed, but these were very different from the gigantic brewers' drays which may be seen winding their way out of Aldershot whenever the division bivouacs. The security of the camp was provided for by outposts placed two miles in advance of it, and each regiment told off in an inlying picket which posted sentries some 300 yards in front of the camp. Sanitary arrangements were entirely neglected.

The night passed quietly, a few shots were fired by the picket against creeping patrols which had evaded the outposts, but no general alarm took place. Rain began to fall about 9.30 P.M., and lasted for about three hours; so the men had very little rest during the night, and were already moving at 4 A.M. in the morning.

But the fight this day was to take place within a very short distance of our camping-ground, and hence there was no need to get under arms till about 9 A.M. It was a raw, cold morning, and the time passed very slowly till the "fall in" sounded. As to my being with the troops I failed to obtain a printed copy of the "Special idea" and orders; their substance, however, was that during the night the east corps had received the expected reinforcements (mentioned in the previous day's idea), and had resumed an offensive in the direction of Frankfort.

The reinforcements were represented by details of troops from the western corps, which passed over to the eastern force early in the morning. The enemy lay some four miles away across the ridge which runs between the Nidder stream and the Main. This ridge was well defined, standing up some 500 feet above the surrounding lands which border the streams, and throwing off numerous se-

spurs, from 1,500 to 2,000 yards apart, the slopes of which, steep at the top, but gently undulating lower down, afforded excellent positions to the defenders, and but scanty cover to the assailants.

The brigade with which I had bivouacked formed the centre of the advance, and it moved off in column of route along a field-path which followed the back-bone of the main ridge.

On our way we presently met the corps artillery, about six batteries, which inserted themselves in the column immediately behind the leading battalion. To our right we could see the 42nd brigade, in rendezvous formation and accompanied by the divisional artillery, climbing up one of the secondary spurs I have mentioned. In front of us the ridge rose gently for about three miles, and on the slope we could see occasional vedettes riding about, belonging to both sides. The view to our left was entirely hidden by the nature of the ground. The advance guard of the brigade on our right, having reached the crest of the spur, came into contact with some outposts of the enemy in a wood to their right front. These fell back almost immediately, and were followed into the wood by the troops which had engaged them. But the alarm had been given, and presently gallopers were flying in every direction.

The divisional artillery, being nearest to hand, came into action on the aforesaid crest of the ridge, and fired away cheerfully, apparently at the wood, there being no other mark available. The staff of the corps artillery galloped past us, and our leading battalion formed line of company columns at deploying intervals to let the batteries pass through. These came up at a trot, and formed on the divisional guns already in action.

Behind the wood in which the attack was rapidly gaining ground, in the bottom of the valley, lay the village of Kilianstädten, and this, being the probable position of the enemy's reserves, was at once taken as a mark by all the guns, which formed almost a semi-circle round it. The left of this semi-circle produced fell right on to the rising ground already mentioned, from which puffs of smoke immediately began to issue, showing that the enemy did not intend to let slip the opportunity of enfilading two batteries. However, as there were no shells flying about, these batteries held their somewhat uncomfortable position with great tenacity, and continued firing till a change in the situation gave them a fresh shot.

Meanwhile the infantry brigade with which I was riding had moved to the left into one of the hollows, and one of its regiments, being taken ground to the left, was now out of sight; the other, being exposed to the enemy's fire, halted for the moment, each

battalion in line of company columns at deploying intervals. The second battalion overlapped the left rear of the leading one, and the third battalion followed some 500 yards behind the first. In this formation the advance was resumed. Before us lay one of the spurs of the main ridge, along the top of which ran a *chaussée*, bordered by trees leading from Mittelbuchen to Kilianstädten.

On nearing this, the leading battalion sent out its skirmishing divisions. Suddenly, on our left, at about five hundred yards' distance, appeared a large body of cavalry, and in a moment the infantry halted, and fired several volleys at the new arrivals. This was unfortunate, as, a moment afterwards, an aide-de-camp arrived to point out that this was our own cavalry brigade falling back. The skirmishers having reached the *chaussée*, the whole line halted in a position from which they commanded a very limited view.

I rode forward a little, and, to my astonishment, found the enemy advancing in force up the slopes of the ridge on which we stood, apparently as ignorant of our whereabouts as we were of theirs. The situation was altogether rather curious, as immediately behind our right flank were the two batteries already mentioned, and close to them, and in the same hollow with the infantry, were a couple of squadrons of dragoons. However, fortunately, our infantry discovered the approach of the enemy when he was within about two hundred yards, and, running forward to gain a better field of fire, engaged him in a fair stand-up fight at barely one hundred yards' range. Both sides brought up supports, and the firing was very heavy for a few moments, till an umpire arrived and ordered the enemy back. He fell back slowly, followed by an occasional volley, till he reached a fresh position some 1,500 yards to the rear, at a spot where another ridge jutted out from the main backbone.

The corps artillery now took up a new alignment, and proceeded to prepare the way for the infantry attack, which, after a few moments, recommenced in the same formation as before, but with the company columns deployed into line, as they were now under the enemy's aimed fire. There was nothing particular to remark in the conduct of this advance. The ground was open, affording little, if any, cover, and it was, moreover, heavy from the night's rain; hence the men, who were tired from their bad night's rest, made but slow progress, and the whole affair rather dragged. More infantry appeared away to our left, turning the ridge we were attacking in front; and behind us we could see our cavalry brigade trotting up.

At last the fighting line acquired a sufficient density to attempt the assault, and, with a loud cheer and with drums beating, they

ORDER OF BATTLE OF THE XI ARMY CORPS. (Sept. 22nd 1883.)

25th INFY DIV:
30th Brig^d 41st Brig^d
71st Regt 86th Regt
87th Regt 88th Regt
89th Regt 90th Regt

22nd INFY DIV:
44th Brig^d 43rd Brig^d
54th Regt 55th Regt
56th Regt 57th Regt

21st INFY DIV:
42nd Brig^d 41st Brig^d
97th Regt 88th Regt
89th Regt 87th Regt

43rd Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ
43rd Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ
43rd Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ
43rd Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ

15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ
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15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ

5th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ
5th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ
5th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ
5th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ

25th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ

25th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ

25th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ 15th Divⁿ 25th Divⁿ

This Horse Battery had 6 guns,
the remainder only 4.

CORPS ARTILLERY.

To be detailed for Skeleton Enemy,

Total Strength, - 23 1/2 Batt^{ns} 30 Squadrons,
24 Batt^{ns} (4 Horse Art.) 3 Comp^{ies} Pioneers.

45 horses from each Cav Reg^t
4 Batteries



at the enemy up the steep slope which formed the side of the
y. The latter fell back again slowly, small bodies halting and
g on the pursuers. I rode along the southern edge of the
e, which was here some four hundred yards broad, and beneath
I could see the cavalry brigade trotting up in line of squadron
mns at close interval. Nothing could have better shown off
adaptability and handiness of this formation, as they wound in
out of the inequalities, &c. of the ground, gradually swinging
d their left till they were almost at right angles to the front of
retreating infantry, who continued their movement quite un-
ectingly, without a single scout to warn them of the impending
n. Half-way up the hill the first line of the cavalry deployed,
then, galloping over the ridge, swept down on the infantry,
were completely taken by surprise and hardly fired a shot until
cavalry pulled up. Squadron after squadron of the second line
thrown in, each singling out a group of the enemy to attack,
dashing right up to within a couple of horses' lengths of the
try. The third line remained halted below the brow of the hill,
y to ward off a counter-attack of the enemy's cavalry.

re umpires decided that the charge had succeeded, as the
try were already demoralised by their previous repulse. The
der resulting from this attack having been cleared up,
advance was again resumed in the same manner as before, this
against the culminating point of the ridge, which formed the
y's main position. But I did not notice anything calling for
cular mention in this portion of the fight.

was unable to be present at the concluding action of the
euvres, which took place next day, but I was told it presented
articular feature of interest.

should like, in conclusion, to call attention to some of the
s of general interest which struck me most. First, with regard
e infantry, no one could deny its wonderful marching power,
gh chiefly composed of very young boys, between the ages of
ty and twenty-two, with a considerable sprinkling of volunteers
ly eighteen, wearing as they did long Wellington boots, in
a an ordinary Englishman could hardly have marched ten
without sore heels, and carrying a heavy kit in the old-
oned cow-skin knapsack. They absolutely averaged twenty-
miles a day for three or four days consecutively; and though
often appeared tired, and even spiritless, they never showed
of actual physical prostration, and their sick-list was incredibly
, being only 2 per 1,000. But, as regards their tactical
ing, many improvements might be made. Opposing lines firing

into each other, at scarcely a hundred and fifty yards' distance, is not what one expects to see now-a-days. It is, no doubt, true that such faults correct themselves fast enough in real war; but, even so, great harm may be done in presenting to the young soldier a picture which he finds unlike the real thing the moment he comes under actual fire.

He throws himself down to avoid the storm of lead passing over, and once down, he thinks twice about getting up again. Whereas, had he naturally, in accordance with his peace training, lain down, knowing that in a minute he would be called upon to rise again, it would cost him a far less mental effort to do so than to disobey the order and lie still. In battle the action of the mind is very different to what it is in peace time, and, when danger is very near, troops can only be relied on to carry out that to which they have been so trained in peace that it costs each man, individually, a less effort of will to obey a familiar order than to make up his mind to run away. As regards the control of the firing by the officers, the system pursued was practically the same as our own, and in no way superior to it.

The most noteworthy point in the execution of the attack was, as already noticed, the way in which support from the rear reached the fighting line just when it would have been most required, and gave it a fresh impulse forward. The spectacle of a stationary fire fight at short range, raging for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, is simply ridiculous, and, when it occurs, betrays insufficient tactical training on the part of the superior leaders, as it is a fundamental and undisputed axiom in the modern infantry attack that decisive ranges no body of troops in the open can remain stationary for more than five minutes. It must either advance or retire, and if not supported, is more likely to do the latter than the former.

With regard to the cavalry, the chief point to be noticed is the wonderful training of the horses; with an average of individual riding far below that to which we are accustomed in England, the performance of their regiments, as a body, was decidedly superior.

When the trumpet sounded the "trot," the whole moved off at brisk, lively pace, not a horse breaking or losing his place in the ranks; they cantered and galloped with wonderful precision, the plumes of their busbies, &c. waving smoothly like standing corn in a breeze, very different from the jumpy "peas in a pot" sort of motion one often sees at Aldershot. There was a want of speed and dash in their charge, perhaps, but that was amply compensated for by the greater cohesion in the ranks.

I saw little of that opening out to the flanks which has been but

evident of late in many of our regiments, and altogether I should be inclined to give to the cavalry the foremost place in the main army for all-round efficiency, more especially as they are less on the outbreak of war from the causes which, in the commencement of this paper, I called attention to in the case of infantry, as each regiment is able on mobilisation to complete our field squadrons to their war strength of 150 sabres from fifth, or dépôt squadron.

The artillery was difficult to criticise, as, with only four guns per battery horsed, and no wagons at all, the task of leading was so infinitely simpler than on a war footing, where one half the horses comparatively untrained, that no estimate of their probable efficiency can be formed; but, as was pointed out in a leading article in the *Army and Navy Gazette* for September 29th, they fought the field under much the same conditions in 1870, and thoroughly won the respect of the English gunners who saw them. tactically speaking, the striving to unite in large masses, and to concentrate fire on one object, was very noticeable, and contrasted strikingly with the usual Aldershot field-day tactics.

Finally, I would remark that, whereas there was no denying the tactical skill of the superior officers, I saw nothing to justify the opinion that our regimental officers, as a body, are in any way inferior to those whose example has of late been so often flung in our teeth, and which we are so constantly invited to emulate.

Our Field Artillery.

BY LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES FORD.

(Continued from p. 112.)

NUMBERS AND DISTRIBUTION OF OFFICERS, Warrant Officers, Sergeants, Rank and File, Trumpeters, and Horses of Brigades on Home Establishment, and comparison of present and proposed strength.

The brigade staff would consist of the colonel and his brigade-major, an orderly-room sergeant, and a rank-and-file non-commissioned officer as his assistant. If necessary, other non-commissioned officers and men could be taken temporarily from batteries to assist in the head-quarter office, but the two above named would be permanently borne on the head-quarter staff, and be in excess of the strength of the batteries. The same would be the case with six gunners, or drivers, three of whom would be servants to the colonel, two to the brigade-major, and one bôtmán to the orderly-room clerk. Thus, then, the brigade staff would consist of two officers, one sergeant, and seven rank and file.

The staff of a service division would consist of one lieutenant-colonel, one adjutant, one riding-master, one quarter-master, one sergeant-major (warrant officer), one quartermaster-sergeant, one farrier-major, one trumpet-major, one wheeler-major, one collar-maker-major, one orderly-room sergeant, and one sergeant-cook; also eight rank and file as servants to the four officers, and eight rank and file as bôtmén to the warrant officer and sergeants, or in all, four officers, one warrant officer, seven sergeants, and sixteen rank and file. The staff of a H. A. division would have six troop-horses, viz. one each for riding-master, quarter-master, sergeant-major, farrier-major, and trumpet-major; and the staff of a F. A. division would have seven, as the adjutant would be entitled to a troop-horse.

propose that *all* lieutenant-colonels should find their own first horses, instead of those of the F. A. having, as at present, one horse.

Staff of a dépôt division should be the same as above, less carrier-major, wheeler-major, collarmaker-major, and sergeant-and their bätmen. The dépôt staff would therefore comprise lieutenant-colonel, one adjutant, one riding-master, one quartermaster, one sergeant-major, one quartermaster-sergeant, one staff-major, one orderly-room sergeant, and twelve rank and file.

The composition of batteries and ammunition columns is shown in Tables 2 and 3. It will be seen, then, that the batteries, ammunition columns, and staff of the three home brigades, and the dépôts of six brigades, would consist as under.

	Officers	Warrant officers	Sergeants	Trumpeters	Rank and file	All ranks	Horses.
Staff of three home brigades and divisional staff	54	12	87	—	213	366	81
Staff of six dépôt divisions	24	6	18	—	72	120	36
Staff of batteries of three batteries	225	—	390	90	5,262	5,967	3,693
Staff of ammunition columns	18	—	33	6	396	453	262
Staff of six dépôt divisions	60	—	108	24	1,728	1,920	558
Total	381	18	686	120	7,671	8,826	4,630

According to the official tables showing the establishment of regular and auxiliary forces for 1883–4, the existing numbers in the home establishment are as under:—

Officers, 352; warrant officers, 2; sergeants, 536; trumpeters, 96; rank and file, 7,867; all ranks, 8,872; horses, 4,522.

The proposed organisation would consequently entail an increase of twenty-nine officers, sixteen warrant officers, 100 sergeants, six trumpeters, and 108 horses, and a reduction of 196 rank and file, in other words, a total reduction of forty-six of all ranks, and a decrease of 108 horses.

It must be observed, however, as regards these figures, that, as I have shown, all servants and bätmen, of brigade and divisional staffs, are taken from the establishment of batteries, there is not the same reduction to be made from the fighting effective as under the present system, under which batteries are constantly called upon to

send a proportion of their best men as servants to the district staffs, which men being still borne on the effective strength of their batteries.

COMPARISON of STRENGTH of PRESENT INDIAN ESTABLISHMENT with that proposed by this Scheme.

With reference to the following table, I may remark that I propose to retain the number of men and horses per battery at present fixed for India, as it has doubtless been decided on after due consideration and experience. The ammunition columns I have made proportionately stronger in men than those at home, as I consider they should be capable of even readier expansion; and whereas the columns at home would, on expansion, be probably filled up with reserve men, I conclude those in India would be increased mainly, if not entirely, by the addition of natives, and would therefore need a strong backbone of Europeans to render them reliable.

Present Indian Establishment.

	Officers.	Warrant officers.	Ser-geants.	Trum-peters.	Rank and file.	All ranks.	Horses.
H. A	64	3	99	20	1,460	1,646	1,782
F. A	233	5	381	80	5,840	6,539	4,408
Total	297	8	480	100	7,300	8,185	6,189

Proposed Indian Establishment.

	Officers.	Warrant officers.	Ser-geants.	Trum-peters.	Rank and file.	All ranks.	Horses.
Staff of three brigades	6	—	3	—	3	12	Nil
Divisional ditto	48	12	84	—	—	144	48
Batteries of ditto	225	—	405	90	6,570	7,290	5,736
Three ammunition columns	18	—	21	6	680	675	230
	297	12	513	96	7,200	8,121	6,144

It will thus be seen that the number of officers is unaltered, that there is an increase of four warrant officers and thirty-three sergeants, and a reduction of four trumpeters, 100 rank and file, and thirty-eight horses, or a net reduction of sixty-four of all ranks, and thirty-eight horses.

The reduction in the number of rank and file, and horses, shown on the staff, is due to striking out servants and bātmen, and officers' troop-horses, neither being allowed on the Indian establishment.

NOTE.—On reference to a former page, it will be seen that the difference on the home establishment amounts to a reduction of forty-six of all ranks, and an increase of 108 horses. The nett result, therefore, in the entire regiment, is a reduction of 110 of all ranks, and an increase of seventy horses.

GENERAL REMARKS.

I venture to think that such an organisation as sketched in the foregoing pages would go some way towards meeting both *operational* and tactical requirements. It would seem that, on home establishment, at least, the colonel commanding a brigade need expect

at difficulty in exercising the requisite amount of supervision in the way of occasional inspections, whilst it will be remembered that in every case the lieutenant-colonels commanding divisions have at least two of their batteries together, the others being, in the case of the 1st and 2nd brigades, near enough to be occasionally inspected; whilst in the case of the 3rd brigade, I have already observed that a short period of comparative quiet, during which inspecting officers ceased to trouble, and batteries were at home, would, perhaps, be rather an advantage than an evil in the case of men just returned from India. Of course, the "let 'em alone" policy might be easily overdone, but, from my knowledge of the zeal and energy which always seem to characterise the senior officers of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, I should entertain but little fear on that score.

I am not blind to the fact that the Indian establishment and the Indian wars, and our constantly recurring little wars, would arise, as in all questions of army organisation and reform, as disturbing elements; but I believe that no insuperable difficulty need occur in meeting them, if we recognise the principle of temporarily dividing a brigade. I have assumed that, as at present, about half the force of horse and field artillery would usually be stationed in India, and the other half at home. Then, if it became necessary to increase the force abroad, any required portion of the home brigade first for service could be sent out, with the proviso that the division should not, as a rule, be thus broken up, at least for any length of time. It may be objected that a division abroad, with the brigade head-quarters at home, or *vice versâ*, would have its correspondence much increased; but inasmuch as in many respects, such as clothing returns, &c., the divisions would be independent, and resemble battalions of the line, I do not believe this need be a case. There would certainly be less inconvenience than was possible under the old brigade system, when the 4th brigade at a time had two batteries at home, the remaining eight batteries distributed between Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and head-quarters in Canada; so that returns, &c. had to be sent to England from the Antipodes for transmission to Canada, and then sent back again from Canada to the head-quarters of the Regiment in England.

In the event of an expeditionary force of less strength than an army corps being sent on service, its quota of artillery would be furnished by the brigade first on the roster; and in the event of reinforcements being required, or if another small force were to be shipped, the same brigade would furnish the needful force of

artillery ; but, in case a whole army corps were meanwhile to be mobilised, the *next* brigade would be augmented and attached to it. Should a war, under these circumstances, seem likely to assume large proportions, the mutilated brigade might be put last on the roster, and fresh cadres be raised to bring it to full strength if wanted in its turn.

It will be seen that my proposed organisation reduces the number of service batteries by fifteen, and no one can be more sensible than myself of the disadvantages of such a reduction ; that portion of the paper, however, is only meant to show that the proposed change *could* be effected at but slight extra expense. I cannot but think, nevertheless, that ninety batteries, with an effective corps organisation, and the nucleus, at least, of an ammunition train, would be practically far more effective than 105 batteries destitute of any such organisation, and, moreover, destined to be mulcted, on the outbreak of war, of an unknown number, which would either be broken up to form ammunition columns or depleted by drafts.

I will only, in conclusion, call attention to the fact that the existing number of service batteries (105) is the exact number required to form seven such brigades as I propose ; in which case it would be only necessary to convert two field batteries into H. A. and to raise five H. A. and seven F. A. dépôt batteries, and seven ammunition columns. I fear, however, that nothing short of an universal rising up of nation against nation would induce the British Government to embark in such an outlay as would be thus involved.

TABLE 1.

Showing the proposed distribution of the three field brigades on home service, and the depôts of the whole six brigades.

1st brigade—

Brigade head-quarters	Aldershot.
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H. A. division—

Head-quarters and three batteries	Aldershot.
---	------------

One battery	St. John's Wood.
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1st division—

Head-quarters and two batteries	Aldershot.
---	------------

One battery	Christchurch.
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Ammunition column	Aldershot.
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2nd division—

Head-quarters and two batteries	Hilsea.
---	---------

Two batteries	Aldershot.
-------------------------	------------

3rd division—		
Head-quarters and two batteries	Weedon.
Two batteries	Aldershot.
2nd brigade—		
Brigade head-quarters	Dublin.
H. A. division—		
Head-quarters and three batteries	Dublin.
One battery	Ballincollig.
1st division—		
Head-quarters and one battery	Curragh.
Ammunition column	Curragh.
One battery	Clonmel.
One battery	Kilkenny.
2nd division—		
Head-quarters and two batteries	Athlone.
One battery	Limerick.
One battery	Fermoy.
3rd division—		
Head-quarters and two batteries	Newcastle-on-Tyne.
One battery	Leith Fort.
One battery	Glasgow.
Brd brigade—		
Brigade head-quarters	York.
H. A. division—		
Head-quarters and two batteries	Exeter.
One battery	Dorchester.
One battery	Coventry.
1st division—		
Head-quarters and two batteries	Sheffield.
One battery	Chatham.
Ammunition column	Woolwich.
2nd division—		
Head-quarters and two batteries	Shorncliffe.
One battery	Woolwich.
One battery	Colchester.
3rd division—		
Head-quarters and two batteries	Ipswich.
One battery	Bristol.
One battery	Trowbridge.
Depôt divisions—		
Five divisions have each head-quarters and two batteries	Woolwich.
One division, head-qrs. and two batteries	.	Newbridge.

TABLE 2.

Showing proposed strength in officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, of batteries on the home establishment :—

	Heavy battery.	Light battery.	H. A. battery.
1st brigade—			
Major	1	1	1
Captain	1	1	1
Lieutenants	3	3	3
Battery sergeant-major .	1	1	1
Battery Qr.-master-sergt.	1	1	1
Farrier-sergeant . . .	1	1	1
Sergeants	6	6	6
Trumpeters	2	2	2
Corporals	6	6	6
Bombardiers	6	6	6
Shoeing-smiths	3	3	3
Collar-makers	2	2	2
Wheelers	1	1	1
Gunners	66	60	72
Drivers	72	66	59
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
All ranks	172	160	165
2nd brigade—			
Major	1	1	1
Captain	1	1	1
Lieutenants	3	3	3
Battery sergeant-major .	1	1	1
Battery Qr.-master-sergt.	1	1	1
Farrier-sergeant . . .	1	1	1
Sergeants	6	6	6
Trumpeters	2	2	2
Corporals	5	5	5
Bombardiers	5	5	5
Shoeing-smiths	3	3	3
Collar-makers	2	2	2
Wheelers	1	1	1
Gunners	48	48	54
Drivers	55	48	44
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
All ranks	185	128	144

	Heavy battery.	Light battery.	H. A. battery.
brigade—			
Major	1	1	1
Captain	1	1	1
Lieutenants	3	3	3
Battery sergeant-major .	1	1	1
Battery Qr.-master-sergt.	1	1	1
Farrier-sergeant . . .	1	1	1
Sergeants	5	5	5
Trumpeters	2	2	2
Corporals	4	4	4
Bombardiers	4	4	4
Shoeing-smiths	2	2	2
Collar-makers	1	1	1
Wheelers	1	1	1
Gunners	36	36	45
Drivers	34	34	28
	—	—	—
All ranks	97	97	100

	1st brigade.	2nd and 3rd brigade.
munition columns—		
Major	1	1
Captain	1	1
Lieutenants	4	4
Battery sergeant-major .	1	1
Battery Quartermaster-sergeant .	1	1
Farrier-sergeant	1	1
Sergeants	8	8
Trumpeters	2	2
Corporals	8	8
Bombardiers	8	8
Shoeing-smiths*	4	4
Collar makers*	4	4
Wheelers*	4	4
Gunners	48	48
Drivers	72	48
	—	—
All ranks	167	148

Four of each class of artificer, so that each section may be complete in itself, a view to their separation when the brigade is mobilised.

Depôt batteries, whether H. A. or F. A.—

Major	1	Bombardiers	5
Captain	1	Shoeing-smiths	2
Lieutenants	3	Collar-makers	1
Battery sergt.-major	1	Wheelers	1
Battery Qr.-mr.-sergt	1	Gunners	78
Farrier-sergeant	1	Drivers	51
Sergeants	6		
Trumpeters	2	All ranks	165
Corporals	5		

TABLE 3.

Showing strength in horses, of batteries and ammunition columns on the home establishment.

	Heavy battery.	Light battery.	H. A. batteries
1st brigade—			
Gun horses	48	36	36
Wagon	36	36	36
Forge	4	4	4
General service wagons	8	8	8
Spare draught	6	6	6
Officers'	5	5	—
Staff-sergeants'	2	2	2
Farrier-sergeants'	1	1	1
Shoeing-smiths'	1	1	—
Trumpeters'	2	2	2
Numbers 1 of subdivision	6	6	—
Coverers'	6	6	—
Detachment	—	—	4
Spare riding	1	1	—
Total	126	114	1
2nd brigade—			
Gun horses	36	36	—
Wagon	8	8	—
Forge	4	4	—
Spare draught	4	2	—
Officers'	5	5	—
Staff-sergeants'	2	2	—
Farrier-sergeants'	1	1	—
Shoeing-smiths'	1	1	—
Trumpeters'	2	2	—
Numbers 1 of subdivision	6	6	—
Coverers'	6	6	—
Detachment	—	—	—
Spare riding	1	1	—

	Heavy battery.	Light battery.	H. A. battery.
pipeters'	1	1	1
bers 1 of subdivision	6	6	—
achment	—	—	36
riding	1	1	3
	—	—	—
	68	66	93
le—			
horses	24	24	24
draught	2	2	2
rs'	5	5	—
sergeants'	2	2	2
er-sergeants'	1	1	1
pipeters'	1	1	1
bers 1 of subdivision	4	4	—
achment	—	—	24
	—	—	—
Total	39	39	54

isions:—

teries, both H. A. and F. A. to have the same number of shown above for the 3rd brigade.

on columns.—

munition column of the 1st brigade to have the same horses as a heavy battery of the same brigade, viz. 126. munition columns of the 2nd and 3rd brigades to be of strength in horses as a heavy battery of the 2nd brigade,

tteries of 1st brigade have six ammunition wagons, and two general ns, besides the forge wagon. Those of the 2nd brigade have two wagons and a forge wagon.
 ie 3rd brigade have only four guns horsed, and no other carriages.
 eries resemble those of 3rd brigade.
 nition column of 3rd brigade is put at the same strength as that of because, if on a much lower scale, expansion would be practically



Reviews.

A SCRATCH TEAM OF ESSAYS, never before put together. Being Reprints from the *Quarterly* and *Westminster Reviews*, on *the KITCHEN AND THE CELLAR*; *THACKERAY*; *RUSSIA*; *CARRIAGES ROADS, AND COACHES*. By SEPT. BERDMORE (NIMSHIVICH) London: W. H. Allen & Co.

HAD this book contained but one article—the first—it would have been worth all the money. It is incomparably the best essay on the subject of the domestic economy of the household that has ever appeared. Its style is fascinating, its contents are instructive. Not only the Gourmand, but the Gourmet, not only the man clothed in purple and fine linen, but the humble clerk in his humble home, will find it teeming with hints which, put into practice, will save his pocket, whilst they add to his happiness. There is a philosophy in the whole argument which acts upon the mental fibres as champagne acts on the wearied body. It fires, it exhilarates, it rouses to action. Every soldier will be able to profit by the study of maxims which put before him in the clearest manner the road to an enjoyment which, though the narrow-minded may call it sensual, yet, in its nature, and in the prospects beyond it which it opens out, partakes largely of the divine.

Passing over Thackeray and Russia, not because they are not worthy of the brilliant writer of the first essay, but simply because the printer has strictly limited us to a solitary page, we turn to the essay on coaches. Here, again, we recognise the hand of a master. His references to the days of coaching, some fifty years ago, are full of interest. They cannot fail to be of use, in many ways, to the present generation. Like the first essay, this one likewise combines the interesting with the useful. The book should be in everybody's hands, for it is simply admirable.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All MSS. intended for insertion must be directed to the Editors, *Army and Navy Magazine*, 13, Waterloo Place, London, S.W., and must contain name and address of the writer. Name and address on letters is insufficient.

It is requested that ruled paper be used, the pages numbered, fastened together, and a small margin left.

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Reviews of Books and Notes on salient matters connected with the *Army and Navy* will be continued each month.

THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1884.

Tinkering and Tailoring.

BY RICHARD TRIMEN, LATE CAPTAIN 85TH FOOT.

Since the year 1869 the British army has been suffering more or less from tinkers and tailors.

The first great shock inflicted on the British army was the abolition of purchase, on November 1st, 1871, and nearly all the ills from which it has since suffered may be traced to that political proceeding.

The authors of the abolition of purchase in the army found that they composed of regiments of cavalry and infantry second to none in the world, the officers and men of which they were composed full of zeal for the service of the Queen, and love for the regiments which they belonged.

Every man in a regiment in those days thought it his duty to sink of his regiment first, and himself afterwards; in short, *esprit-de-corps* was the paramount feeling in every soldier's heart.

Any man in a regiment who did not experience this love for his regiment was not worthy of the name of soldier.

The officers of regiments in those days were proud to serve the Queen for nothing, and the non-commissioned officers and men were proud to serve under them and under the colours of their grand old regiments, on which were emblazoned the names of many a famous battle-field, in which their predecessors or themselves had fought.

In those days there was a grand historical chain of evidence of the services of the regiments handed down from year to year, and

from man to man ; and in many cases those who had borne a part in some one or more of the actions commemorated on the regimental colour were tangible realities ; there they stood with the medals they had won on their breasts.

In the days we write of, before the army reformer had begun his tinkering, the men who formed our regiments were contented ; there was grumbling at trifles, of course, but there was none of the bitter hatred that is now daily expressed by all ranks against those who have robbed and insulted them by word and deed.

The ranks then were filled by officers who considered the army such a grand profession, that they were willing to sacrifice their time, their health, and often their lives, for the simple honour of serving the Queen ; and by non-commissioned officers and men, who did the same for next to nothing.

We wonder if the army tinker ever realises the fact that the old purchase-officers cost the country nothing, that he and his friends were protected by the gentlemen of England who entered the army at no expense to him. It has always been a marvel to us how the tinker advocated the abolition of purchase, if he was aware of the above.

However, the fact that the officers of the army were a class of men who never agitated, or struck work, and were helpless, and were content to do their duty, interfering with no one, was enough for the tinker ; and so *he* agitated, and worked his best, and wrote lies about the army, and said hard things about the officers in the House of Commons, and talked nonsense about what a grand army he would have if only those aristocratic officers were got rid of, and kicked up such a fuss that, of course, Mr. Gladstone gave in at once, abused the royal prerogative, and so purchase in the army came to an end, and with it the high tone and independent character that was a marked feature of the old purchase officer.

And, with the destruction, the ancient ranks of cornet and ensign were knocked on the head, and a new rank given to officers on appointment, who were to be called sub-lieutenants just for a change, and to show that the tinker could do something at once ; and he followed up that brilliant stroke of genius on the 25th of June 1872, by abolishing the rank of ensign and lieutenant in the regiment of foot-guards, and that of cornet in the household cavalry. Fancy the tinker forgetting all about the household troops for several months !

It is quite disgusting to wade through the " army circulars " of 1872 and 1873 : there is not a subject connected with the army that the tinker did not meddle with, and his friend the tailor

al to say to it also ; in fact, they both had a fine time of it, more than the unfortunate officers and men who were then experienced.

tinker was now getting the upper hand, and the more he was backed up by the other tinkers in the House of Commons, the more he became, and the more over-bearing and abusive were the productions. The " army circulars " were public documents, but the letters to officers commanding regiments were not, and were not models of courtesy exactly ; but what can you expect from tinkers ?

The tinker did not do so very much harm just at first, beyond driving out many a first-rate officer out of the service who would not tolerate nonsense ; but when he began to meddle with the regulations in 1873, by the ridiculous invention of " linking " two regiments of infantry together that were perfectly distinct, and had nothing in common than a race and a cab horse, it became

that he cared the tinker (as long as he was backed up by the newspaper and a Radical crew in the House of Commons) nothing for the regiments of the British army, or what became of them ? All that he cared about was the destruction of the old army that served the country so well, in the hope that a new army would be produced, that would serve the House of Commons instead.

A year after the absurd system of linking was introduced, the tinker's powers were rather reduced, but he still seemed to have a mysterious way of quietly undermining the old institutions of the country, until he came brilliantly to the front in 1880, and said " Now see what I will do." And he was justified in his boast, for he had actually obtained, although it is hardly worth mentioning, two or three persons who bore high military rank, who had accepted rank in the Queen's army from the Queen, to help him in his infamous and disgraceful attempt to transfer the army from the service of the Queen to that of the House of Commons.

The tinker was now in his glory, for he could say he had the Queen's soldiers in his contemplated insults to the Queen and her army, and his assertion was true, although, to be consistent, his military advisers should have resigned their commission as soldiers when they became traitors to their cloth and Queen.

The tinker, now firmly seated in the saddle, cared nothing for the bucking on the part of the unfortunate animal he bestrode, and was as vain and useless for the Duke, or generals, or anyone else, as a piece of advice or warning. The tinker cared for no one qualified to give him advice or warning. The tinker cared for no one qualified to stop him, but thought only of what a fine time he was having, and how

the old army will be destroyed, and its influence as a political power destroyed.

It is shown by the *Times* newspaper, and by his military and political plans and power, warrants, orders, and so on, that have been passing forth from the War Office, that the tinkering system is everything that could be imagined, and that every vestige of the old regiments of the British Army.

The tinkering point was reached on the 30th of June 1881, when the tinkering of the pen, the tinkering of the Queen's orders, the tinkering of the regiments of the army, some of which are the old regiments of the army, and transfer the mutilated regiments of the army of the House of Commons.

The tinkering of the greatest stroke of all, and afforded the tinkering of the tinkering. He had tinkered and forced on all the tinkering of the tinkering the army before, such as competent tinkering of the tinkering subjects for those destined to lead the tinkering of the tinkering "linked battalions," brigade de tinkering of the tinkering, and absurdities of every sort and kind, and the tinkering of the tinkering, and it certainly was.

The tinkering of the tinkering point was made for his friend the tinkering of the tinkering on the 1st of July 1881 wanted new clothing for the tinkering, even tinkering, for the tinkering had decided that the tinkering of the tinkering army should not be numbered! It is not a fact, but it is a fact, and a reference to one of the tinkering of the tinkering will show it to be so.

It is not possible to work without numbers to regiments, and the tinkering of the tinkering, and already it is feared the War Office is tinkering of the tinkering battalions (to say nothing of militia) and the tinkering, tinkering from all points of the tinkering of the tinkering thought "east" or "south" better than the tinkering of the tinkering in action most certainly will not be tinkering of the tinkering.

The tinkering of the tinkering, in a leading article, was very indignant at the tinkering of the new regiments of the Parliamentary army, and the tinkering of the tinkering; but it is of no use writing querulous articles because impractical titles given to regiments by theoretical tinkering are not used by practical soldiers.

Since 1st July 1881 the tinkering, consequently, has been hard work, for regiments (pardon—battalions) recruited in Westminster have had to be dressed something like the old 42nd Highlanders and others from that pleasing locality like the old 88th Connaught Rangers, and so on, and so on. Of course those that had a facing

one colour have had another allotted, even the pattern of the lace **has** been changed. Some regiments (pardon—battalions), are now **dressed** like the old Rifle Brigade, or 60th Rifles, because, probably, **they** had nothing to do with them.

However, it is time to consider what these twelve years or so of tinkering and tailoring have done for the British army. Is the **army** as good as it was before all this began? There is not a soldier whose opinion is worth asking, who will not say that the army is in a far worse condition than it was before. Are the regimental officers better now than before? There is not a soldier whose opinion is worth asking, who will not say that the regimental officers are not equal, as regimental officers, to those of the old days of purchase. He will say, and allow, that the present race of officers are far more qualified to pass examinations, but far less qualified to lead their men (pardon—boys) into action. He will say, also, no wonder **such** is the case, for what pride in his regiment can an officer have? He is gazetted to one of the new regiments, posted to one of its battalions, and may be turned out of it at the caprice of the War Office just as he is beginning to feel at home in it. Instead of thinking of the honour of his regiment, he thinks of himself; instead of looking after his men (or boys), he has to think of the next examination he will have to cram for; and if, as is probable, the tinker succeeds in getting all officers promoted by “selection” or “jobbery,” instead of by seniority of service, he must think most of whom he knows in the War Office, or elsewhere, or he will never be promoted at all, unless he takes to writing articles in the *Times* newspaper, abusing his superiors in social and army rank, or introduces a private purchase system of his own by bribing some political friend, for nothing but politics are of any use to an officer in these days.

Are the non-commissioned officers equal to those of the old times before the introduction of the short-service system? There is not a soldier whose opinion is worth asking, who will not say they are far worse. He will say, how can it be otherwise? He will say, in the old days a man was lucky if he was promoted a corporal in three years' service (the tinker thinks he is fit for sergeant-major by that time, or for the “reserves,” he is certainly as fit for one as the other), and a sergeant in six; the consequence was, that he was a man of authority, he was a man who, by a course of good conduct, was worthy of promotion and respect, and he took his place in the regiment naturally. The men now promoted are, generally, far too young and inexperienced for their position, and carry, consequently, no influence with their captains or companies; but there is no choice,

the commanding officer of a battalion must promote someone the unfortunate Colonel of the 21st at the Cape some few years ago who suddenly saw forty-seven of his non-commissioned officers ordered to England for discharge, or "reserve," leaving him thirty-five sergeants and corporals to fill up all the staff-sergeant places, and the whole non-commissioned staff of his battalion.

The tinker is of opinion, probably, that that sort of thing is an improvement on the old days, which opinion is probably shared by his two or three political military advisers.

Are the rank and file to be compared to the men that fill the ranks of the regiments of the time before the tinker began his infernal work, either in appearance, or conduct, in peace or in war? They no doubt do their best, but they have nothing to learn from the old soldiers; there are no old soldiers to teach them their work, or to leave a mass of boys in a company; they have no incentive to work for; they have nothing to work for; they are merely birds of passage, with, as a rule, no pension to look forward to as a reward for faithful service; and they are liable to be kicked out of the battalion they belong to, into another of which they know nothing.

And so the once glorious infantry of the British army has been brought to the miserable state of degradation in which it now is. A regiment is but a regiment in name, and but a lamentable caricature of what a regiment used to be, and of what a regiment ought to be. Yet even the other day we read an article in the *Times* newspaper and a speech by the Secretary of State for War, and another by an ex-Secretary of State for War, saying what a magnificent condition the army was in.

The tinker has worked much evil, and so has the tailor, but the *Times* newspaper and all political soldiers have worked much more, and so, when the British army is overwhelmed with disaster through the ludicrous state into which theoretical reformers have brought it, the people of England must put the saddle on the wrong horse, and not blame their simple soldiers, who have written, spoken, and warned them of the consequences of their folly.

The Battle-fields of Germany.

BY COLONEL G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I.

VI.—TUTTLINGEN AND FREIBURG.

As shown how, on the 3rd December 1641, General Count of Guébriant, commanding the army known as the Franco-Weimar, had quitted the camp of Torstenson at Winsen (on the Elbe) and had marched to the Lower Rhine. Guébriant crossed the river at the confluence with it of the Lippe, close to Wesel, and repelled easily an attempt made by the garrisons of Venlo and Maastricht to interfere with his progress, and was about to distribute his army in winter-quarters, when he learned that the Elector of Cologne, in mortal terror of being attacked, had dispatched an urgent message to General Hatzfeldt, who commanded the Bavarian army on the middle Rhine, to hasten to reinforce his own troops, who, led by Marshal de Lamboy, occupied an intrenched position at Kempen,* about forty miles from Cologne, and but six from Crefeld. On receiving this information Guébriant resolved to anticipate Hatzfeldt and to attack him before that general could arrive.

Kempen—the birthplace of Thomas à Kempis, and now a chief town in the Düsseldorf district of the Rhine provinces—lies in a level plain, offering but few obstacles to the advance of an army.

The troops under Lamboy, drawn almost entirely from the Cologne electorate, had taken no leading part in the hostilities which had been raging in Germany for twenty-three years.

Lamboy, however, was a capable soldier. William of Orange belonged to one of the most ancient and noble families in the Netherlands. Entering the army as a volunteer, he had made his name under the Duke of Lorraine, and when in command of an army he had, after failing to relieve Breisach, made a retreat so gallant, that he had been rewarded by the bâton of Field Marshal. He had subsequently distinguished himself in several

great many writers, misled by the similarity of the name, have confounded Kempen with Kempten on the Iller, in Swabia.

encounters on the soil of France. Serving under him on this occasion were several officers, soon to become famous. The chief of these was Francis, Baron of Mercy.

Lamboy's army numbered about twenty thousand men; that of Guébriant exceeded it by five thousand, but the men serving under him had been inured to war in many a campaign; some amongst them had fought at Nördlingen and in the campaign preceding Nördlingen. Since that fatal battle they had never known defeat. They had confidence in their leader, and they responded eagerly to the call made upon them by that leader to assail the intrenched camp of the enemy.

Guébriant led them to that assault early on the morning of the 18th January (1642). Lamboy was not prepared for it. His army, taken by surprise, made a brave but fruitless resistance, but was completely defeated, losing two thousand men in killed and five thousand taken prisoners. Amongst the latter were Lamboy himself, Mercy, Landon, and all the colonels! This battle decided the fate of the Electorate. All its resources, in men, horses, provisions, guns, and clothing, were utilised by the victor to feed, strengthen, and re-equip his army.

But Guébriant—for whom the victory of Kempen procured the bâton of a marshal—was not the man to waste his time in unnecessary delays. No sooner had he drawn all that was possible from the Cologne Electorate, than, leaving strong garrisons in the towns he had taken, to make head against Hatzfeldt, he recrossed the Rhine, and marched into Thuringen, to support the aggressive movement which Torstenson was then making towards Saxony, Silesia, and Moravia. Soon perceiving, however, that the progress of his Swedish colleague had taken the form of a triumphant march, he resolved to hasten to the middle Rhine, the real aim of French aspirations. Unfortunately for his projects, a Bavarian army under John of Werth—fresh from a splendid captivity, made enjoyable to him in a thousand ways in Paris*—had been beforehand with him, and occupied the Margraviate of Baden with a superior force.

* "Dès qu'il eut donné sa parole," wrote the *Mercur*, "on se fit un plaisir de lui laisser une entière liberté; il alla faire la cour au roi, qui lui fit mille caresses; il fut regaré par les seigneurs les plus considérables, et alla à tous les spectacles. Quand il restoit à Vincennes, on lui faisoit une chère magnifique, et les dames les plus qualifiées de Paris se faisoient un divertissement de l'aller voir manger. Il se faisoit à toutes mille honnestetés qui cependant ne ressembloient toujours de l'Allemand et du soldat. Il buvoit admirablement, et n'excelloit pas moins à prendre du tabac, en poudre, en cordon, et en fumée." John of Werth had been exchanged against Gustavus Horn in the month of March of this year.

ing his army to many privations and suffering many losses, Guébriant managed to reach the Breisgau and to connect himself with Alsace. He had the solitary consolation of knowing he had served in an indirect manner to favour the enterprise of Torstenson.

Having placed his troops in winter quarters, Guébriant went, in the beginning of December, to Leipzig to consult with Torstenson regarding the campaign for the coming year.

He found the Swedish general bent upon utilising to the utmost the victory he had just gained at Breitenfeld, by penetrating without delay into the dominions of the Emperor. The position of the Franco-Weimar army did not permit Guébriant to operate in this enterprise. The most he could promise to do was to endeavour to attract as much as possible the attention of the enemy to Bavaria.

Guébriant returned to Alsace, and, having once again reformed his army, entered Swabia, and so occupied the Bavarian army that for a long time it could render no help to the Imperialists on the one side, nor to the cities of the Netherlands, besieged by a French army, on the other. At length, however, Mercy—who had been released from the captivity to which the battle of Kempen had assigned him—made a great effort to reach Guébriant, so as to relieve Thionville, then very sorely pressed by the Duke of Enghien. Guébriant, who was outnumbered, made a retreat so circumspect, so measured, so skilful, that he gave time for Thionville to fall; then, reinforced by some of the troops who had taken part in the retreat, he resumed the offensive, forced the Bavarian army to withdraw, and, re-entering Swabia, took Rottweil, 8th November, before its very eyes. It was Guébriant's last action. At the capture of Rottweil he received a wound in his arm, which, unskilfully treated, caused his death (13th November). He was regretted by his troops, and esteemed by his enemies. The command of the Franco-Weimar army devolved upon Josias Rantzau, a member of the noble Schleswig-Holstein family of that name.

Rantzau was no unworthy successor to Guébriant. Only thirty-three years old, he had seen an amount of service such as veterans of the more modern days have rejoiced in. After a long training, first under the generals of the Dutch Republic, then under Gustavus, then under the Emperor, and again under Bernhard, he, finally, in 1635, accepted the offers made to him by France, and thenceforth remained constant to her.

banner. His career, from that time up to the moment of his introduction to the reader, had been a blaze of glory. There were few important actions in which he had not taken a leading part. His prominence in fight was remarkable, even in an age when personal adventure was a more important factor on the battle-field than it has become in these days of stricter discipline. He had received sixty wounds; and had lost, in action, an eye, an ear, an arm, and a leg. Yet, notwithstanding that he was the possessor, at the age of thirty-three, of little more than one half of his original personality,* he was as active, as daring, as efficient, as the strongest and soundest-limbed man in his army. So great, moreover, was his reputation, that not even the calamity which was about to happen to him, and which I proceed now to record, could detract from the estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries.

Fresh from the glorious field of Rocroi, on which he had borne a very prominent part, and from the capture of Thionville, Rantzau had commanded the French division by which Guébriant had been reinforced, had accompanied him into Swabia, and, on his death, five days after the capture of Rottweil, had, as I have said, succeeded to the command of the Franco-Weimar army. Winter had come, the ground was covered with snow, the Bavarian army had shown no disposition even to relieve Rottweil; there seemed no probability that it would now attempt to avenge the loss of it. Rantzau, then, did not hesitate to carry out the intentions of his predecessor; to march to Tuttlingen, seventeen miles from Rottweil, and distribute his army in winter quarters.

The town of Tuttlingen lies on a broad plain on the right bank of the Danube. Above it rose, in those days, the castle, now in ruins, called the Hohenburg or Hohnburg, and a high range known as the Tuttlingen heights, both of which, especially the latter, commanded a complete view of the country and of the Alpine ranges beyond. To the north the plain was comparatively open; but on the south and south-west it was fringed by a series of heights, covered in some places with thick forest, and separated from each other by narrow gorges easily

* On his death in 1650, the following epitaph was placed upon his tomb:—

Du corps du grand Rantzau tu n'as qu'une des parts :
L'autre moitié resta dans les plaines de Mars
Il dispersa partout ses membres et sa gloire.
Tout abattu qu'il fût, il demeura vainqueur ;
Son sang fût en cent lieux le prix de la victoire,
Et Mars ne lui laissa rien d'entier que le cœur.

ensible. In such a position and in such a country, a general should crown the heights bordering the plain, and should possess a good look-out, might confidently hope to maintain his position till the winter season should have passed away. It could be added that Tuttlingen was connected with the left bank of the Danube by the village of Möhringen on that bank, and a half miles further up its stream. This village was occupied by the French.

But the Germans had determined not only to avenge the loss of Rottweil, they were resolved that the French army should winter on the soil of the Fatherland. Very solid reasons were urged for their determination. Mercy had not, indeed, been able to prevent the fall of Rottweil; but, two days after the capture of that place, he had been joined first by the Duke of Saxe (Charles IV.), then by a strong division of Imperialists, commanded by Hatzfeldt—who had been released from captivity at the same time as himself—and, finally, by John of Werth, with a body of splendid cavalry. This united force considerably outnumbered the Franco-Weimar army. It was led by three men who had risen, by sheer merit, to the height of their profession. Of these, Hatzfeldt we know, and John of Werth we know. Before describing the action which they took upon this memorable occasion, I propose to say a few introductory words regarding Mercy.

Francis, Baron of Mercy, was born at the close of the sixteenth century at Longwy—now belonging to the French department of the Meurthe-Moselle—about forty miles to the north-west of Metz. At a very early age he entered the military service of Bavaria and took a part in all the principal actions and sieges in which the army of that country was engaged during the earlier phases of the Thirty Years' war. When Tisbon was besieged by Banner, Mercy, bearing the rank of general of artillery—feldzeugmeister—had commanded the vanguard of the army which had marched under Piccolomini to its relief. He it was who had assailed the four regiments which, under Colonel Schlangen, had delayed the pursuing army for four days at Wald-Neuburg; he had subsequently taken part in the defeats of Wolfenbüttel and Kempen. After his release from the captivity to which the latter defeat had subjected him, he had been placed at the head of the Bavarian army which had first driven Guébriant from Swabia, and later, after the fall of Thionville, had been forced to fall back before it into that province. He had already the reputation of

should not rest in security in its winter quarters atlingen. At a consultation attended by the four referred to, it was resolved to attempt to surprise the French. A reconnaissance, conducted with great secrecy, had shown that Rantzau was resting in the most perfect security that, although he had placed his guns on the high positions commanding the passes, yet that, confident of the prestige his army had gained and in the discouragement of the Bavarians, he had not manned them; that he had not taken the pains to inform himself of the position of the French army, nor of its recent accession of strength. This negligence of the French commander confirmed the French generals in their determination to strike him soon and him hard.

The allied army was during this time collected in the towns of Aach and Engen, with detachments at Hagenau to the south of the French position. Late in the evening of the 23rd of November the whole force closed up about Haguenau. Thence, early the following morning, silently and in good order, his own distinctive task assigned to each general, the allied troops set out on the great expedition, Jean of Saxe leading the Croats leading the van.

They were—for the purpose they had in view—favoured by the weather. The night was dark, and the rain fell heavily. The passes were reached, were traversed without the enemy being encountered. Then the assailing columns

r sleep, clutched vainly at their arms. The generals and , equally surprised, did not fare better. Only the cavalry, horses stood saddled and whose men were dressed, had a of escape. The troopers had but time to jump into the and, convinced that the situation was lost, to seek safety precipitate flight.

re others it remains only to be recounted, that, hopelessly toils, they fell an easy prey to the enemy. It is true that best manner open to them they offered a desultory nce, a resistance which became more pronounced as those ing the centre hamlets succeeded in forming. Those in ore advanced positions had been hewn down without

The others, ranged, as they were able, in groups with-ler and without support, fought blindly and madly, some ousing to force their way through, some contenting them-with a defence of their position. But, as day dawned, ll recognised the utter hopelessness of further resistance. nded by superior numbers, without guns, without com-rs—for their generals had been captured almost at the outset—they despairingly threw down their arms and ded quarter. The request was not refused.

history of the world contains no similar record of a ie so complete, so well managed, and so completely suc-. It is true that the cavalry, the horsemen of Weimar, d almost to a man; but all the guns were captured. Of antry two thousand had been hewn or shot down, nearly housand men, twenty-five staff officers, and ninety cap-urrendered as prisoners. Of the superior officers, Rantzau f and six generals were taken. Nor was this all. With ning light of day it was noted that some hamlets to the in which had lain the rear-guard of the Franco-Weimar had not been included in the destroying circle, and that ar-guard itself, now on the left bank of the Danube, was ng with all speed towards Lauffenburg. To pursue it, to it, and to cut down the men composing it—who, refusing ender, fought bravely to the last—was the completion of ittlingen tragedy of the 24th November 1648. It need y be added that all the impedimenta, public and private, conquered, fell into the hands of the Bavarians.

as a great achievement—a decisive victory gained almost t loss—a fitting revenge on the French for the devasta-hich they had inflicted upon Germany. For the cause for the French fought was widely different from that which

established in France the uniformity which the Hapsburgs and the Wittelsbachs were striving to introduce into Germany. They then assisted the Swedes, not to aid them in gain which in their hearts they hated, but the more to render the division in Germany permanent, to gain a larger share of her fair lands for themselves. The strengthening of the weakening of Germany, were their sole objects. Can we feel sympathy, then, can we feel for the conquered of Tübingen? Rather, indeed, can we enter into the joy and self-satisfaction which must have animated the hearts of Mercy, of Tilly, of John of Werth, of Duke Charles of Lorraine? At ten o'clock on that snowy morning, they recognised the work for which they had nobly dared had been thus accomplished!

One result of the battle of Tuttlingen was to free Swabia from the French; nor were these, in the following year, able to recover their preponderating position in the south of Germany. It is true that the Court of Versailles, on the day of the defeat, put on a very bold face, that it conferred on Rantzau, whom it ransomed, the rank of lieutenant-general (22nd April 1644), and gave him the command of an army in the north; that it hastened to form a new army to replace which it had lost. But with the sublime audacity which characterised its proceedings with respect to Rantzau were prudence and forethought of the highest order; for, to command the new army, it selected Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscount of Turenne.

that view, one dark winter's night, he stole from the family house and lay down to sleep on the ramparts of the town. There he was found, sleeping, by his anxious tutor, the Chevalier de Vassignac. He was then only ten years old, and it is probable that this incident tended to cause his father to waive the objections which he had till then made. The Duke of Bouillon, nevertheless, relaxed no efforts to impart a sound education to the boy. It was not, however, until the examples of the heroes of ancient history fired his imagination that Turenne took kindly to his studies. The history of Rome, the exploits of her early heroes, the daring of Quintus Curtius, the achievements of the Scipios, touched a chord which had remained dormant. Thence-forward he devoted himself eagerly to his books. The deeds of the great Macedonian completed the spell. At the early age of thirteen he was sent to serve as a volunteer, to learn his profession, in the camp of his uncles Maurice and Henry of Nassau. It was the first school of arms in Europe, and the young soldier knew how to profit from the opportunity. His conduct on every occasion was of a nature to obtain for him the approval of his uncles. It became at last so much talked of that his name reached the ears of Cardinal Richelieu, who, ever anxious to enlist merit in his own service, sent for the boy (November 1630), gave him the command of a regiment, and ordered him into the field. His splendid conduct there on all occasions, but especially when serving under the orders of Marshal de la Force, the coadjutor in Lorraine of Duke Bernhard, procured for him fresh promotion. On the 21st June 1635, before he had attained the age of twenty-four, he obtained the commission of brigadier-general! *

Thenceforward Turenne was always employed in the most arduous undertakings. It would take too much space to recount his splendid exploits. It must suffice to record that in the very year of his nomination to the rank of brigadier-general he covered himself with glory, a glory of the most imperishable character, by the manner in which he covered the retreat, of thirteen days' duration, of the French army from Mainz to Metz. Whilst constantly repulsing the attacks of the enemy, he showed an equal assiduity in the care which he bestowed on his men, then suffering greatly from sickness and hunger. To them he shared the small quantity of food he was able to

* The commission was that of "Maréchal de camp," a rank immediately above that of colonel, and below that of major-general. It thus corresponds to that of lieutenant-general in the British army.

always distinguishing himself, and almost always victorious. In the last-named year, then being thirty-one, he was promoted lieutenant-general.

Turenne was in Italy in 1643, when the Franco-Spanish army was surprised and almost destroyed at Tuttlingen (11 November). Without a moment's hesitation, Cardinal Mazarin, who had succeeded Richelieu in the direction of the destiny of France, directed Turenne, who had shortly before (16th March) received the bâton of a marshal, to proceed at once to the theatre of war in south-western Germany, and to use all the means at his power to form, from the wreck of Rantzau's army, an army from such other sources as might be available to him, sufficient to make head against the victorious enemy.

Rarely has a more difficult task been allotted to any general. Of Rantzau's army the cavalry alone, five thousand strong, escaped from the field; there remained, likewise, four thousand infantry who, left behind at Rottweil, had fallen back on the first news of the disaster; but they were all in a most

* It is difficult to imagine a character more perfect than that of "Turenne," writes a French critic, M. Grégoire, "was not merely an illustrious general: he was a good, a simple, and an honest man, true to his word, hateness, full of kindness and attention towards his inferiors; always dignified, being proud, always holding his own without asperity in the presence of great personages. His equity, his spirit of moderation, his integrity have been claimed by all; he was generous and disinterested; he died without having anything to his fortune after forty years of glorious services. He employed his own money in helping his officers and men, making it a condition that they should not divulge the name of the benefactor. His modesty always showed its

condition. The severity of the weather, the scarcity of forage, and the long marches had told upon horses and men alike, and when Turenne joined the fugitives the cavalry were all but unmounted, and the soldiers were in rags. His first care was to re-equip the whole force, and to remount the cavalry at his own cost. This task accomplished, he crossed the Rhine at Breisach (3rd June 1644), surprised and defeated a division of Mercy's army which had been sent to the front to observe him, and was on the point of taking means to relieve Freiburg, which town Mercy was besieging, when orders from Paris directed him to stay his action until he should be joined by the Duke of Enghien. Whilst he was awaiting the Duke's arrival Freiburg fell, and when, on the 3rd August, the allied armies appeared before the town, it and the heights near it were occupied by the army of Mercy.

The prince who, at this critical moment, assumed the command of the French army, had but shortly before rendered himself famous by a feat of arms as brilliant as any of which the world has cognizance. Born in 1621, Louis II. of Bourbon, Duke of Enghein, was the son of Henry II., Prince of Condé, and of Charlotte de Montmorency. His natural great abilities had been developed by an education of the most extended character. To everything which he undertook in his early youth he devoted all his energies. The combined power and resolution to do this formed one of the chief causes of his success. When, at the age of seventeen, he entered the army, he applied the same rule to his conduct, and very soon gained a reputation for the possession of abilities far beyond the ordinary run of men. The fact was, that, joined to the power of application of which I have spoken, directing and controlling it, he possessed genius, genius of a very high order. He had, too, a very clear brain, and nerves of iron. He was endowed with that remarkable and rare power, a power without which no soldier, however gifted he may be in other respects, can be a general of the first order—the power to think as clearly and calmly in the midst of the flight of bullets, of the roar of cannon, of the trampling of cavalry, as a philosopher in the quiet of his study. This power has been possessed by all the first-class leaders of their fellows on the field of battle. It is a quality absolutely essential to success under difficult circumstances. To the perfect possession of it the Duke of Enghien owed the brilliant success which first marked his name in a manner never to be forgotten in history.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Spanish infantry enjoyed the reputation, gained under Charles V., and maintained under his successor, of being the best and steadiest in the world. In 1641 an army composed of the choicest of this splendid infantry, men who had fought side by side in many a hard campaign, and commanded by generals whose reputation as leaders was scarcely inferior to their reputation as soldiers, Don Francisco of Mellos, and the Count of Fuentes, invaded France. The task of attacking and expelling these enemies was committed to the Duke of Enghien, who had but just attained the age of twenty-two.

Louis XIII. of France was then dying. On his death-bed he had used this expression to the father of the Duke, the Prince of Condé: "The enemy is at our gates; but your son will drive him away." Mazarin, on the other hand, had written to the young commander to risk nothing. A defeat, he saw, would be fatal to France. Nevertheless, Enghien, on the 19th May 1643, attacked the Spanish army. This is not the place to describe one of the most brilliant, and certainly one of the most instructive, battles ever fought. It must suffice to state that the Spanish infantry showed themselves worthy of their own renown. They were beaten, less by the prowess of the enemy, though that was not to be surpassed, than by the wonderful coolness and self-possession, the clearness of vision and ripeness of judgment, amid the hottest fire, of Enghien himself. Whilst the last two qualities enabled him to detect as clearly as on a peaceful parade, the slightest mistake on either side, the two first enabled him quickly to repair or to use that mistake so as to bring superior numbers on the decisive point at the decisive moment. To him it was not fatal that, whilst he triumphed on the right, his left was beaten and his centre was uncovered. He waited patiently till he had completely destroyed the enemy's left, then, wheeling to the left, crushed in turn their centre and their right,* and gained one of the most brilliant victories on record.

*"Any general before the time of Condé," writes M. Cousin, in his *Histoire de Madame de Longueville*—referring to the period of the battle when, triumphing on his right, Enghien was informed that on his left his cavalry had been driven from the field and his guns taken—"would not have hesitated to retreat—to re-traverse in an equivocal attitude the field he had gloriously won, in order to hasten to the rescue of his left and centre. Condé took a course entirely opposite: instead of falling back, he advanced further; then, when he had reached the furthest end of the enemy's line, where the Italian, Walloon, and German infantry were posted in reserve, he wheeled to the left, threw himself upon that reserve, crushed it, and then charged in rear the victorious right wing." The novelty of Enghien's move-

Such was the man who, after taking the fullest advantage of his victory at Rocroi, had joined Turenne beyond Breisach, and in sole command of the French army, found himself, on the 3rd August, fronting the Bavarian army, commanded by Mercy, on the heights about Freiburg.

There are few travellers of the present day who, journeying from Baden to Basel, have not stopped to admire the wonderfully beautiful landscape presented by Freiburg. Immediately behind it rise, to a height of nine hundred feet, the dark green hills of the Schwarzwald, covering as it were with their picturesque forms the marble city, with its walks, its vineyards, its fruit-gardens, below them.

The valley of the Dreisam, as it is called from the little river which runs into the Elz near Riegel, some fourteen miles to the north of Freiburg, is singularly attractive. There are, indeed, few places, not in the circle of the loftier mountains, so strikingly attractive at the first view. And it is not too much to add, that longer acquaintance more than confirms the first impressions.

The heights immediately behind Freiburg are divided by the valley of the Dreisam, running eastward by way of the townlets Littenweiler, Ebnet, and Kirschgarten, until, still running eastward and assuming the name of Höllenthal, the valley passes Neustadt, Röthenbach, Löffingen, and Hufingen, where it follows the Breg, and forms near Donaueschingen, the connecting link between the Rhine and the Danube.* In this valley, parallel to the road, flows the river Dreisam, now connected with the Rhine by a canal, which serves to drain the low tracts at the base of the mountain range and the tracts adjoining them to the westward. The demarcation between the range to the north and that to the south of Freiburg, is thus very pronounced. Freiburg itself clings to the extremely southern skirt of the northern range, and juts out from it into the plain at the angle where the Dreisam valley begins.

The road from Breisach to Freiburg, after taking a curve to the south, turns northwards through some marshy woods, the road traversing which was in those days very narrow and very defensible. These woods abut on a plain peculiarly well adapted

* M. Amédée Rénée, a French writer, indicates another fact, that after having routed the enemy's left and centre he attacked their right, thus placing them between two fires, in the rear.

* Parts of this valley were, in those days, too narrow to be traversed by an army. The main road to the Danube lay through the Glottenthal, and passed the monastery of St. Blasien.

for defensive military action. Whilst the marshy woods protect its south-west face, its right is covered by a rivulet, and it forms so to speak, the glacis of a spur which rises abruptly behind it and is on all four sides very defensible. This spur is called the Schönberg, and rises to a height of two thousand feet. It is about five miles south-west of Freiburg.

This plain and this height had been seized by Mercy. He had under him fifteen thousand good troops. A portion of the army he had posted in the plain, and, to make their position the more absolutely secure, he had thrown up defences along the rivulet which covered it to the north, and built a redoubt commanding the narrow road through the marshy woods. Nor had he been content with this. To render the mountain impregnable he had erected on the top of its southern slope a palisaded fort. Into this he had thrown six hundred men, and had armed them with his heaviest guns. Further, he had connected this fort with the left of the hill by a line of redoubts, two hundred paces apart, and he had covered that line with abattis of a most formidable character. Between the position thus occupied and the range between it and Freiburg ran the valley called Güntherthal. This valley could, indeed, be reached from the south but only by making a long detour, and Mercy conceived that he had sufficiently provided against an attempt in that direction by strongly fortifying its entrance, which covered the plain occupied by a portion of his army.

Turenne's force, composed mainly of the troops of Weimar, was ten thousand strong, in equal proportions of cavalry and infantry. Forbidden, by positive orders, to attack Mercy, he had taken up a position to the south of the height occupied by that general, and had waited there the arrival of the Duke of Enghien. On the 3rd August, Enghien joined him with the corps of the Duke of Gramont, ten thousand strong, of whom four thousand were cavalry. The very same day Enghien reconnoitred, and then summoned a council of war. Called upon for his opinion, Turenne pronounced against an attack. He would, he said, march northwards, enter the Schwarzwald by the Glotterthal, and take up a position at St. Peter. They would thus cut off the supplies of the Bavarian army, and force them to depend upon those which might be brought from Villingen beyond the black forest, and only ten miles from the Danube. He added that it was as easy to starve them out as it was dangerous to attack them in a position so strong, and defended by such good troops. The Duke of Gramont and Count d'Erlo

agreed with Turenne. But Enghien was bent on attacking. He went again to reconnoitre, and Turenne having pointed out to him a defile by which, by making a long detour round the mountains, the front spur of which Mercy occupied, it would be possible to issue from the Günthersthal on to the plain which formed the glacis of the Bavarian position, he resolved to avail himself of the discovery and to attack on the morrow. He arranged, then, with Turenne, that whilst the latter should set out early the following morning, to effect the turning movement, he should restrain his own ardour till three hours before sunset, when, Turenne being probably by that time within striking distance, he was to attempt the southern face of the hill.

At daybreak on the 3rd August, Turenne set out. Whilst he was marching, Enghien proceeded to assign to the divisions of his army their positions. In the front line of attack he placed the Count of Espenan, with two battalions, each eight hundred strong; in the second line, to support Espenan, the Count of Tournon, commanding the regiments of Conti and of Mazarin. Two regiments Enghien kept himself in reserve, to employ them as he might consider best at the moment. Gramont and the Count of Marsin remained by his side. The cavalry were ranged in this manner. Whilst the Count of Pallnau was to support the infantry attack with one regiment—the regiment of Enghien—the gendarmes were pushed forward along the narrow road leading into the plain, to cover the left flank of the French. These dispositions having been made, Enghien ordered the men to dine, and then waited calmly for the hour agreed upon with Turenne.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Enghien gave the order to attack. With great dash and vigour, Espenan dashed forward, drove back the advanced posts of the enemy, and, pushing his way up the terraces of a vineyard, reached, without a halt, the abattis which covered the enemy's line of redoubts. But here he was met by a fire so hot and so sustained, that his men could make no way. Attempting to force the abattis, the order became broken, and the men were fast separating into groups, when Enghien, noticing the check and its cause, galloped to the front, dismounted from his horse, and, placing himself in front of the regiment of Conti, rallied it, and led it to the charge. His example in dismounting was followed by Gramont, by Tournon, and by all the principal officers and by the volunteers.

The men, animated by the conduct of their officers, rushed forward, forced the abattis, charged the enemy, and, pushing

the thick woods on either side of it, was still held by Darkness was setting in. At any moment Mercy might troops and attack in flank any force which might advance the fort. Enghien felt very strongly the danger of this position. Unwillingly, then, he halted his troops, contenting himself with announcing to Turenne, by bugle and trumpet that he had gained the summit of the hill.

That general, meanwhile, had threaded his way through a gorge of a deep ravine which runs between the Schönberg and the heights rising behind it, had reached, about four miles in the afternoon, the point, near the village of Merghausen, where the ravine joins the Günthersthal. It will be recollected that in view of the possibility of a turning movement, Mercy had stationed here a strong body of infantry. This infantry now offered determined resistance to the further advance of the French. Turenne found that every vantage point had been occupied, every possible precaution had been taken. Covered by abattis in front, and occupying the slope of the mountain on both flanks, the Bavarians seemed so firm and so as to be immovable. But Turenne was just the man for despair of conquering even the impossible. Distributing light troops on either flank to clear the woods and the mountain slope, he pushed forward with his main body, forced the abattis, and, pushing on, gained, just as darkness was setting in, the entrance into the plain. He accomplished this just at the moment when Enghien, deterred from insisting further,

Leaving, then, the palisaded fort strongly guarded, he collected some seven thousand men, and, with rare judgment, stole down the northern slope of the hill, and faced the astonished troops of Turenne, just as the latter, forcing their way into the plain, had deemed their task accomplished. One of the most terrible combats in the whole war, fruitful as that war was in engagements of a desperate character, now took place. But forty paces separated the hostile armies from each other; the darkness was profound; and, to add to the horrors of the situation, it was raining as it can only rain in those dark mountain regions. Both sides were animated by feelings which incited them to do all they knew to conquer. A Protestant himself, Turenne was leading the troops raised in Protestant Weimar, the men who had fought at Leipzig, at Nuremberg, at Lützen, at Nördlingen, who had avenged the death of Gustavus, who had mourned the premature loss of Duke Bernhard, and who had transferred to their present leader the confidence, the affection, the devotion which they had borne to that illustrious soldier. On the other side, the troops of Mercy were inspired by a hatred of the French invader, by a profound indignation at the violation of their soil, by a fury at the action of the Weimar troops for their conduct in aiding that invader. Both sides, then, were terribly in earnest. They gave their lives recklessly; each man bent on doing his utmost to achieve the end which all had at heart. For nearly seven hours the fight continued. Notwithstanding every effort, neither side could make progress. Neither could the French force their way across the plain, nor could the Bavarians drive back the French into the valley. At length, towards the small hours of the morning, the contest slackened, and Mercy, feeling that if he remained where he was, he would, with the morning light, have to deal with Enghien as well, sent orders to evacuate quietly the palisaded fort. Then, under cover of the still continued darkness, and a fire maintained by a line of musketeers whom he had drawn up for the purpose, he marched directly to take up a new position on a hill now called the Lorettoberg, nearer to Freiburg. He had lost in the two attacks, in killed and wounded, from five to six thousand men. The French loss had been at least as great.

The Schlier, or Lorettoberg, about a mile to the south of Freiburg, commands a very extensive view over the plains and valleys below it. The spur of which its summit is the apex, projects into the plain, between the Dreisam valley on the one side and the Güntherthal on the other. Whilst the former

covers the sharp angle of its extreme projection, one of its branches separates it by a wide demarcation from Bromberg to the east, whilst the Günthersthal severs it completely from the hills to the south. But that it is securely linked on to the range from which it projects forward, it would be completely isolated. As it is, it somewhat resembles an inverted V, the two points forming the base of which are securely bound to the solid mass behind it, whilst the two sides and sharp point are in the air. A very thick pine forest covered the western slope of the Lorettoberg, from a point about one-third of its height below the summit down to the valley below. On the point above the forest is a ledge or plateau, capable of lodging some three to four thousand men in order of battle. It remains to add that a mountain path, running across the base of the Lorettoberg, connects the village of Merzhausen in the Günthersthal with the townlet of Littenweiler in the Dreisam valley.

It was to this hill that, in the early morn of the 4th August, just as day was breaking, Mercy led his wearied soldiers. Without giving them time to rest, never certain but that the pursuer might not be upon their heels, he ascended the hill. Upon the plateau of which I have spoken, he placed the great bulk of his much-reduced infantry; the remainder he disposed behind a wood, about midway down the western slope of the mountain; with his cavalry he maintained communications between the base of the hill and Freiburg, which thus formed, so to speak, an outwork covering his right. Fortunately he had, when besieging Freiburg, carefully noted the position, and had covered the front of the ground now occupied by his cavalry with abattis. Having made these arrangements, he prepared to await, with resolution, the next movement of the enemy.

Meanwhile, Turenne had been quite unable to profit by the departure of Mercy. His men had been on foot since daybreak, they had fought nearly seven hours, they had eaten nothing, they were wet, tired, and exhausted. Well had they deserved to maintain, as they had maintained, their position. Turenne contented himself with remaining where he was till break of day, when, seeing no enemy, he pushed forward into the plain. There he was soon after joined by Enghien, who had likewise taken advantage of the morning light to move forward. For a moment Enghien was inclined to pursue the Bavarians, but the sight of his own men, wet, bleeding, tired out, restrained his ardour, and he resolved to give them a rest, and to pass the day in reconnoitring the new position taken by the enemy.

The more the Duke of Enghien examined the new position of the Bavarian general, the more was he penetrated by a conviction of its exceeding strength. Over and over again did he press his admiration for the genius which had enabled his enemy, when almost in the jaws of destruction, not only to escape him, but to take a position so strong and so defiant. The cross road between Merzhausen and Littenweiler was so narrow and difficult, that it was almost impossible to assail Mercy in the rear. The thick pine wood on the south-western face, intersected by paths of which he knew nothing, seemed to forbid an attack on that side, whilst the sharp front and the north-western face, the sound of the axes on which proved to him that they were being made more and more defensible, and the ground between the base of the hill and the town, appeared almost totally hopeless. Nevertheless Enghien was not a man to be baffled, and, long before the sun set, he had decided on his plan. He had determined to deliver three attacks; one, a false one, on the projecting slope; a second, which he would conduct personally, against the wooded face of the hill; a third, to be entrusted to Turenne, against the abattis guarding the entrance to the valley. He fixed the following morning for the attack. The day which Enghien had thus spent in reconnoitring, Mercy had passed in strengthening his position. Seeing, from his lofty post, that the enemy did not intend to attack him that day, he employed his men to fell trees, to cut ditches, to throw up earthworks, to form abattis. Feeling confident that he would be attacked the following morning, he did all in his power to lessen the enemy's chances of success.

A little after daybreak on the morning of the 5th August, two French corps of attack were ranged in the order decided on; that of Turenne, on the left, about to take further ground in that direction to force the entrance into the valley, Enghien's waiting at the foot of the hill until Turenne should have gained a position of attack. The troops had not begun to march, and the two leaders were yet engaged in conversation, when a sound of uproar was wafted to them from the Bavarian camp. To ascertain the cause of this, Enghien and Turenne, giving orders respectively to their officers—Turenne to his, to move slowly to the left; Enghien, to those under him, on no account to make any movement till his return—galloped towards a height some little distance off, to reconnoitre. Had Enghien's orders been obeyed no calamity would have happened. It was the Count of Espenan, who again commanded the advance

attack, and, to make it still worse, before he could reconnoitre, Enghien's entire corps had broken control of its leaders and had rushed, helter skelter, Mercy, who had noticed their confusion, sallied down best troops from the plateau of which I have spoken, coming home, completed their disorder.

Such was the state of affairs when Enghien returned. A glance convinced the former that whilst possible to restore the old order, yet that success on the had been thus accidentally chosen was impossible only chance was to associate his troops with the which had been originally consigned to Turenne. difficult task ; for not only were his own men thrown ordered, but the great bulk of the officers had lost as well. But rarely has human influence—the influence, of men who soar above their kind—been more asserted than it was on this occasion. Turenne's fortunately intact ; it had continued steadily to take the left. Throwing himself, then, amongst his troops gave back to them their confidence ; then, leaving a to amuse the enemy, he hurried with the remainder then well on his way, and reached him in time sufficient him in his attack on the abattis. His coolness and had given the French army a second chance.

Sustained by the gendarmes and the horsemen the two French leaders led their men, anxious to reap laurels. against the abattis. If their assault was full

darkness the combat, still undecided, for the French had not gained a lodgment in the intrenchments, ceased. The last glimpse we have of a battle in which both sides fought so well comes to us from the pen of the Duke of Gramont, himself an actor. "I saw him," he wrote, alluding to the Duke of Enghien, "falling back with a few men, the others having been killed by his side." *

The slaughter had been terrific. Gaspard Mercy, of whose action I have spoken, was killed, and with him about twelve hundred men. The loss of the French was much greater. It did not fall short of, and probably exceeded, two thousand.

During the night Enghien occupied the position on which he had fought, surrounded by the dead, the dying, and the wounded. Turenne, whose heart was as tender as a woman's, passed the night in visiting the wounded, without asking whether they were friends or enemies, and in having those who could be moved placed upon carts to be taken to Breisach. "In the midst of combats and of carnage," writes his biographer, "humanity formed in him the base of heroism."

Enghien was resolved, and the troops under his orders were resolved, that Mercy should not permanently profit from the stakes which had robbed him and them of a great victory. But, unwilling to shed more blood than was necessary, Enghien resorted now to Turenne's plan of starving out his enemy. Mercy, it was certain, had with him, on the Lorettoberg, supplies for a few days only. His only line of retreat, and retreat would speedily be forced upon him, lay through the valley of St. Peter to Villingen. As it would be impossible for Enghien, without forcing the defences before which he had failed in the attack of the 5th, to prevent Mercy from retreating directly on St. Peter, he conceived the idea of marching northwards by a high road, passing Zähringen and Gundelingen to Denzlingen to the Glotter, commanding the entrance into the Glotterthal, and entering that valley to reach St. Peter before Mercy should be driven by famine to march thither across the Dreisam. He would then wait there, ready to pounce upon his prey.

Filled with this idea, Enghien gave his army a rest of four days; then, early on the 9th, he despatched Turenne with the

Enghien, states Gramont, in his memoirs, never concealed the real reason of his decision. He said to Gramont himself during the action, "Qu'un peu trop de chaleur m'emporté ses troupes, et que l'attaque ne s'était point faite de la manière que j'en avais résolue."

Histoire du vicomte de Turenne par Ramsay.

But Mercy had not been deceived. That able commander had noted, from the summit of the Lorettoberg, the march of Turenne, then of Enghien, along the road leading north. Not for a moment did he imagine that his young and brave opponent had renounced his designs. But why should he march northwards? Suddenly the idea dawned upon him. He must be to gain St. Peter—his only line of retreat—by the Glött. In a moment he recognised his danger. Unless he could reach St. Peter before the French he was lost. On the instant he gave the order to march, and half an hour later, at the head of the six or seven thousand men—all who remained to him—he began his descent into the Dreisam valley bound for St. Peter.

It was a terrible race. A messenger reached Enghien just as he arrived at Denzlingen, bearing the news of Mercy's flight. Instantly he detached from Turenne's army eight hundred horsemen of Weimar, under the command of a brave nobleman, Rosen of Grossopp, with orders to enter the rear of the Dreisam, to press upon Mercy's rear, to harass and retard him in every possible manner. Meanwhile he urged on his troops, marching at their head, encouraging and animating them. Rosen executed the orders confided to him with perfect intelligence. Hurrying on, he caught up the rear-guard of the Bavarian army just as it came in sight of the monastery of St. Peter, and charged it with terrible fury. So fierce was the assault that Mercy had to lead back troops from the front to repel it. Then, indeed, numbers told; but, as the

above him. He had but just time. Another ten minutes and he had been lost. Turning sharply to the right, he marched with all speed for more than half a mile into a thick wood which bordered the road. Entering that wood he left there all his guns and all his baggage; then, issuing from the other side, made his way by the best paths he could find across the mountains. Enghien, who had promptly joined Turenne, saw his enemy disappear in the wood. He did not see him emerge from the other side. Knowing, however, the direction which he must take, he pursued him for several miles. But the unencumbered Bavarians either marched more quickly or found a shorter road, for they succeeded in eluding pursuit. By his retreat, indeed, Mercy allowed the French—to use the words of an English writer—"to reap all the advantages of a victory they had not gained."* Not the less, however, did he save the remnant of his army; and not a very long period was to elapse before it was to be shown that his skill and intelligence had, for the time, saved his country.

But for the moment events justified the remark of the English writer whom I have quoted. The Duke of Enghien did reap all the advantages of a victory which he had not gained. Thenceforth the right bank of the Rhine, the Palatinate, Würtemberg, lay at his feet. He speedily took advantage of the position. Anxious to gain, in return for the profuse bloodshed which had taken place, something substantial for his own country, he turned his steps northwards, and, marching down the Rhine, attacked, one after another, the fortresses which covered the German side of the Bavarian Palatinate. One after another Speyer, Mannheim, and Worms opened their gates to his arms. Philippsburg, invested by Turenne, alone offered a strenuous resistance, and did not surrender until the garrison had consumed their last bread-crumbs. Turenne then marched to Mainz. The terror the recent battles had inspired was so great that Mainz at once opened her gates to the conqueror. Meanwhile Enghien had summoned Landau, and Landau, even so strong and destined to become, through the genius of Vauban, the strongest fortress in the Palatinate, surrendered after three days of open trenches. From Strasburg to Coblenz the Rhine was made French. Well might Enghien, in his account of this victorious campaign, triumphantly boast that the noble river had returned to her ancient masters!


Satisfied, and justly satisfied, with this result of the hard days' fighting before Freiburg, the Duke of Enghien the bulk of his army in winter quarters and returned to To guard the new frontier against an enemy who has shown himself daring and enterprising, Turenne remains six thousand men. It was calculated, not altogether without reason, that the genius of the commander would compensate the diminished strength of his army.

St. Jean de Luz.

By C. T. BUCKLAND.

he bitter cold winds were blowing and the snow was
g the country of England, in the middle of March, I and
Marquis, determined to seek for a change of climate,
an improvement to our health at St. Jean de Luz. For
at it suffice to say that I am a veteran, but still capable
a long day's journey on my bicycle. As to Marquis (which
pronounced as in French), he is an intelligent French
worthy descendant of the Scipio mentioned in M. Erck-
trian's *Madame Therese*. His colour is chiefly white, but
and shoulders are of the yellowish-brown tinge which
m comparatively valueless in the fancy-dog market. His
a light hazel, and beam with intelligence. His head is
ad the brain, as in most poodles, well developed. He
y thinks and reasons and schemes. He is as gentle as a
h children, but he is as brave as a lion against other dogs,
eth make no impression on his thick, though closely-shorn,
coat. He is unfortunately disrespectful to foreign autho-
got into much trouble from his reckless assaults on the
erie, and the red trousers of the French and Spanish
soldiers, at whom he barked furiously; happily he did not
1.

hardly tell of all the expense and trouble of conveying a
nd a dog like Marquis from London to St. Jean de Luz.
ways in England levy a heavy charge on the conveyance of
and dogs, but in France the velocipede, as they call it, is
ny distance for the simple registration fee of one penny.
gs, the misery of poor Marquis was at its height when he
himself chained and muzzled (as the French regulations



require) before he was placed in the special compartment devoted to dogs, in which he utterly declined to be comforted or to perform any of his favourite tricks to conciliate the French conductor.

It is not really a long journey from London to St. Jean de Luz. Leaving Victoria by the morning train at 7.40 A.M., the traveller reaches Paris in ample time to catch the night express at 8 P.M., on the Orleans railway, arriving at Bordeaux in the early morning, when he has a sufficient halt to get a cup of coffee or chocolate, and then toiling on through the monotonous scenery of the pine-woods of the Landes, he reaches St. Jean de Luz at 1 P.M. An express train in France is not always a very fast train. We heard a definition given that a French express train is a train which only stops at all the regular stations, whilst an ordinary train stops wherever it likes on the road as well as at the regular stations. Be this as it may, a judicious readjustment of the time-table would easily reduce the journey between Paris and St. Jean de Luz by about four hours, and as the famous Biarritz is only ten miles short of St. Jean de Luz, the improvement would be very acceptable to the numerous English travellers who visit that fashionable bathing-place.

The cold winds and the snow, which we had hoped to leave behind in England, persistently followed us all through France, and when we reached St. Jean de Luz all the ranges of the Basque Pyrenees were covered with snow. The wind was bitterly cold. If it came from the north it brought its own coldness with it; if it came from the south, it blew over the snow-clad Pyrenees, and was as cold as the north wind. Of course this kind of weather was denounced by the residents as unusual and abominable; and when the rain and sleet beat down upon us, we were at first inclined to doubt if it would not have been better to bear the ills we had known in England. The roads were so sticky that it was almost impossible to use the bicycle. As to Marquis, his temper seemed exacerbated, and he lost no opportunity of showing his aversion to all the half-bred pointers and spaniels, and other ours, that now abound in the streets of St. Jean de Luz. These mongrels are said to be the descendants of the dogs which belonged to the British army in the campaign of 1813-14. But after this little grumble at the weather, let me try to do justice to the brightness of the sun, when it did come out, and to the purity and clearness of the atmosphere as soon as the snow-clouds passed away. We soon seemed to have found our reward for having left the foggy and smoky regions of London. Further, the kind hospitality of genial and well-trimmed

nds helped to make us forget any momentary disappointment
the unexpected roughness of the weather.

St. Jean de Luz is an old town with about 5,000 inhabitants,
situated between the shore of the bay which bears the same name
and the banks of the river Nivelle which runs into the bay. The
village on the other side of the Nivelle is called Cibour, but looks
as if it were the other and better half of St. Jean de Luz. The
bay of St. Jean de Luz is rather more than a mile broad at its
entrance, and is in almost the form of a horse-shoe, so that the
shortest line from St. Barbe on the north point round to Fort Socoa
at the south point must be fully four miles in length. The bay is
of considerable importance as a harbour of refuge, especially to
ships which cannot succeed in crossing the bar of the Adour at
Bayonne. The French Government has done much to improve the
security of the anchorage in the bay by long projecting moles at either
end, these moles pointing towards a natural island in the centre of
the mouth of the bay, which is also being gradually strengthened
and enlarged with huge blocks of concrete. The mighty breakers
from the Atlantic ocean dash themselves against this island and
along the moles, and rise, towering in masses of white foam, far
above them in stormy weather. Even in calm weather the restless
sea seems to be always struggling against the barriers, but a great
part of the inner shore-line of the bay is sandy and affords a good
bathing-place for the numerous visitors who flock to St. Jean de
Luz in the months of July and August.

The principal part of the old town is built along the east side of
the bay, in the narrow strip of land that lies between the sea and the
river Nivelle. Some of the houses seem to be built almost below the
level of the sea, and they are protected by a broad and massive
sea rampart or sea-wall, which serves as a public promenade.
There are numerous old houses of local interest—such as the house
where Louis Quatorze dwelt; the house of the Infanta of Spain,
from whom he came to marry; and the house in which the Duke of
Wellington lived for some time in 1813–14. The church is also a
very old building full of curious relics; but there depends from the
centre of the roof a brightly-painted model, about six feet long, of
a modern paddle-wheel steamer, presented to the church by the
Empress Eugenie, and now greatly valued by the inhabitants, but
extremely incongruous and ridiculous, according to our taste,
as it considerably diverted our attention from more worthy
objects. The inevitable dog Marquis having forced his way after
us into the church, unfortunately discovered the church cat intent

on church mice, and immediately began a sacrilegious assault on the cat and the church officials who came to the rescue of the cat. Our inspection of the church was, therefore, brought to a sudden conclusion, but peace offerings enabled us to propitiate the justly offended authorities.

I never seemed to have come to an end of all the streets and gullies and curious narrow passages in the old part of St. Jean de Luz—whilst, on the other hand, all round and about the old town, new country-houses are being built, up and down the hill sides, with beautiful views, and beyond the reach of those ancient and fish-like odours, which unfortunately, prevail in some of the streets of the old town, where the municipal scheme of drainage is apparently in need of improvement. Perhaps the most attractive part of the old town is the market-place, an open space about a hundred yards square, facing to the west, towards the bank of the river Nivelle. The market is held on two days of the week. There are no fixed stalls in the market-place, but some of the vendors bring their own small tables for the display of their goods. Most of them are content to seat themselves on the ground, amongst the chickens and eggs and vegetables and flowers, which they have brought for sale. We used to wander through the market, keeping a sharp but silent look-out for woodcocks, of which there were usually a few for sale. As soon as we found any, we gave information to our housekeeper Marie, who was busy filling her huge basket with the necessary provisions for the day. If we ourselves had offered to buy the woodcocks, their value would have risen to an asking price of ten or twelve francs a brace. But the more artful Marie, who began the bargaining with an offer of three francs, usually succeeded in getting them for five francs a brace. A few turkeys were sometimes procurable; but the poultry was generally scarce and comparatively dear, the market being overshadowed by the larger demand of its more extravagant neighbour Biarritz. The people in the market were very picturesque in their appearance. There seems to be no special national costume for women, but each of them adorns her head with some coloured handkerchief or ribbon, to set forth her charms; and though they are hardly to be called actually good-looking, there are a number of bright-eyed cheerful faces which are in amusing contrast to the anxious and withered visages of some of the old ladies who are pervading the market with their housekeepers, driving a hard bargain for every pennyworth of their purchases. At Easter the market was full of the most miserable little carcasses of lambs, cut in halves, and

to be almost a religious duty for every householder to carry of these uninviting objects for his Easter dinner. Round skirts of the market, various vendors of cloth, and linen, umbrellas, and straw-hats and bonnets displayed their goods as the weather was fine. Some fish was occasionally exposed, but the fish-wives have a way of business of their own, not much affect the regular market. When the fishing-boat comes in from the sea, with their hauls of anchovies and sardines the wholesale and retail prices for the day are roughly fixed by professional authority, as the fish are landed, and then the fish-wives proceed to hawk them about the streets, as if it gave them great pleasure to cry aloud the price of their fish as well as to state their value. At first it seemed curious to have fresh anchovies and fresh sardines to eat; but they are very good without bottles and tins, and very little other fish was procur-

On Sunday afternoon, the market-place was in its glory. The local band consisted of about thirty performers, who in semi-military order took their places in the centre, and discoursed sweet music. The beauty and fashion of St. Jean de Luz stood around admiring, and moved up and down or round and round the band, to see and to hear. Outside the restaurants some men would sit smoking and talking. The Basque peasants usually wear the "berret," a Tam-o'-Shanter hat, and the lower classes affect blue and white shoes with curious thick soles, now made of rubber which has taken the place of hemp. The women appear in holiday dresses with bright handkerchiefs in their hair, and the prettiest girls come out for their Sunday walk, who during the week are seldom visible, as they are employed in the shops or the streets or in domestic service. Sunday is also the great day for the fish-women in the market-place. They come to have a dance and to enjoy themselves. Accordingly, as the music suits, they dance together, or go through the figures of a quadrille with much grace and gesture. When a cachucha is played, the excitement comes general. The tune is irresistible to all who are not too shy to dance. It is an exceedingly pretty scene, and is in fact a national ballet, for the girls do not care to have any of the men for partners. The fish-women do not condescend to dance with men of their own caste, and their husbands and brothers or brothers-in-law are sometimes too clumsy, and sometimes rather too tipsy, to take any suitable part in the performance. It is possible that some wandering artists have already depicted the scene, but if

not, we would recommend anyone in want of a good subject to try and make a painting of the fishwomen dancing on Sunday in the picturesque market-place of St. Jean de Luz.

The people of St. Jean de Luz are principally of the Basque origin, and the Basque language is commonly used by them. Very few foreigners understand this language, and any attempt on the part of an Englishman to say a few words in it is greeted with much amused satisfaction. Both men and women seemed very friendly to foreign visitors. The men are a hardy and powerful race, and may be described roughly as a sea-faring population. The chief local game is the game of trinquet; but, before arriving at the dignity of trinquet, each boy, from his earliest youth, seems to practise at a rude sort of fives, and at the more simple game of paume. Wherever two or three boys are to be seen together near a blank wall, they will be found to be knocking up a ball in a rough game of fives. There is a large open public court with a simple back wall, where the game of paume is played almost daily. But the trinquet court is to fives and paume very much in the same exalted position as the tennis court at Lord's is to the ordinary fives courts and racquet courts in England. The trinquet court is, in fact, a covered tennis court, but one side of the court is partly open to the air, above the height of the line on the wall, below which the ball must be kept in play. The game is usually played by four players, two on a side. Each player wears on his right hand a glove, which is fitted with a hard leathern face, in the shape of a long spade or shovel. It is about twelve inches long and eight in breadth, and concave like a shovel. The ball is almost as large, but not so heavy as a cricket ball. On three sides of the court there is a wooden pent-house, and the ball is served by rolling it along the pent-house, so that it does not touch the wall of the court, and the ball must also fall beyond a certain mark on the floor of the court. The man who has to take the service usually returns the ball with great speed just over the net which runs across the centre of the court. His chief endeavour is to return the ball so that it may strike in the net below the pent-house at the servers' end of the court. But of the partners who have the service one stands close up to the central net, and if he is quick enough to stop the returning ball, he kills it with a sort of Renshaw smash. If the ball passes him, his partner, who originally served the ball, is standing well back to guard the fatal net below the pent-house. Usually the ball is returned again and again between the rival partners, the ball being, if possible, taken in its first

there is considerable risk in voleyng a ball. The love is rather a treacherous instrument. A good player ball with a sort of push from the bottom of the palm of and the ball comes back noiselessly and swiftly. If the res the ball with the lower part of his glove, it makes a d, and the ball seldom comes back true and straight. re, who sits by the side of the central net, has sometimes ne of it, and the players occasionally "cut one another he galleries above the pent-houses at each end of the crowded with interested spectators, and betting goes on in stakes of all values, either on the whole match, or on ie, or on any part of a game. The scoring is much the in lawn tennis, but at forty all the players change their e court. Whilst, however, the game itself is sufficiently the rows and quarrels and wrangles with which the game ied, are most amusing to an English spectator. One ouses the other for missing a ball, as if he were going to

But when there is a doubtful stroke, and the umpire is to, all the four players rush up to the central net, and e and denounce one another with indescribable fury. nd battery appear imminent; but, having exhausted the their anger, the tempest suddenly lulls, and the game is in the most amicable manner. The partizans in the are hushed, and the play proceeds as usual until another aks out. Eventually the players finish the game, the bets side are paid, and exhausted nature is refreshed with a hot wine, which the good lady, who owns the court and attached to it, provides at the modest charge of thirty a glass. We found it a very good amusement on a cold day to go and watch the trinquet players, and comfort with glasses of hot wine. Some of the English residents ng to play trinquet, but it requires a long and early o strike the ball correctly with that sort of thrust from of the hand which a skilful player administers.

a de Luz can boast of a fine casino, having ample space nd concerts, with a reading-room and billiard-rooms, and taurant attached to it. We were told that the casino l in the height of the season, in July and August, when rincipally from Spain, come over in thousands for the g. House-rent, which is very moderate out of season, rises to a maximum in the season—in fact, a small house aished in the French style, with plate and linen, is let for,

say, 2,000 francs for the season, whereas the same house may sometimes be taken for the whole year for 3,000 francs. We were informed that for £40 a month, at St. Jean de Luz, a small family may live well and comfortably, and keep a carriage and pony. Of course, there are managers and managers, and one man can live as comfortably on £50 a month as another can on £100. There is an English Protestant Church and a clergyman to look after the little English flock, which seems to number nearly two hundred in the spring-time of the year. There is a railway station and a telegraph office, and a postal delivery twice a day. There are a number of hotels, old and modern, the most conspicuous being the Hotel d'Angleterre, which is quite new, and is well-arranged and well-managed, with a liberal *table d'hôte*, and good wines for those who can afford to pay for them.

St. Jean de Luz is a very picturesque place, but it is difficult to get a good panoramic view or a photograph of the whole town, as it lies in a valley surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. But under the guidance of our fair hostess, let us mount the dog-cart, and drive up to the north end of the harbour where, from the ruins known as St. Barbe we can look back at the town and upon the harbour. The spirited little Perlita, a beautiful brown pony, rattles with us in the dog-cart along the roughly-paved streets of the town, and Marquis dashes along in front, making occasional sallies at passing dogs, or cats seated in the shop-windows, or at the red-legged soldiers who seem to be his special aversion. We turn along the high road in front of the casino, and gradually ascend the hills leading to St. Barbe. We pass a party of the officers of the Coast-guard, busy practising on dry land with Manby's rocket apparatus for saving life from shipwreck, for wrecks are not uncommon along this rocky coast. We pass by several neat country houses and gardens, and eventually reach the highest drivable point. Beneath us lies the projecting arm of the sea-mole against which the waves dash themselves incessantly. Outside the mole the cliffs are all torn and jagged by the force of the Atlantic breakers, which have gradually eaten out all the softer strata, so that the hard serrated blocks and ridges which remain bare remind one of the coast at Ilfracombe in Devonshire. Looking southward, we have the harbour before us, and a large English steamer has taken refuge there from the storm of the previous evening, when she was unable to get over the bar of the Adour on her way to Bayonne. Against the distant sky-line the square mass of the Spanish mountain known as the Tro

Couronnes stands up like a gigantic fortress. Nearer to us comes the mountain called Le Rhune, with its summit still covered with snow at the end of March. We can trace the course of the river Nivelle up the valley from St. Jean de Luz as far as the village of Ascain. The opposite part of the harbour known as Fort Socoa seems almost under our hands, with its sea-wall, or mole, projecting to meet the mole from St. Barbe. But it is a long drive round the back of the bay to Fort Socoa. We cautiously descend the hill from St. Barbe, and, passing back into the town, cross the Nivelle, and turn up the narrow streets of Cibour, in which the Spanish porticoes from the upper stories of the houses nearly meet over our heads. Then we climb up two very steep ascents, so steep that we have to give a helping hand to Perlita and the dog-cart, and these are followed by two equally bad descents, which at last bring us to the sea near Fort Socoa. We take a brief look at the works which are being carried on by the French Government for forming huge blocks of artificial stone, with which the moles and break-water are constructed. A small fleet of boats and fishing-smacks shelter themselves in a sort of dock at the base of the fort. The fort is little more than a round tower, of which we read in Napier that in 1813-14 it solemnly exchanged shots from time to time with the British cruisers passing along the coast. Now, we apprehend that before the heavy guns and more skilful gunnery of the British navy, the upper works of the fort would soon be reduced to a heap of ruins. The light-house and the signal-posts to exchange signals with passing ships are connected with the fort, and we seem to have come round quite close to the opposite point of St. Barbe. But the day is waning, and we have to seek our way home by a longer road, avoiding the steep hills, and winding along the valley between hedge-rows, of which the banks are covered with violets and primroses in profusion, whilst Marquis chevies the birds and the sheep and the cattle which come in his way. We cross a dangerous wooden bridge over a deep mill-stream, and eventually emerge on the Great Royal Road, as Napier calls it, which leads to the Spanish frontier. We recross the bridge over the Nivelle, and again rattle over the roughly-paved streets of St. Jean de Luz, after a most delightful drive in the brightest of sunshine, and with a fresh breeze to temper it.

St. Jean de Luz is an excellent centre from which to make expeditions. It is about ten miles south of Biarritz; but as the railway station for Biarritz is nearly two miles distant from the town, it involves a long and dusty ride in one of the omnibuses, of which the

grand Biarritz hotels send down at least half a dozen to meet every train. To us, therefore, having the dog-cart at command, it was much more pleasant to drive by road to Biarritz; and as I had injured my foot, my bicycle became the conveyance of my host, an experienced bicyclist, whilst my fair hostess took the reins in the dog-cart. But we had no little difficulty in circumventing the dog Marquis, who had made up his mind to accompany us. He was first locked up in the kitchen, but promptly managed his escape through a window in the cellar. Then he walked up looking quite innocent as we were mounting the dog-cart, and on an attempt being made to catch him, he trotted off up the street with a sort of contemptuous look, as if we had entirely misunderstood him, and vanished round the corner. We had not driven more than a quarter of a mile when Marquis suddenly dashed up out of a bye-lane, and could hardly contain his delight at having found us. It was now our turn to out-manceuvre him, and so we quietly drove back to the stable-yard, and got out of the vehicle as if our drive was at an end. Marquis was seduced into the stable in search of a cat, and then the door was shut behind him and we drove off. His howls of indignation sounded in our ears for a long way. We learnt that about two hours afterwards, when he was let out of the stable, he pursued us for more than a mile along the Biarritz road, when, luckily, a friend met him, and induced him to return to St. Jean de Luz.

The road to Biarritz is like many other French roads, as straight as it could be laid out, with a monotonous row of poplar trees on either side. But the country is very hilly, and the road is, therefore, compelled occasionally to follow the most convenient level, and desert the direct straight line. Constantly varying views of the distant mountains towards Spain, and of the Atlantic Ocean on the west, present themselves to our admiring eyes. Presently we come to the villages of Bidart, and Guettery, and Barrouillet, so well-known in the campaign of 1813-14, in connection with the crossing of the Nive by Wellington's army. As we reach the summit of the higher hills above Bidart, a magnificent panorama of the great Pyrenees opens away to the south-east, all the higher ranges deeply covered with snow, and brilliant in the sunshine. We were very lucky to get a clear day when this panorama was visible, for it is too often veiled by a sort of land-mist or light cloud.

We leave the main road to Bayonne near the Biarritz railway station, and drive along the very dusty cross-road which brings

the streets of Biarritz. We do not propose to describe Biarritz, its grand hotels and many gay shops. We go to a quiet little hotel, called the Hotel Pandry, and have an excellent dinner for three and a half francs a head, with the most diligent attendance of a bright-eyed Basque woman, who takes a deep interest in us, as she is an old acquaintance of my friends. Fortunately, a general impression seems to prevail in France that *bif-tek* is essential to an Englishman's breakfast. How well we should have fared in many places if the inevitable *bif-tek* had been specially prepared for us. Perhaps it was lucky for us, that it was invariably tough and uneatable, and we were thus saved from the danger of eating too much. But all the rest of our breakfast was excellent, and after our *café* and *chasse* we went out to pay our visits, and to do shopping, and to the bicycle races, and to the grand lawn-tennis tournament, as the spirit moved us. The sun was bright, and the day was like the finest day in summer, and all the gay and fair and fashionable world of Biarritz was abroad to see and to be seen. But in the end of March the weather, even at Biarritz, is as changeable as it is in England. Heavy storms sweep down from the sea, and the rain and hail descend with a cutting furious wind, that dashes the huge waves wildly against the projecting rocks and defend the coast of Biarritz. The change from the heat of summer to the cold of winter is most sudden and trying. Possibly Biarritz may be delightful in the height of the bathing-season in July and August; but in March and April it must require rather robust health, or the greatest prudence, to withstand the sudden changes of temperature. The fine villa built for the Empress Eugénie has been sold into the hands of a hotel company, and bicycle races were again held on the ground which had once formed the Empress's private gardens. The building-mania is strong at Biarritz, and new houses and villas are springing up in all directions, especially on the road towards Bayonne, which is only four miles north of Biarritz.

Let us go to what is called "the little railway," which runs from Biarritz to Bayonne direct, and pay a brief visit to the famous convent. We mount to the upper story of the railway-cars, so as to get a good view of the adjacent country, and soon pass the famous convent at Anglét, where the nuns were under a vow of perpetual silence, under which they pined away so rapidly that the Government interfered on account of the excessive mortality which ensued. The Empress Eugénie took a deep interest in this convent, or otherwise it might have been altogether suppressed; but we were told that

looking neglected and ill-cared for inside, though the exterior was well kept up. The old cloisters are worth a visit, though sadly out of repair in parts. We drive along the broad boulevard till we come to the old bridge over the Nive, with its towers and fortifications, and then we cross the Adour by a grand stone bridge. The citadel stands on an eminence to our left. A French battalion is marching down from the main gate with bayonets fixed to their rifles, and bayonets gleaming in the sunshine, on its review, as our driver informs us. We pass along up the hill through the Jewish quarter, and gain the ridge near the church of St. Etienne. We drive along the ridge for more than a mile through villas and gardens, until we come to the cemetery where lie the remains of many of the officers, principally of the 1st Light Cavalry who fell before Bayonne in 1814. These graves are well cared for; and a faithful guardian showed us the several monuments of interest. The neighbouring woods were full of primroses and violets. We stopped at the little church of St. Etienne which was the centre of the combat in the famous sortie of 14th June when so much precious blood was shed in vain. Then we drove back into the town and inspected the markets and visited the chocolate shops, and returned to our little railway, which took us back to Biarritz. Then we remounted the dog-cart and had a charming drive back to St. Jean-de-Luz as a brilliant day lighted up the coast of Spain, and the boundless space of the Atlantic, as far as the eye could reach.

We made another pleasant expedition to Fonterabia, to

ferry over the mouth of the Bidassoa. There were numbers of boats, all crowded with gaily-dressed visitors to the procession. A sudden storm of rain, as we were crossing the river, rather disconcerted us; but when the cloud passed away, the scenery came out in renewed splendour. The Spanish officers of the frontier *douane* were very polite, and we soon found our way to the massive old walls and gateway of Fonterabia, which is a sort of detached specimen of an old Spanish town, sheltered under the protection of the château at the top of the hill, the narrow streets sloping down along the side of the hill to the walls at its base. The main street is lined on either side by ancient houses, with their coats-of-arms over the doorways, and from the windows of each story there projects a balcony in the true Spanish style. The street was crowded with men, women, and children, awaiting the issue of the procession from the cathedral, which stands very nearly at the top of the main street. We took a hurried view of the old château, now unromantically advertised for sale by a placard in English in the entrance hall, whilst the outer and upper walls bear the marks of many cannon and musket-shots, which were recklessly fired at it in the Carlist war in 1836. The hill is so thoroughly dominated by the fire of modern artillery from the adjacent heights, that Fonterabia is no longer a place of strength, although it was doubtless a formidable place in those times when bows and arrows and spears and swords were the only weapons of attack and defence. But we must hasten back to the cathedral, from which the procession issues, headed by twelve boys in white robes, with crowns of thorns on their heads, and bearing large wooden crosses on their shoulders. To these succeed St. Michael and all the Angels. St. Michael is a little girl (or boy), about ten years old, with a steel corset and a brass helmet, and metal wings and a red skirt and white cotton stockings, bearing a drawn sword defiantly before him. The Angels are a dozen little girls, about three or four years old, dressed in worked white frocks, with broad blue silk sashes tied in large bows behind them, and an elegant pair of wings on their shoulders. Their hair was neatly dressed with white flowers, and each little angel was busily engaged in eating cakes or sugar-plums, which had been provided to keep their tempers up to the true angelic tone. The procession was long and slow and wearisome, and we will not attempt to go into details as to all the remaining items—of virgins and crucifixes and priests and acolytes and banners and bands of music. The sides of the street were densely crowded, and the air was tainted with an atmosphere of garlic,

which enters largely into the food of the people. The heat and the noise were overpowering; and we gladly retreated to the ferry boat and crossed over to Hendaye, where we had left the dog-cart and pony. Our Basque landlady was very pleasant and attentive to our personal wants, and her charges for light refreshments were as small as the charge made for putting up the dog-cart. It is always very pleasant to find an old country inn where the people have not been spoilt by the reckless expenditure of English and American visitors. The day was far spent, and the evening turned out gloriously fine. We lingered, on the drive home, to visit the old Norman church at Urugne, which was the scene of one of the sanguinary struggles so well described in the pages of *The Subaltern*. A tomb in the little church-yard still records the memory of the fallen brave. Presently we pass the fine old Chateau Laral, in which Marshal Soult established himself for many days, until his more skilful opponent compelled him to retreat; and before darkness is upon us we are again rattling over the noisy pavements of St. Jean de Luz after another very enjoyable day.

St. Jean de Luz being on the main line of railway, it is a very convenient starting-point for expeditions to places which are beyond the limits of a day's drive. Accordingly, we planned an expedition to Pau, and made it without difficulty. We went by train to Bayonne, and then transferred ourselves to the branch line which runs along the valley of the Adour and the Gaves, past Orthez up to Pau. We had a brilliant day, and a magnificent panorama of the Pyrenees all the way from Bayonne to Pau, which was the more fortunate as on our return journey, on an equally brilliant day, not a trace of the mountains could be seen through the hazy mist which enveloped them. We reached Pau in about five hours, and established ourselves at the Hotel de la Paix in the Place Royal. Pau is too well-known to its numerous English visitors to need description. We visited the famous château, and saw the huge *carapace* or turtle-shell which formed the cradle of Henri of Navarre. We drove all over and round and about Pau and its suburbs on either side of the river. The English Club opened its hospitable doors to us, and the gay shops and markets spread their tempting wares before us. But the heat of the mid-day sun was excessive; and the white dust, especially in the suburbs, was like the dust of Epsom Downs on a Derby Day. At night, however, the air felt cold and chilly, and we were glad to have a fire in our rooms.

Being so close to Lourdes we extended our wanderings to

is place of pilgrimage. The pilgrims are very numerous, and a crowd of carriages waiting for hire at the station gave evidence of the demand that must daily arise for their services. We took a hired carriage and drove through the streets of the town, and up to the walls of the still fortified and commanding château, up to the white church, which has been built on the rocks above the famous grotto in which the Virgin appeared to the shepherdess. The exterior of the church is very fine and picturesque, but we could not share the admiration of some of our companions for the decorations of the interior. Votive banners and pictures and garlands cover the walls. Here may be seen the bridal wreath of the young matron whose prayers have been heard, and the sword of the brave soldier who passed unscathed through the dangers of the battle-field. The pictures and images of the Virgin are exceedingly numerous and various, but we were particularly struck with the portrait of the black Virgin of Spain with infant of the same name. The attendants of the church were very courteous and gave us much credit, for our appearance showed us to be English ladies, who came to stare, but not to pray. We then drove to see the Grotto, which is almost immediately under the station of the church. It is one of those natural grottoes of which several other examples may be seen in the neighbouring mountains of hills. It is surrounded by an iron railing, and the interior is filled with withered garlands and wax candles and hundreds of votive pictures, which are the votive offerings left by those many fortunate persons who have been cured of their infirmities at the sight of the image of the Virgin at the Grotto. The history of each cure is said to be known, and the cures have been so numerous that there is hardly room left for any more crutches inside the grotto, but they can as conveniently be hung outside it as inside. We ventured to taste the water of the sacred stream that flows from the grotto, and fancied that we felt much better for it, as the weather was hot and we were rather thirsty. We afterwards drove through the streets of the town, which are full of shops devoted to the sale of images of the Virgin and of rosaries of every imaginable size and sort. There must be at least 50,000 images of the Virgin for sale, from life-sized figures to those of a few inches in height. The rosaries must be counted by millions, and, perhaps, stretched at length, would form a girdle round a great part of the globe.

Leaving the streets, our coachman took us for a drive into the interior along a very picturesque road until we seemed to be at the foot of one of the lower ranges of the snow-capped Pyrenees,

looking up into a grand valley with a rapid river meandering through it. But we were soon obliged to return to the train, which quickly took us back to Pau, and the next day we returned to St. Jean de Luz, one of our party doing the whole distance on the bicycle in about six hours.

We have wandered away from St. Jean de Luz, but we always returned to it as a bright and pleasant home. It was, of course, no slight pleasure to be staying with kind friends who daily sought to anticipate our every wish, and provide everything possible for our gratification. And being rather partial to pretty children, what shall I say of my pretty little friend Helen, who gave me lessons in the French and Spanish languages and also in English history; or of her bright-eyed younger sister Gwynny, who made it her business to call me of a morning and bring me my letters and papers? But even to those who have not kind friends to take care of them at St. Jean de Luz, it seemed to me to be a very commendable place of refuge from the intolerable rigours of an English winter. It is not safe to say too much in favour of the climate or the weather of any place, as the weather may vary from day to day, and the first impressions of the visitor may be, as mine were, almost unfavourable, because he does not find the weather quite so good as he had expected. But from my own short experience, and from the inquiries which I made amongst the other residents and some of the other temporary visitors, it is evident that the climate is on the whole healthy and bracing, and the sun shines more brightly and constantly, and the air is much clearer and purer, than in most parts of England. There is plenty of quiet amusement to be had in the small society of English and other foreign visitors at St. Jean de Luz, and young men, and even more elderly men, will find themselves much more highly appreciated than perhaps they deserve to be. St. Jean de Luz is a very convenient centre from which to make excursions to the famous battle-fields in the neighbourhood, and the daily walks of those who like to roam about the environs of the town will almost always lead them to scenes of interest and beauty. We could tell, if time and space permitted of several other pleasant excursions, either into the mountains on the French side of the frontier, or across the frontier into Spanish territory and up the beautiful valley of the Bidassoa, and to Passages and St. Sebastian, and other places of interest. Finally, we will repeat the information that those who understand economy can live well and cheaply at St. Jean de Luz; and if any of my readers make up their minds to visit St. Jean de Luz in the

ing winter, they will find no difficulty in identifying the kind
ids to whom so much of the pleasure of my visit was due, as
are always busy in promoting the social pleasures of the
a. If, however, the visitor is tired of St. Jean de Luz, he can
y come back to England. I left the station at St. Jean de
at 1 P.M., on Thursday, and was in the Victoria Station in
lon at 5 P.M. on Friday, *i.e.* in just twenty-eight hours, with
little fatigue to me and Marquis, though we were both glad
; "at home" again.

The Admiralty Office: Its History and Association

BY GEORGE J. HOOPER.

THE fact is now well known that a pile of Public Offices will long rise facing the old royal highway of Whitehall, which promises to be goodly enough in size and importance, if not at least in architectural interest. It will be dedicated solely to what has been grimly called "the science of reciprocal destruction," alike by sea and by land. Here father Neptune will preside (at least by deputy) over the ruling of his watery realm, while Mars will be concerned with the protection of his domain; here, too, Vulcan will superintend the forging of the armour and thunder-bolts, while Minerva, with far-reaching skill and strategy, is framing her wily schemes of warfare.

This much-needed junction of the sister services under one roof will necessitate the demolition of the present Admiralty Office which occupies part of the new site. The question may therefore suggest itself to many of those who feel an interest in the subject—"What is the history of that dull-looking old building?"

The site upon which the present office stands was connected with the Royal Navy as far back as the reign of Charles I. It stood Wallingford House, a handsome town mansion built by William Knollys, Treasurer of the Household to Queen Elizabeth. He was created Viscount Wallingford by her successor in the throne, and hence the house obtained its name. George Villiers, the famous first Duke of Buckingham, lived here in 1626 and died two years after; his son George, the second Duke, was born here in 1627; while his niece Mary, Marchioness of Halifax, died in it in May 1688. Here, as we are informed by a

ter of the period, on the 1st December 1626, was there established "a new council, which highteth the *Council of the Sea*, consisting of divers privy counsellors and other lords and knights." They sat three days a week to confer with the Duke (who was Lord High Admiral) upon naval affairs, which were then in a somewhat critical condition.

War had been declared against France a few months before, an expedition had set out in October for La Rochelle only to return through stress of weather almost immediately, while the Dunkirk pirates were exceedingly troublesome in the Channel, and ravaged the coasts with impunity. The navy, too, was in a bad condition: ships and stores were alike rotten and untrustworthy, the food was bad and smelling "so as no dog in Paris Garden would eat it"; the drink, whether cyder or beer, unwholesome and "worse than Pompe water;" and the seamen were kept without their wages, the general discontent was made manifest by their openly rushing in a body to the house of the Treasurer of the Navy, and breaking open the gates and smashing his windows.

Buckingham fell by the assassin's hand at Portsmouth in 1628, his corpse was brought to Wallingford House and laid in state. On September 11th, at ten o'clock at night, a coffin was brought to Westminster Abbey, attended by only a small number of mourners; but the way from Wallingford House to the Abbey was carefully kept on both sides of the road by the train-bands, for the vengeance which rankled in the popular mind should find satisfaction in an insult to the dead man's remains. This, however, proved out to be a sham funeral, for the real burial had taken place in the Abbey the night before in a quiet and private manner. The office of Lord High Admiral was now put into commission, continued so for ten years, Lord Weston being the first Commissioner to begin with, and afterwards, though for a short time only, Juxon, Bishop of London. The Commission sat for a great part of the time at Wallingford House, with Edward (afterwards Edward) Nicholas as their secretary; and his notes and minutes of the official meetings and proceedings are still existing.

From this period till after the Revolution of 1688, we entirely lose sight of Wallingford House in connection with the Admiralty Navy. But there are several historical facts relating to the time during this interval, which are of interest. Here Archbishop Ussher, of Armagh, who was then the guest of the Countess of Peterborough, was a witness of the execution of Charles in front of the Banqueting-House of Whitehall, and though a comparatively

distant spectator, he sank, overcome with horror at the sight, and was taken to his room in a swoon. During the Commonwealth, it was used for some time as the office at which passes to persons going abroad were granted ; and it became the residence of General Fleetwood, at which the council of generals, known as the cabal of Wallingford House, voted the Protectorate ; and at which, at a later time, the officers of the army were assembled to determine the dissolution of Richard Cromwell's Parliament, which ended in his own rapid fall.

We have a description of Wallingford House and its surroundings about the year 1658, which is interesting. It was a noble mansion, with a square enclosure ; and where the Horse Guards' parade now is was laid out as a garden, with a square piece of water with swans on it. A stream, flowing from the north side and crossed by a two-arched bridge, divided it from the rest of the park westward. Extending northward from this were the Spring Gardens which, during the reign of Charles I., were made a favourite recreation-ground, with butts, a bathing-pond, a pheasant-yard, and a bowling-green. This resort became only too popular, and drinking and quarrels forced the King to close them in 1634 ; but he opened them a year later at the Queen's intercession. During the Protectorate, it is needless to say, they were once more closed, to be opened at the Restoration with universal license.

Soon after the accession of Charles II., the house came back to the Villiers family, of whom now the sole memorial is to be found in the name still attached to the passage known as Buckingham Court. Cowley, the poet—"a mighty civil, serious man," says Pepys—who died at Chertsey in 1667, and is buried in Westminster Abbey, lay here on his bier the night before the funeral ; and Evelyn tells us that the hearse was drawn by six horses, with "all funeral decency," a great number of representative men following in their coaches. Evelyn also speaks of going to Wallingford House to take leave of Lord Clifford in August 1673. He found him preparing for Devonshire, and packing up pictures, most of which were of hunting wild beasts, of bull- and bear-baiting scenes, and the like. Evelyn describes the melancholy assurance which Lord Clifford gave him that he would never see him or the court of London again. Soon after, news came that he had committed suicide by strangling himself in his bed-room.

Meanwhile, from the year 1638, when the commission was terminated, and there was once more a Lord High Admiral, the office shifted from place to place. The Earl of Northumberland

his official business at his house in Queen Street, Coventry and his successor, Robert Reid, Earl of Warwick, dated his correspondence from Warwick House in Holborn. Then came the time when the Admiralty affairs were managed by a committee under the Council of State. They sat at two places: at Derby House, a stately town house which had been erected for the Earl of Derby in 1598, and which stood at the eastern end of Fleet Street, or Channel Row as it was then called, and at Sir William Williams's house in Westminster. Derby House was lent to the use of the Parliament, who occupied it as a useful place for the meeting of their committees from its nearness to the House of Commons. After the Restoration, the Stanleys did not return to their mansion, but removed elsewhere; and from 1673 Derby House became the Admiralty Office. During the Duke of York's administration of the navy, for the seven years before the Restoration, his public business had been transacted at Whitehall Palace, where he lived, by his secretaries Sir William Brouncker and Matthew Wren, the latter being a near relative of Christopher Wren, the architect.

Samuel Pepys, the immortal diaryist, was appointed by the Duke of York to be his Secretary of the Admiralty, with a salary of £1,000 a year, which at first sight appears to have been a goodly sum, but it is believed that he had to maintain his clerks at his own expense.

In June of the next year, Pepys contracted for Derby House with the Duke of Ormond, to be an Admiralty office and residence at the same time. Here Pepys lived for five years, during the time that Prince Rupert was at the head of the Admiralty Commission, and here his successor lived for one year. Then once more the office was shifted to Whitehall, and the Admiralty business was conducted sometimes at Lord Brouncker's house, and sometimes at the Robes Chamber of the great palace.

Samuel Pepys once more became Secretary of the Admiralty, he moved to Derby House in York Buildings, which were a new row of houses built on the site of York House, where, at the present day, at the foot of Fleet Street, Strand, the old Water-Gate of York House still bears the arms and motto of the Villiers family still visible on the wall. From 1684 till a very short time after the Revolution, the Admiralty Office was located, the two brother Kings, each of whom took a really personal interest in the affairs of the navy, managed its administration with the sole aid of a "worn undersecretary," as Pepys somewhat proudly (yet not without a touch of humility) tells us in his *Memoirs*, of 1690.

During the short time (1689-90) that Admiral Herbert was at the head of the Admiralty Board, the office was in Channel Row and so much work was forced on them by the war with France at sea, and by the transportation of William's troops into Ireland to crush the civil war there, that the Secretary, Phineas Bowles, petitioned, but in vain, for a second Secretary to be appointed to assist him. Bowles was turned out shortly after, and his successor, James Sotherne, who had been one of Pepys's clerks, took a lease of a house in Duke Street, Westminster, for three years, at a rent of £300 a year, in 1690. This house has only been recently restored, or, rather, rebuilt, and can still be marked by the projecting carved canopy over the entrance in Delahay Street. Cromwell's mother is said to have lived here, and a remarkable feature of the house was that it was the only house looking on to the Park which was allowed to have a gate leading into it.

In 1694, however, the pressure of work which the great war, commonly known as the War of the Grand Alliance threw on the staff, made changes imperative. Two secretaries were appointed to act jointly, each with a salary of £800, and an establishment of eight permanent clerks was supplemented during war-times by extra clerks, and under the new and strict appropriation of the public moneys it became needful to abolish fees. More room was needed, and thus Wallingford House was taken on lease by Government at this time, as affording a spacious and convenient public office.

The house was scarcely a century old, and had been in the occupation of the Admiralty not quite thirty years, when it was found that the building was much decayed. Accordingly, by the King's Orders in Council of the 4th February and 4th March 1722, a new edifice was approved of. Thomas Ripley, whose name has been handed down to us by Pope in the following lines of the *Dunciad*.—

See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall,

was the architect. The estimated cost was £22,400 "if it be built in a plain and substantial manner—that is, the out as well as the in-walls, with the best brick and mortar, with stone in proper places, to preserve and make the same building durable, and to arch and groyne the ground story, and to cover the building wholly with lead."

The front towards Whitehall was built in 1726, and the following is a good account of the building written not long after its erection: "There are in it, besides the hall and other common

rooms, seven handsome lofty apartments, with the convenience of separate houses for the seven Lords of the Admiralty. On the west, next the park, it hath a plain, uniform front, the end only jutting out a little beyond the rest of the building, which is two stories high besides garrets, having a pleasant garden before it; but I am informed that, either thro' a defect in the ground it is founded upon, or in the materials, the building is not like to stand many years" (Strype, edition 1754). With regard to this last statement, Mr. Barrow says that in 1855, on an examination being made of the foundations with a view to erecting an upper story, it was found that the materials were in perfect order, and the wood-work exceedingly hard and undecayed, but the ground was of a loose nature.

It is said that in 1724, while the Admiralty was being built, H.M.S. *Mermaid* brought from Jamaica six hundred planks of the fine Honduras mahogany, which had then come into fashion, the much-coveted treasure of the Spanish in Central America when they had found their far-famed El Dorado more of a dream than a reality. These were intended for the doors and tables of the office.

As to the site of the building, we find an interesting statement in a work on the Public Buildings and Statues of London, of which a second edition was published in 1736: "The new Admiralty was erected on a spot of ground which afforded the architect room for all the beauties his imagination could suggest, and the expense it was raised at enabled him to execute all that beauty in a grand though simple manner. How he has succeeded, the building is a standing evidence, and very much concerned I am to see a pile of that dignity and importance like to continue a lasting reproach of our national want of taste." This opinion has been echoed by many, and, we might say, the majority of writers; and they have not hesitated to call it "a most ugly building," "a clumsy pile"; while, on the other hand, we find some writers of the last century expressing their admiration of the "handsome" and "graceful" edifice.

The portico, with its four massive Ionic stone columns supporting the stone pediment on which is displayed the Admiralty anchor and seal, is a very conspicuous object, about which the following story is told, though whether we are to credit the author with the imaginative faculty, or not, can hardly now be said. At any rate, it may serve as a small protection for the architect against the torrent of abuse which has at various times been poured upon him.

The architect, it is said, had made his shafts of a just length, when it appeared that the pediment blocked up one of the windows of the apartments. He was instantly ordered and compelled—poor man!—to carry his columns to the roof of the building. Certainly, the story concludes, never were such columns seen before.

In 1760 an attempt was made to overcome this eye-sore. Up to this time a massive and high brick or stone wall with large wooden gates in the centre formed the frontage to Whitehall, and we have still many engravings of the building at this time. Now, however, it was proposed that an ornamental screen, or piazza, should supersede the wall, while advantage should be taken of the proposed alteration to throw back the screen some little way in order to widen the street. In May, 1760, the plan of Robert Adam was accepted for a screen of 140 feet in length, which is almost identically what we see now. The original plans of the screen are still preserved, signed by the architect, and approved by the Secretary of the Admiralty, and also by the Commissioners of Westminster Bridge.

Robert Adam was a well-known architect of his day, and many of his London buildings are still easily recognised. He and his brother have left their names to us in the Adelphi (~~Adelphi~~ brothers), and in the adjacent streets. His intention was to hide the hideous portico, and his screen has received much praise and commendation. Britton and Pugin, however, in their *Edifices of London* remark that "it is in a very *flimsy* (we do not know a more characteristic epithet), petty taste. . . . So ill does this screen answer the purpose for which it was principally erected, that, in fact, it does not conceal the portico at all, but rather adds to the apparent height of the latter by its own diminutiveness."

While leaving to architects the question of deciding the merit of Adams's work, we cannot help remarking on the strange and mythical beasts which repose tranquilly on its summit. They are said to be emblematical of the duties carried on by the office, but this we venture to question. They are truly *sui generis*, and with the strange combination of wings, hoofs, and finny tails might rather be regarded as an embodiment of the elements earth, air, and water. A motto, which would not be amiss if applied to them, *Tria juncta in uno*, would also be appropriate to the destined union of the head-quarters of sailor Jack, soldier Joe, and their brother-at-arms the Marine. The animals then might signify the elements on which Britons do their duty loyally. With the witness of Adams's original sketch, we must hold

n responsible for their creation or evolution from his inner consciousness.

At this period we cannot possibly enter into detail concerning the great men who were so intimately connected with the Office. A long list of statesmen, whose names are well known to students of the Georgian era would be required, and a far longer one of all the notable admirals and naval commanders whose deeds are chronicled. They all came here to take the oaths before the Secretary, and have left their autograph memorials to be carefully preserved, and they have come later to choose their captains and receive their orders. Here Nelson and his friend Coll., with "Black Dick," "Blue Bill," "John Tom," and a host of favourite heroes paid frequent visits, officially and unofficially. Among the statesmen or civilians, nevertheless, there is one name to be singled out as remarkable and worthy of notice.

Lord Sandwich was thrice First Lord of the Admiralty; he was a great favourite with George III., who visited the fleet no less than three times while he was at the Admiralty. On one of these occasions the King told the Earl that he should like to taste some of the pork and pease-soup on which the men were about to dine. Listening to fulfil the King's wish, Sandwich was met with a polite but peremptory refusal on the ground of irregularity; "it is wrong," as the purser said, "quite against the discipline of the service to victual any man in a King's ship without a warrant from the captain." The necessary document being procured, Lord Sandwich good-humouredly requested the purser to pick out, for the Majesty, a nice piece of pork. "Avast there, my lord," was the reply, "no favouritism! You must prick in the tub, and take your chance like the rest." (Georgian Era.)

Sandwich was an intimate companion with the notorious Wilkes, through this connection obtained an unenviable nickname, which clung to him during his life, and even after his death was better known by it than his title. "Jemmy Twitcher" was his *soubriquet*, from a character in the "Beggars' Opera."

"Jemmy Twitcher" was eminent alike in politics and in learning, a classical and modern, and he was a warm patron of art; he was, moreover, a good naval administrator, a practical benefactor of Greenwich Hospital, had a keen delight in promoting the science of navigation, and acknowledged that he found the official work connected with his office of great value and interest.

He used to give many hospitable and lively dinners in the Great Board Room, which were presided over by the beautiful Miss Ray,

whose murder, not long afterwards, made her a prominent person of the time. In the Board Room then there were a series of paintings of the South Sea Islands, made by the artists who accompanied Captain Cook on his voyages of discovery, by Lord Sandwich's orders. These are still in the building, although removed from their old places in the Board Room.

With Lord Sandwich's name, another incident is connected, which occurred in 1779, after the result was made public of the trial by court-martial of Lord Keppel and Sir Hugh Palliser, for their conduct in the battle off Ushant, of July 27, 1778. Keppel was acquitted, while Palliser suffered, and the latter was burnt in effigy on Tower Hill. For two nights there were riots, and the mob, after getting Sir Hugh's house in Pall Mall, wrenched the iron gates of the Admiralty from their hinges, and broke the windows of Palliser's official residence. Among the persons who, at three o'clock in the morning, were thus occupied, were Charles Fox, recently made a member of the Admiralty Board, and Thos. Grenville, who afterwards became First Lord. Lord Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was exceedingly terrified by the attack of the mob, and, feeling that "Jemmy Twitcher" had never been a favourite, made his escape with his mistress, Miss Ray, out by the garden gate, and fled to the Horse Guards panic-stricken.

We may now pass to the great day of Trafalgar, and the subsequent events in England. Sir John Barrow tells us that the news of the victory arrived at Whitehall in the middle of the night, and that the First Lord, old Lord Barham, had to be roused from his sleep by the secretary; but not very much disturbed by the unusual event, his lordship issued the necessary orders to the secretary, who sat up till early morning, with as many of the clerks as he could collect, to communicate the welcome tidings to the King and the Ministry. It is also said that Mr. Marsden, the orientalist, who was at the same time Secretary of the Admiralty during the critical period of the second Revolutionary war, that is during about four years, never *once* slept outside the walls of the office. Here the body of Lord Nelson was brought by water from Greenwich, and in the room on the left of the hall, then called the Captain's Room, the coffin was placed on a platform with three steps, and covered with a canopy of black velvet enriched with armorial bearings. Six large wax lights on each side, with eighty others placed round the room, lit up the darkness and displayed the flags of all the different ships hung again

the walls. On the next day, the 9th January 1806, the imposing funeral procession wended its way to St. Paul's, amidst universal testimony of sorrow for the hero.

Before the electric telegraph came into use, the signalling apparatus on the top of the roof of the Admiralty was a conspicuous object, and it is noticed and commented on by most of the writers who described the building, however briefly, and this chiefly because of its very useful simplicity and rapidity of working. At the end of the last century a signal apparatus was introduced, called the telegraph (so that our common word of to-day is older than some people imagine), which consisted of six shutters or flaps of a square form, which could produce rather less than 100 combinations. Two of these were erected on the Admiralty, one communicating with Deal, the other with Portsmouth. In July 1816 an improved apparatus, invented by Sir Home Popham, and called the Semaphore, superseded the more cumbersome telegraph. By this improved machine, which consisted merely of an upright hollow mast with only two arms, communication was made wonderfully easy, and not only letters and words could be produced, but whole sentences and over 2,000 different symbols. Communication was thus well kept up between London and the outports, and the average time for a message to be transmitted to Portsmouth was an hour or even less. The expense was considerable, as to maintain "the Portsmouth Line," with its thirteen stations, each in charge of a lieutenant, cost, for salaries alone, over £8,000. By 1850 electricity had gained the race, and the semaphore will now be found only in use for very short distances.

Leigh Hunt remarks in 1835, "Where the poor Archbishop sank down in horror at the sight of King Charles's execution, telegraphs now ply their dumb and far-seen discourses, like spirits in the guise of mechanism, and tell news of the spread of liberty and knowledge all over the world."

In the Board Room, at the present day, are to be seen many curious and interesting things, among these are some sea-pieces by Vandewelde, portraits of William IV. and of Lord Nelson, the latter painted at Naples by Leonardo Guzzardi for Sir William Hamilton in 1799, some splendid wood-carving of trophies of arms, &c., by Grinling Gibbons, and a fine twenty-four hour clock presented by Queen Anne. There are also, in other parts of the portraits of the more celebrated secretaries, and of Samuel Pepys, whose fame as a capable and

energetic official was known long before the decipherment of his diary brought him before the reading public.

In conclusion, let me quote the following description of the width of power wielded at the Admiralty, without putting one foot across the threshold of the political arena. "Without any very extravagant stretch of fancy, the Admiralty may be said to be the mighty steam-engine which sets in motion and gives energy to all the rest of the material and machinery of our naval power, and consequently contributes much to that of the whole empire."



Lord Clive.

BY M. J. COLQUHOUN.

man in the last century played a more important part in the history of the British Empire than did Lord Clive; without his singular admixture of qualities, his strong will, his reckless daring, his careless unscrupulousness, India, in all probability, would have been a French instead of an English dependency.

Clive, like many other men who have since made their mark in India, belonged to an ancient but rather impoverished family. The Clives had been people of some note, and had owned land in Leicestershire since the time of Henry II. Our hero was born in 1725. To his father belonged the manor-house of Styche, near Market Drayton, although, to help to support his family of thirteen children, he added to his income by practising as a physician.

His strength of will, and the daring originality of mind, which were Clive's most marked characteristics, showed themselves from his earliest childhood. He was but seven years old when his uncle, to whom he lived, wrote as follows:—

He has just had a new suit of clothes, and promises by his reformation to deserve them. I am satisfied that his fighting (to which he is, beyond measure, addicted) gives his temper a fierceness and imperiousness that he flies out upon every trifling occasion; for this reason I do what I can to suppress the hero, that I may forward the more valuable qualities of meekness, benevolence, and patience."

But these promises of reformation proved fallacious. Clive's education, conducted in various grammar schools, and at Merchant Taylors', gained for him the reputation of being an incorrigibly headstrong scholar, and of having an intractable disposition. On his coming of age, at the age of eighteen, his father, who wished to employ him in his own office, reluctantly recognised the fact that it was

impossible to instruct so wild a youth in the routine of a solicitor's business. Therefore he was sent to India in 1743.

His after-life shows that if Clive had strong self-will, still he had an affectionate disposition. The first use to which he applied the wealth he acquired in the East, was to make a munificent provision for his parents. We may picture to ourselves how the expatriated youth left England with a sad heart. The journey took a whole year; and on reaching India, home-sick and alone, the hapless boy writes: "I have not enjoyed one happy day since I left my native country."

In India he discovered, when it was too late to change, that he had adopted a career intolerable to him. He had to lead the sedentary life of a clerk; he was poor, proud, friendless, and the tropical climate rendered his accustomed out-of-door existence impossible. Clive fell into low spirits, and attempted the rash remedy of suicide. The pistol missed fire, and on finding it was properly loaded, he exclaimed: "It appears I am destined for something: I will live."

To understand the position of the English in India in 1744, we must imagine a mercantile company trading in Turkey in our day. Such a company would obtain certain rights and privileges such as the Frank never fails to obtain from the Turk. The early English in India were protected by deeds and grants they had acquired by the concessions and favour of various Mahomedan rulers; however, the French Company, their rivals, had been equally protected or even more favoured by the same means.

As a merchant's clerk Clive, at Madras, spent two tedious years, when he found his life suddenly merged into the tide of war and great political changes.

In 1746 the trading factory of Madras was taken by the French, and Clive himself became a prisoner to the enemy. This untoward position he evaded by escaping in disguise to Fort St. David, another English settlement, which temporary refuge was, in its turn, beleaguered by the French, but, after repeated assaults, they were forced to retire.

Clive served as a volunteer in the defence of Fort St. David and behaved with such marked courage, that he attracted the notice of Major Stringer Laurence, who was in command of the forces of the East India Company.

In Europe, war between England and France had ceased, by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle; still, in southern India, the rival French and English Companies carried on hostilities. They succeeded in getting the various local princes to side with them.

English and some with the French, until the whole country was in a flame.

The next military service in which Clive was engaged was in the storming of the fort of Devikota in 1749. The ostensible motive in attacking this stronghold was to place a prince, by name, Sahuji, ex-raja of Tanjore, on the throne; the real object was for the English to gain a strong place on the coast, possessing a natural harbour capable of receiving ships of large tonnage.

An English force was sent to attack Devikota. It was a strong-walled fort, flanked by towers, situated on the banks of the river Kolrun. The expedition was under the command of Major Stringer Laurence. A breach had been formed in the lofty brick walls of Devikota; it was decided to take the place by assault; Clive volunteered to lead the storming party. The fort was taken, but of the thirty-two Englishmen who had joined the forlorn hope under him only three survived. Major Laurence, his commanding officer, wrote at a later period about our hero: "His early genius surprised and engaged my attention as well before as at the siege of Devikota, where he behaved in courage and judgment much beyond what could have been expected from his years."

After this campaign Clive was appointed Commissary to the troops; but his health having suffered from four years' service in the field, he went to sea and cruised in the Bay of Bengal, and from this change of air and scene he derived much benefit. Major Laurence also fell ill, and had to leave India on account of his health. In his absence, an incompetent leader threw affairs into such confusion, that in 1750, when Clive returned to Madras, he found British interests everywhere depressed, and French influence more than ever paramount.

For one thing, the English were most closely besieged in Trichinapalli, by the French, assisted by Chanda Sabib, Nuwab of the Karnatic. The English at Madras had neither men nor money to send for its relief, and the loss of Trichinapalli seemed inevitable.

Clive was at this time five-and-twenty years of age. He conceived the bold and original idea, on the principle of carrying the war into the enemy's country, of attacking the walled city of Arkat, the capital of Chanda Sahib. Clive reasoned that, should he succeed in taking Arkat, Chanda Sahib must raise the siege of Trichinapalli, to defend his own base of operations.

Clive succeeded in interesting the Governor of Madras, Mr. Saunders, in his scheme. It seemed visionary enough, for Arkat was a strong fortress, and Madras was almost denuded of troops, and reinforcements were not to be obtained; besides, Clive was no

veteran commander—only an ex-merchant's clerk. However, the Governor was so impressed with his arguments and persuasions that he sent every man he could spare with Clive. The force consisted of 200 Europeans, 900 sepoy, and three small field pieces; it was palpably insufficient to take a strong place, but fortune favoured the bold. Clive gained Arkat without firing a shot: its garrison fled panic-stricken.

The news of its capture produced all the effect Clive had anticipated upon the besiegers and besieged in Trichinapalli. Chanda Sahib recognised that at all costs his capital must be instantly recovered. He at once despatched his son and heir, Reza Sahib, in command of 3,000 of his best troops; 150 Frenchmen also accompanied him. Several Indian princes, who, before this success, had been inclined to join the French alliance, now came over to the British side.

Clive had taken Arkat by a *coup-de-main* on the 31st August 1751. Like most Mahommedan cities, it was surrounded by high walls, bastions, and a deep ditch. The defences, in bad repair when he had gained possession, he rebuilt in hot haste. Clive also carefully protected his water-supply, drawn from a reservoir. He stored up sixty days' provisions; and when Reza Sahib and his 3,000 soldiers arrived under the walls of his own native town on September 31st, he found Clive prepared to stand a siege. Clive had performed wonders in storing up provisions and strengthening the defences; but the small English force with which he had started from Madras, a month before, had terribly decreased. Of his 200 English soldiers, he could now muster but 120. His eight English officers had dwindled down to four, and of his sepoy but 200 remained.

In Arkat, our hero was besieged by Reza Sahib for fifty days. In Colonel Malleeson's *Life of Lord Clive*, there is a most graphic description of how he, in person, commanding his scanty soldiers, time after time beat back the innumerable attacks of the enemy, until at length Reza Sahib and his French allies, considering the place impregnable, raised the siege, and left Clive in peaceful possession of the place. During the three months and a half in which Clive had been shut up in Arkat, Trichinapalli had neither been taken nor relieved. The English were supposed to be in the greatest straits for food; still they would not surrender.

Since Reza Sahib had left for Arkat, a Scotch Jacobite, an officer in the service of the King of France, was commanding before Trichinapalli. He was called "Law of Lauriston." Colonel Malleeson thus gives his character:

one of that unhappy type of men who, greatly superior to the ordinary run of their fellows, mar the best-laid plans by their inability to arrive at a decision. Law held the balance between so many courses, that he generally ended matters to drift, or by carrying out a plan which he considered defective. His hesitations, his doubts, his mental vacillations, made him—a brave and clever man—a most incapable commander.

Absolutely necessary for the existence of the British in India to relieve Trichinapalli and to drive away the French from its walls. At this critical juncture of affairs, Major General arrived from England. Clive left Arkat, placing a garrison to retain the place, and rejoined his former commander, Laurence. Then followed, in 1752, a short brilliant campaign of magical rapidity and success. Trinchinapalli was relieved. Law of Lauriston, while hesitating and consulting, was utterly routed; his French troops and Indian allies were destroyed, and the French cause in Southern India was lost for

the campaign, in the total defeat of the French and their allies. Especially in the ever-memorable battle of Káveripák, Clive was the commander. At the relief of Trichinapalli, and on other occasions, although acting under Laurence, his was the leading part.

Clive married Miss Maskelyne at Madras. She was one of his oldest friends. With her he returned to England. He was then but eight-and-twenty. On his arrival in England, he was received everywhere as the hero of the day, and was universally fêted. The Court of Directors of the Company paid him every flattering attention; they were so struck by the fact that he had saved their possessions in India from the French. The directors wished to present Clive with a sword; this he refused to accept, unless one was presented by his old commander Laurence. Clive had left England with the character of a scapegrace, and had returned with a brilliant reputation and a large fortune; but much work of his life was still before him.

He went back to India. On landing, he engaged in a battle against a pirate chief, who had made some bold and successful attacks upon British ships. He had barely returned from this expedition, when the news reached Madras of an overwhelming British disaster. The city of Calcutta had been taken by the Mohammedan ruler of Bengal, Siráju'd Daulah; and all

the English prisoners-of-war, after the taking of that city, had perished in the well-known catastrophe of the Black Hole. Five or six Englishmen in the power of Siráju'd Daulah, a ship crowded with fugitives at the mouth of the river Hugli, was all that remained of British supremacy in that part of India.

The news of this calamity reached Madras in August. By October an avenging force, under Robert Clive, sailed to Bengal. "The fleet, commanded by Admiral Watson, consisted of four ships of war, five transports, and a fire-ship. The land force was composed of 250 men of the 39th Regiment, 570 men of the Madras European Battalion, 80 artillerymen—in all, 900 Europeans—and 1,200 sipáhís. Clive had also a few field-pieces and a large quantity of military stores. Of the 900 Europeans, little more than 600 were able to land then on the banks of the Hugli ; for the Admiral's largest ship, the *Cumberland*, having nearly 800 men on board, grounded off Point Palmyras on the 1st December, and was compelled to bear away to Vishápatanam (Vizagatam). The remainder of the fleet reached Faltá at intervals between the 11th and 20th December." *

Robert Clive had no sooner placed foot on land in Bengal, than there followed an unvarying succession of glorious victories. Calcutta was re-taken ; quickly upon this followed the capture of Hugli from the Dutch ; Chandranagar was taken from the French ; and lastly, the English forces marched upon Murshidábád, the capital of Siráju'd Daulah. Before reaching this place, the ever memorable and decisive battle of Plassey was fought, June 23rd, 1757, from which date we became rulers of India.

The fine Moslem city of Murshidábád, the capital of Siráju'd Daulah, had been taken ; the fabulous riches found there were distributed. The English obtained more than a million of money from the treasury, which was immediately paid out as prize money, and in compensation to the lately-ruined merchants of Calcutta.

In the victories in Bengal, Clive not only showed himself a master of war in actual battle. His soldiers were to be counted in hundreds, while those of his adversaries were numbered in thousands. Still most of his successes were due more to diplomacy than to strategy : he was a very master in the art of sowing discord among his antagonists.

Clive, in Bengal, was in a most critical position ; he was far from his base of operations, and with an insignificant English

* *The Founders of the Indian Empire : Lord Clive.* By Colonel Malleson, C.S.I. Page 162.

force was surrounded by innumerable hostile races. This may be some excuse for his having, during the crisis of English affairs in Bengal, acted with more than Asiatic duplicity. His craftiness and secret intrigues are most dramatically described in Chapter X. of Colonel Malleeson's work.

The French and Suráju'd Daulah were firm and ancient allies; still Clive succeeded in creating enmity between them, and he gained the consent of the Nawab of Bengal to take Chandranagar. Mir J'afar was Siráju'd Daulah's kinsman and most trusted general. Clive tempted him from his allegiance, and made him side with the English against his fellow-countrymen.

Clive was an adept in the art of beating an enemy in detail. He never attacked his antagonists when they were strong and united; he first broke up the alliances which they had formed for mutual protection, and, while they were disorganised, he took the opportunity of destroying each opposing force; never while in a mass, but one by one, when they were too weak to resist him.

Clive returned to England in 1760; he was then doubtless one of the wealthiest men in the kingdom. He had received in presents and in prize-money about three hundred thousand pounds. He had, besides, obtained a landed estate from the new ruler, Mir J'afar, valued at twenty-seven thousand a year, and not long after landing in England he was made an Irish peer.

Clive, however, went back to Bengal in 1764. His main object in revisiting India was to introduce a less corrupt and oppressive civil government. In this he succeeded. But he also made by his rigid reforms many personal enemies, who embittered the last days of his life. He remained but three years, and hoped to end in peace and leisure, in his own land, a life which had been devoted to his country, and which, up to that time, had been a blaze of prosperity and success.

He landed in England in 1767, having raised the revenue of India to 5,000,000, and placed under British control a country as large as France. He was received at Court in a most flattering manner. The Directors of the East India Company, whose possessions he for a third time had saved, heaped every reward and honour in their power upon him.

However, the sun of Lord Clive's prosperity set in 1772. In that year he was virtually put upon his trial before a Parliamentary Committee. His reforms in India, in stopping the peculations of the English officials, had made him enemies who worked ceaselessly for his ruin. Macaulay writes, "He had to bear the odium, not only of those bad acts to which he had once or twice stooped, but of all

the bad acts committed when he was absent—nay, of bad acts he had manfully opposed and severely punished.”

In the year 1773, the House of Commons, after a long and minute inquiry, admitted that Clive had obtained large sums of money while serving in India. His enemies wished a stigma attached to his name, and wished it to be stated “that Lord Clive did, in so doing, abuse the power with which he was entrusted, to the evil example of the servants of the public.” By the strenuous exertions of his friends in the House, this clause was changed into the words, “That Robert Lord Clive did at the same time render great and meritorious services to his country.”

The long-continued persecution, and the general odium into which he had fallen, preyed upon his mind; he was besides suffering from an agonising disease. Clive died by his own hand in 1774, just after he had completed his forty-ninth year.

I cannot better conclude than by giving *verbatim* the forcible summing-up of Colonel Malleeson: “Clive was a great soldier, great administrator, a born leader of his fellows. The bluntness of his moral perceptions prevented him from being a great man.”



Pre-eminence in War.

BY MAJOR F. W. GRAHAM.

(Continued from p. 580, vol. vi.)

opens out a field for the display of individual merit of an officer, and many instances may be quoted of the fruits which have been gathered from daring and successful tactical

A notable one is found in the campaign of 1866. In the western theatre of the campaign (Bohemia), Clam-Roxborough had at one time occupied the whole line of the Eser; he had withdrawn his troops from Broid and Turnau to Mährisch-Gratz and Jicin. The Prussians then, under Horn, effected the passage of the river at Turnau, and threw a pontoon across. This was a very important point, insomuch as it was nearer Jicin, a point on the Austrian line of retreat, than Mährisch-Gratz or Jung Buntzlau, where they were in. Astonished at the small amount of resistance which he had met with, Frederick Charles changes his plan. With only light troops in his front, he determined to support them and try and gain further advantages. He caused the main body to push forward to Podol, then held by only one regiment of Austrian infantry. The same evening, 26th June, the Prussians waded the river, and occupied a house on the left bank of the stream. By this time, intelligence had reached Frederick of the advance of the Crown Prince of Prussia by Mährisch-Gratz, and he likewise knew of the advance of Prince Frederick Charles; therefore he telegraphed to the Crown Prince of Saxony, who was waiting for orders, to hold Podol and Turnau at any price. A night attack was ordered to be made on Podol and Turnau. At 9 o'clock p.m. the Prussians were driven back across the river at Podol by the Austrians, who advanced in a strong column along the road to Turnau. A brilliant example of the exercise of discretion, coupled with

capacity and hardihood, on the part of an officer, is here exemplified :—

Von Bose, a Prussian, commanded the advance in Turnau. It was reported to him that the troops had been beaten out of Podol; and it was left to him to decide whether or not he should again attack Podol in the dark, and with what troops he had in hand. He decided on doing so; and, awaiting the advance of the Austrian column, he suddenly opened on them with the defilade fire—two ranks kneeling, one firing. The shock was such that the Austrian column was checked at once. The Prussians advanced with the bayonet, and drove the Austrians from house to house, eventually gaining the bridge.

At night, the effect of fire of all arms—artillery and infantry—is much decreased, so this success cannot be placed entirely to the credit of the Prussian breech-loaders, but rather to the excellency of their infantry, and the manner in which they were led to the attack. The consequence of this was, the offensive plan of the Crown Prince for the next day was disturbed. The moral effect was also great. Some of the best Austrian troops, known as the Iron Brigade, who had fought in Italy and Sleswig Holstein, had been demoralised by a couple of battalions of Prussians. It became clear the Prussian infantry were quite equal to them, and the effects of this collision were seen throughout the succeeding operations.

The position Clam now took up on the Muskeyberg, exposed him to an attack in front and flank from the advancing Prussians. Here success attended the excellent arrangement for attack, by which the overplus of power was applied to an operation against the rear of the apparently impregnable position.

In the eastern part of the theatre of war, we see the Austrian corps allowed to be beaten one after another, and the system of holding troops in reserve carried to an extreme. This system cannot be too much condemned. It is one that seems to look upon defeat as the most probable of two issues, and holds force suspended which, if properly applied, would lead to victory.

At Nachod, General Steinmetz used the superiority of the needle-gun to the greatest advantage, by dividing his large battalions of three ranks into two smaller ones of two ranks.

The good dispositions of the Austrians at Trautenau led to success. At Barkersdorff, Roquitz, and Koniginhof, the impetuous valour of the Prussian Guard triumphed over the enemy, surprised and caught in a false movement.

Königrätz, the victory was certain as soon as all doubt moved that the whole mass of force on the Prussian side be able to co-operate, which the skilful preparation and had made possible; or, in other words, the broad front at first assumed gave place to a rapid concentration before the tactical result of the campaign was obtained.

With the introduction of the breech-loader, the chance of fighting with inferior numbers successfully, even supposing superior generalship added, is reduced to a minimum. A frontal attack resolves itself into a slowly progressive musketry engagement.

Great tactical attacks take the form of turning movements which movements are characteristic of the battles of the present day, as the practice of breaking through the centre is characteristic of the battles of the great Napoleon.

The change brought about by the introduction of the breech-loader in the action of cavalry, and a contrast between the action of cavalry in the 1866 and 1870 campaigns, is remarkable, worthy of notice in investigating causes of success.

The rapid and deadly fire of the infantry breech-loader, and the accuracy and destructive nature of the projectiles in the hands of the artillery at the present day, make the attack of a hazardous enterprise, though neither will ever stop the charge of squadrons under daring leaders at portions of these lines round unsupported, or stop them grappling with the foe in search of, prior to the arrival of the other arms to reap the fruits of victory. It is not probable that the dashing squadrons, led by a Murat, will again appear on the field of battle performing the same part they did in the Napoleonic era; but in a smaller scale, and in a different phase of the conflict, the same bold and daring action of cavalry and horse artillery will contribute to success as much, if not more than ever.

In 1866 we see the cavalry formed in masses, kept in rear of marching columns, as a sort of reserve; in fact, they were regarded as a mass of fighting men according to the idea of Napoleonic wars. On the battle-field we find them in direct contact and conflict with the Austrian cavalry, occasionally with the infantry, and also capturing batteries.

Finally, we see the Austrian cavalry exerting great influence at Sadowa; in fact, the success of the action was mainly attributable to the cavalry, although the country was not very favourable to its action, and the body was small (3,000). Still they sought and found their opportunity, and, by a daring attack, completely paralysed the action of a whole Italian

division ; and one squadron disposed of a brigade of infantry marching on the road from Valezzio.

In Bohemia, the Austrian cavalry failed to defeat the Prussian. The individual soldiers were equal, but the tactics of the Prussians were superior.

In 1870, owing to the experience of 1866, we find the Prussian organisation of cavalry different ; they were formed into various independent divisions. This organisation was based on suggestions that were made and felt, but not used in 1866, owing to their then faulty organisation. After the campaign, it was suggested that cavalry should be more interspersed with other arms and formed into small brigades.

The Germans, in 1870, renouncing masses of cavalry, divided that arm into moderate divisions, smaller than corps, larger than divisions, with two or three batteries. These were not massed in rear, but were at once pushed to the front. Foremost on the line of march, active and enterprising, they cut the enemy's telegraphs, destroyed his railway bridges, requisitioned provisions, and even entered his towns. Moving one or two marches in front of the infantry, the touch of the enemy was never lost, to say nothing of the information they collected and sent into head-quarters.

The plan seems to have answered admirably. It succeeded in shrouding the movements of the army, and saved the infantry from the fatigue of severe outpost duty, and secured the mass of troops rest and security by night. Such was their general use, the German cavalry were seldom found in conflict with either the French cavalry or infantry ; but, when occasion required it of them, we find them making dashing tactical strokes, of great value to the strategic conception of the campaign.

At Mars la Tour, the Prussian infantry were fighting at great odds, four to nine. They were suffering greatly ; the ammunition of 3rd Corps was failing, the ground was open, and the dense skirmishing lines of the French were gaining position. The German cavalry stood massed in brigades in reserve behind woods. Finding their infantry getting the worst of it, they were suddenly launched against the French skirmishing lines. They ride through the lines at various points, and, in spite of empty saddles, they press on, succeed in dispersing some of the supports, and even reach the French batteries. But they were met by the third line, and beaten back by the masses of French cavalry in reserve, suffering enormous losses, amounting to one-half to one-third.

influence on the battle was unquestionable. It gave time to the Prussian infantry, checked the advantage to the French, disturbed the leadership of the battle, tactical order of the French infantry and artillery. But the artillery nor infantry were permanently injured. At the first shock, the surprise passed away, and the tables turned against the cavalry. It was an able effort to hold an otherwise untenable position—with the knowledge, however, that supports were coming up.

At Würth, MacMahon's effort to retrieve the action with his cavalry on difficult ground, was futile. It was similar to the action at Alvensleben at Mars la Tour; but the ground was, being woody, broken, and bad. The effort was badly timed, and the cavalry employed for the purpose was destroyed. The French cavalry were in great force, but were trained for charging purposes only, according to old tactics, and the employment of the German cavalry as a great force for the enemy, yet concentrating for action when a crisis issue was at hand, is an instance of an army entering a new tactical form; and it may be said that the squadrons that preceded the German advance into battle not only points to an employment of cavalry, but to a contribution very materially to success.

The action of the Prussian artillery during the 1870 war was remarkable, and many noticeable tactical changes since were made. The advance-guard was furnished with more guns, and the position of artillery in the column of route was changed; guns were brought up nearer head of column. They showed that the early presence of artillery in a collision place gave the attack an initial superiority, and paved the way for the attack of other arms. Accuracy of fire was not more than rapidity, on the principle that one shot is equal to five which do not; they no longer opened at the great and uncertain distances they did in 1866.

A remarkable point, is the systematic preparation by the Prussian artillery for the assault by infantry which followed it. Prussian artillery frequently acted on the same principle that actuated Alvensleben to sacrifice his squadrons; they differed from the loss of guns provided the action carried off effectual.

The Prussians had mastered the method of bringing every man to bear on their enemy; they massed their artillery in batteries. At Würth the entire artillery of 5th and 11th Corps

were deployed into line. When St Privat was recognised as the key of the position at Gravelotte, the Guard, 10th, 12th and 3rd Corps brought 300 guns to bear on it.

Lastly, the instant a position was carried, guns were at hand to support the infantry. The action of the Prussian artillery was crushing, and the demoralisation of the French was chiefly owing to it. It was machinery against individuality, and the French never had a chance.

Positions are now carried by the development of superior fire of small arms and artillery; a heavy artillery combat shakes the defending infantry, who are partially engaged in an infantry combat with dense clouds of skirmishers in front, whilst a column is directed to the flank.

The Prussians not only fought with superior numbers, but they doubled their force by developing the destructive power of their arms. The independent action of the company column contributed largely to success, more especially at the victory of Wörth, where there was much wood fighting.

The Prussian successes are also attributable to the fact that the French blows were aimed direct, whereas the Prussians invariably sidled off to a flank. The Germans developed at the very outset of the campaign a strategic turning movement, which was developed into a tactical one at Gravelotte.

Before leaving the 1870 campaign we may quote an instance of successful independence of action prompted by a knowledge of the strategic conception of the campaign. Bazaine had determined to retreat to Châlons. His army is hampered with baggage so closely crowded round Metz, and so badly provided with communications across the Moselle, that the operation of crossing that river became a slow and tedious one.

On the 13th August all the 3rd Corps and a portion of the 4th Corps were still on the right bank of the Moselle. The Prussian Army advances; the advanced guard of the 7th Corps under Goltz was the first to touch the French on the afternoon of the 14th August. Observing preparations for retreat in the French camp, he determined to detain them. A bloody action ensued at Borny; one brigade only of Goltz's division attacked four divisions of the French army, and maintained combat for two hours; but the attacking General took to endorse his action by sending word to his right and left.

Brigadier Goltz, commanding this advance, was acquainted with the character of the movement executed by the 2nd Army Corps, and he immediately determined on

responsibility to engage without direct instructions. Steinmetz condemned this action, but it did Moltke considerable service, and it shows the amount of responsibility given to Prussian Generals. The Germans lost heavily, but they gained a great strategic advantage—the retreat of the French was delayed, the main strategic purpose of the Germans was greatly assisted, and the flanking movement of 2nd German Army Corps was completed.

The configuration and occupation of the ground on which battles are fought often aids the combatants in a considerable degree. Examples without number on this point might be quoted, and also where weaker forces have enlisted fortifications to their aid and strengthened their positions. These points, understood by the leaders and applied to the characteristics of the troops, are causes of success. Localities, high ground, villages, walled parks, railway embankments, woods, canals, become the scenes of conflict on which the tactical issue of the battle oftentimes hangs.

Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte are examples. The genius of the commander at once recognised the value of these salients, whereon to break the mighty wave of the French attack. " Woods have in the present day become of great importance ; hitherto they have been rather avoided as disturbing the tactical order of the troops, and hold of the commander over his men. Wellington is blamed by Napoleon for leaving the wood of Boigniso in his rear, but there was no undergrowth in the wood, and retreat could have been conducted through it.

The Prussians studied the Polish campaign of 1831. When the wooded character of the country was suited to the newly formed Polish battalions, they everywhere direct attention to obtaining cover and concealing their dispositions. At the action of Gruchow the Poles had eight to ten battalions in a wood, the Russians brought twenty-six battalions into play to dislodge them. The same systematic use of woods is visible in the French war of 1870-71, and the aptitude of the German troops for wood fighting became visible. The Sweet Wood at Koninggratz, 2,000 acres in extent, 1,000 in depth, slightly outside the position, was occupied by a few Austrian battalions with outposts at Benatch. Fransecky attacked it and drove the Austrians out. Festetics saw that the possession of this wood by the Prussians was dangerous to the right of the Austrian position, and endeavoured to retake it with a whole corps d'armée but in vain. A second corps was called into action, but, though the wood

We have endeavoured to show how each military succumbs in its turn to an organisation and a science to its own; how the genius of individual statesmen and generals by profound reasoning, foresight, and logically arranged plans affect the question of pre-eminence in the direction they take the great questions of peace and war, from their stations in the Cabinet of the State; and how the question is affected by the valour, force of genius, and prudence of the leader and the troops themselves when surrounded with the turmoil and confusion of battle; and we have endeavoured to show that pre-eminence in war is attainable by a people whose military institutions incorporate their army with the nation itself, who do not rely solely on past tradition and antiquated customs, but who are alive to changes, and exhibit constant vitality in the working of their armed forces, keeping pace with the reforms of the age and not suffering the increase of wealth and its accompanying luxuries to sap the energies of its manhood or tarnish the sword which lies sheathed during the time of peace.

Man Proposes,

A NOVEL, BY MRS. A. PHILLIPS, AUTHOR OF "BENEDICTA."

CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN AUSTIN IS AT HOME TO MISS GREGORY.

"What is tact? 'tis worth revealing;
'Tis delicacy's finest feeling.
It is to scan another's breast,
To know the thought ere half-expressed;
To read, in the averted eye,
Refusal now or sympathy."

"Say nothing to Nelly, or the doctor," was Mrs. Jameson's request and caution to Miss Gregory, as they drove home.

"Of course not," she answered. "How could I—to Nelly! It would be most improper. But really, now, don't you think I ought to let his friends know what is going on? Lady Ascott, now?"

"My dear woman, if you are to write to a man's relatives every time he is caught making love to a pretty girl, you will have your hands full," laughed Mrs. Jameson, who was a liberal-minded woman, and made large allowances for men and their infirmities.

"But, for the girl's sake, then. Hagar—only fancy! A girl I thought so correct in every way. And you heard what the doctor said."

"Well, poor child, perhaps she has not been able to help herself. There is nothing serious in it, you may depend; and the best plan is to be blind on these occasions. It was what you might have confidently expected. What else do you suppose an idle man would do, finding himself thrown with a pretty girl, no matter what her condition in life, but amuse himself? It would have happened if *you* had been in Hagar's place."

"But then our positions are somewhat different," said Miss Gregory stiffly, not liking the comparison. "In my case—if——"

"In your case it would have been justifiable, I know; and

perhaps have had a pretty finale," said Mrs. Jameson, controlling the corners of her mouth from expanding into a discourteous laugh. "And now, as a woman of the world, let me advise you to forget what you have seen. Summon all your tact, if ever you should meet him again, to make him forget that you ever saw what you did."

"But Hagar! Am I to let her go headlong to destruction without a word of warning?"

"Well, there is no objection to your speaking privately to the girl, and warning her not to be led away by any gallantries from men above her in position; but you must do nothing more. Pray be guided by me in the matter. You would only get yourself into trouble, and make an enemy of Captain Austin for life. My experience is, let everyone look after his own affairs."

Miss Gregory gave her reluctant consent to Mrs. Jameson's worldly-wise policy. She was feeling very discomfited at the failure of her enterprise. She had hoped to bring about a pleasant introduction between herself and Captain Austin, on the strength of requiring to get certain articles from the room he occupied at her pleasure. And now, nothing but this contretemps had come of it! It was vexing, and made the delicate tinge on her face unnecessary, because of the hot blood that went flaming angrily to her cheeks when she recalled that awkward moment—more awkward for her, she thought, than for them. She wanted, therefore, some kind of satisfaction to cover her annoyance; and to write to his friends and hers—the Ascotts—seemed the right step to take.

"If Mr. Drummond only knew, that would put an effectual stop to it all."

But she saw that she could not write to Mr. Drummond, unless it might be anonymously; and, after hearing all that Mrs. Jameson had to say, Miss Gregory clung to this last idea as the right, and proper, and safe course to pursue to avenge her injured dignity.

Nelly, the irrepressible, was full of questions at dinner; but Mrs. Jameson parried them all by one of those amiable fibs which judicious mothers feel justified in telling their children when too curious on delicate points.

"We did not call, Nelly dear. I was detained so long in town, that we decided to put it off for another occasion."

Miss Gregory shot a glance of approval at her hostess for the part she played, and assumed an air of mild importance for the rest of the evening, as the possessor of a secret that was unfit

~ Nelly's ears!

But as soon as she was in her room, she determined to execute her intention of writing an anonymous warning to Jasper Drummond. She did not know his address, but she knew where a letter would reach him. Old Mrs. Sarah had described her hand-writing as resembling a paper of pins with the points upwards. It would never do to allow such a marked caligraphy as she knew she wrote to convict her. With much pains, therefore, she returned to the round-hand of her copy-book, and wrote on a sheet of paper these words :

'Captain Austin is in danger. Come without delay.'

She was a little bit frightened when she had done it. She had always heard anonymous letters considered as wicked ; but the impulse to warn—to meddle, perhaps, would be a truer definition—irresistible.

'Ab, I must send it, I *must* !' she thought, reading it over again, and seeing no danger to herself, but not a little revenge in every well-formed letter that concealed her usual pricking, pointed hand-writing.

She set all misgivings aside at last by enclosing the letter in an envelope, addressed to Jasper Drummond, care of Lady Ascott. As she posted herself the next morning early.

She had fired the mine, she thought, and now waited, with all a man's curiosity and impatience, for the explosion ; having taken good care, however, to keep well out of danger.

She was sitting at luncheon with Mrs. Jameson and Nelly, that day, when Austin's letter was handed to her.

'With Captain Austin's compliments, and is there any answer?' asked the servant, as she gave the note.

'From Captain Austin !' exclaimed Nelly. "Now this is interesting!" and immediately the trio formed a comical tableaux. Miss Gregory blushed as she took the note, and broke the seal with trembling fingers. She even forgot, in her agitation, to answer her questioning, interested hostess, with the customary "Yes, my dear me."

Mrs. Jameson kept looking askance. After what had passed that day, the contents of the letter must be worth hearing.

Nelly, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, was all attention ; holding her knife and fork in suspense while she waited for the morsel of information she hoped Miss Gregory would let fall.

The letter, with its magnificently assertive seal and monotone of its bold writing and fine phrases, was acting upon Miss Gregory's nerves like the shock of a galvanic battery. She trembled as she read, until at last, with every muscle rigid with

propriety, she handed it to Mrs. Jameson with a significant look.

"Tell me what you would advise?"

"It's an offer!" thought Nelly inconsequently, as she turned her eyes on her mother, who, after reading the note, looked over to the servant waiting for the answer, and said:

"Miss Gregory's compliments, and she will call in the afternoon."

This was said with that air of calm self-possession which distinguished our Britannia as a woman of the world above everything. It satisfied Miss Gregory's doubts, and soothed Nelly's curiosity.

"I'll drive you round," she said, handing back the note as though it contained no important request, adding:

"It is just as well we could not go yesterday. Very polite of him. I am sure, to wish you to get your things. But he feels, of course, how good you've been to vacate your rooms for so long. And then again, no doubt, he is looking forward to a chat with you about his cousin."

Miss Gregory's muscles gradually relaxed under this commonplace treatment of such a momentous subject. At the same time she was not happy, remembering that furtively-written and posted note. She feared it might interfere with the harmony of her interview. Regret that she had not waited took away her appetite, as she thought that perhaps Mr. Drummond would come, and Captain Austin would suspect her, after what she had witnessed yesterday. No one else would know of his danger. But then there was comfort in the way she had worded the note. "Danger" might mean that he had had a relapse. Still she wished now she had waited. "Oh dear! it was very tiresome!"

It was with no very comfortable feelings, therefore, that she once more dressed herself carefully in her best bonnet, and spotted tulle veil, with just the faintest tinge of colour applied to her cheeks.

"Of course she was not going to call upon a bachelor in his sick room," she repeated, "that was not it at all. She was only going to get some of her things that were in *her* room, which he was now occupying."

She stated all this distinctly to herself once more as she tied her bonnet-strings, and then again to Mrs. Jameson as they drove along; so anxious was she that her action should not be tainted by misinterpretation.

"I understand all that perfectly, my dear," said Mrs. Jameson,

again reassuringly, as they stopped before the door of No. 7. 'And now, I think, I need not wait for you to-day. There *can* be no mistake about your requiring some little time to select what you want. I have a visit to pay, a little further up the road; I will call for you in about half an hour. That will suit you, will it not?'

"Thank you, yes," said Miss Gregory, feeling anything but happy as she stepped out of the carriage. Conscience makes towards of us all; and with that unlucky letter upon her, she could enjoy nothing.

Mrs. Sarah came to the door, looking a shade black at her "permamint party" from under her sun bonnet, for having, as she expressed it, "banged out of the house yesterday as if dishonest people were after her." To impugn Mrs. Sarah's honesty, morality, or virtue generally, was to pluck the diamond from her crown, and she resented the offence.

"Can I go into my room?" asked Miss Gregory meekly, apologetically. "Yesterday it was occupied," she hazarded.

"I suppose it was, Miss, by them as pays for it, and is ready to go on paying for it," answered Mrs. Sarah, determined to show fight if a word were said detrimental to Hagar's interests.

"Ah—well—Captain Austin wrote me a note, most politely, to say I could call to-day and get my things."

"Ye'd best go in here Ma'am, first," said Mrs. Sarah, showing her into the front parlour, next the passage. I'll just go up and warn him ye're come."

Going upstairs, Mrs. Sarah knocked at Captain Austin's door, and went in. He was alone.

"If ye please, Sir, it's Miss Gregory. She's come to get some things as she is used to keep in these rooms."

"Ah! Miss Gregory, is it? Will you give her my compliments, say, if she does not object to my being here, I shall not object to her coming up. So show her in," said Austin, feeling as uncomfortable as his expected visitor. He would have given a hundred pounds at that moment to have cried off seeing her, but so she was!

"Storming a breach, leading a forlorn hope in action was a trifle for him," he thought.

"The Captain begs you 'll step up," was Mrs. Sarah's message. "He's in your settin' room, and he says he 'll not be in yer way. The next room is empty, and you've the key of the cupboard, if there ye want to go first."

"Ah—well—I'll just go up; you need not trouble to follow.

"I'll find my way," said Miss Gregory, feeling very embarrassed; but she stopped at the door to turn and ask for Hagar.

"She's out, Miss. Gone into the town to do me a bit of shopping."

"Oh, indeed." That was a comfort; she could not be confronted with anything so dreadful as yesterday. She was safe from *that*, she thought as she walked slowly up the stairs, her knees trembling with nervousness.

She knocked timidly at the familiar door of her own sitting-room, not without many misgivings, wondering if she had done quite the "correct" thing to come up without Mrs. Sarah to announce her.

Austin had that afternoon, on receiving Mrs. Jameson's message, laid aside his dressing-gown, and put on a purple velvet lounging coat, in honour of his expected visitor. He was a man particular about his appearance, and the hair-dresser had been summoned to remove the growth of hair on head and beard left by his illness.

Dressed and shaven, Austin looked strikingly handsome. Hagar even had been startled by the improvement.

Miss Gregory's spirit was subdued at the first glance; and her thoughts turned with more regret than ever to that unlucky letter. She would have given five pounds at that moment to recall it. The idea of having done anything to bring annoyance upon the "splendid being" now before her was too mortifying!

But when this same splendid being came forward, and, with the air of a courtier—heaven knows where he had learnt it—offered her his hand to lead her to a chair, and spoke of her kindness in coming to see him, his appearance, which recent illness had made interesting, his manner, the tone of his voice, everything about him, in fact, so overpowered her, that she was as modest and non-plussed as a young girl of fifteen. Gladly would she have changed places with Hagar to feel as at home with him as seemed that same young woman yesterday.

"Great goodness! he was magnificent!" she thought. "And there was not a trace about him that he was ashamed of himself for the part he had been caught playing yesterday—oh dear no!"

He received her as royalty might receive a foreign ambassador with whose king it was necessary to make propitiatory terms. His grand air paralysed her wonted loquacity; conscience, too, had something to do with this. "She had exaggerated matters," she thought. "Who on earth could resist such a man? Of course, if he were to signify his desire to kiss anyone's hand, it would be like a vice-regal salutation, impossible to decline. If they felt as she

“ feeling now, the spell would be so great they would be compelled to submit—to be kissed, that is to say.”

Such were her undefined sensations, translated into intelligible language. Aloud, she heard herself asking meekly after his health.

“ I am as you see me—shortly to be off the sick-list, I hope, and to vacate your rooms, which I am distressed to think I have deprived you of for so long. And this reminds me,” he said, with a slight smile, “ that I owe you some apology for—a——”

“ Oh ! pray say nothing about it. I really saw nothing ! ” exclaimed Miss Gregory, recovering her equanimity sufficiently to remember the lesson inculcated by Mrs. Jameson on the previous afternoon, and anxious now to carry it out.

“ Didn’t you ? Ah well, I am inclined to regret your amiableness,” he returned significantly. “ The fact is, I rather hoped you had seen, as I wish to enlist your sympathies on behalf ———”

He didn’t know what to call Hagar, so he coloured and hesitated in consequence.

“ Oh, if you mean Hagar,” cried Miss Gregory, interrupting him, her spirits having quite returned to her now, “ you need not be afraid. I shall not think ill of her.”

“ No, I should hope not,” he replied, chilling in his manner. Then, with an impatient movement, he said : “ Perhaps I had better come straight to the point, and tell you at once that I am going to marry her.”

“ Oh, you don’t mean it ! Impossible ! ” she gasped, ready to start from her seat with astonishment.

“ Heavens ! what a mercy she had posted that letter,” she thought, with a quick revulsion of feeling.

“ I am indeed,” he replied calmly ; “ therefore, it is impossible that you or anyone should think ill of her.”

“ But your family ? ”

“ Are my affair,” he said coldly. “ My object now is to enlist your womanly sympathies on behalf of—this—my future wife. She as you have always shown an interest in her. Surely the fact of my marrying her ought not to make her forfeit this. There are many reasons why it would be inconvenient for me to publish my marriage at present. It is possible I may not be able to take my wife with me to India, and I should like her to have some lady friend who would be kind to her during my absence. It is from my estimate of you that I decided to ask you. Had she mentioned any other lady, then I should have written to that other. But she

seemed to have confidence in your good-nature; and you won't disappoint her?"

He said it all very slowly, his eyes averted from her, and he now sat much in the same position, waiting for her answer.

Oh, for the grace of a little tact! In all our prayers let us pray for this. It is as the gentle oil to the machinery—helping us to work our ends easily and noiselessly.

But what did Austin know of tact? Grace of manner, when it suited him to assume it, pride of bearing, a great deal of courage, not a little honesty, and a handsome appearance—he had all these. But tact he had none. He was asking a momentous question, pleading with one woman for another. But where was the pleading? Where the soft insinuation that it was *he* who had sought her, that it was *him* she was helping, which would have flattered the soul of such a woman as Miss Gregory, and made her drop the cheese of her good-will into his, the fox's, hands quite easily? Instead of this, he threw the request imperiously, with a "leave or take it" manner that was anything but soothing. They had gradually, but unconsciously, been irritating each other since the commencement of the visit, until now they were thoroughly antagonistic. He hated her, and she, so far from being won over, ranged herself on the opposite side.

It was difficult to refuse directly, however, so she temporised, saying:

"You have taken me so very much by surprise, I hardly know what to say. Do you wish me to be a party to your secret?"

"Most assuredly—that is my object," he said, looking up. "In fact, I consider it a point of honour between us that you say nothing about it, even if you refuse."

"Of course, of course. I shall not say a word since it is, you say, a secret. But as to being a party to it, I really don't know what to do. You see, I know your family. Your aunt, Lady Ascott, is a friend of mine. I don't know how I could encourage you——"

"Pray say no more. I understand that you refuse," he said quickly. "Be it so; I don't wish to press the point. But at least I hope you will bear in mind that no stigma must be attached to the girl I am going to marry. She is as pure and honest as the day. I have no fear about her not being able to fill even a better position than I could give her. So, on her account, it is as well we should have had this interview. At the same time, as I have my reasons for keeping my intentions from my family for the present, I request that you will not make use of them."

felt bound to give you, rather than allow the name of my future wife to be sullied by a slander."

"Slander!" echoed Miss Gregory, colouring, "I am incapable of it! You have caught me up so quickly, in taking my refusal for granted. I was simply putting before you how awkwardly I was situated, that as the friend of your family I could not lend myself to an act that would, I know, be such a calamity to them."

"Then there is nothing more to be said," he remarked, in his laziest, most chilling manner. "I will leave you now to get what you require. Good afternoon."

She had refused him!

With a polite, but distant bow, he left her, feeling too angry and mortified to speak or to remain.

She had refused him. And now she regretted it!

"Dear me!" she thought; "was there ever anyone so handsome, so proud, so determined, so foolish, so mad, so charming!

If he had only coaxed and begged a little, she could never have resisted him—especially if he had accompanied his request and recognised the obligation, after the manner of his dealings with Hagar yesterday! But no; he was off and away before the word 'no' was formed in her mouth even. And now, her only chance of saving him was to work upon Hagar, and represent the matter to her in its true light. If the girl really loves him, she argued, he must not let him make the astounding sacrifice of throwing himself away upon her!"

CHAPTER XI.

MISS GREGORY'S TACTICS.

"Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour.

For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.

To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem."

Of course Miss Gregory had wanted nothing out of her room.

To see the occupant was her real object, and the only "thing" she required. This she carried away in gratified curiosity and boundless astonishment. Still, she must have something, she felt, to show for her visit besides these; so she unlocked a cheffonier, taking from one of its shelves an old address-book—that might be useful—together with some other unnecessary trifles.

Austin had disappeared into an adjoining dressing-room, where he now stood, looking out vacantly on the dusty road, waiting until he should hear her descend the stairs.

We will not reproduce minutely his state of mind. It is best indicated by a series of imprecations on women in general, and on this woman in particular, summed up thus :

"I might have known that such a course as the one I had taken at Hagar's suggestion was one not likely to succeed anywhere—except in her pure fancy," he thought, angry and mortified at his attempt and its failure; for Hagar held a place in his mind wholly distinct from that of all other women. He never named or thought of her as belonging to them, or sharing any of their mean cat-like propensities. It was characteristic of him that he credited women generally with feline qualities; and he might have been canine, to judge from his antagonism.

It is as impossible to account for his opinions or explain them, as it would be to explain the countless prejudices of the unenlightened, or the enlightened, for the matter of that. But as in every private or public history the course of events is coloured by the idiosyncrasies of the principal actors, so, in the present instance, Austin had his peculiarities, and they influenced his view of things.

As he stood by the window, he saw Hagar returning from the town.

"Where on earth had she got that style from, that even in the plainest of clothes she walked with an air of high-breeding that nothing could hide or disfigure?" he thought. It soothed his irritated feelings to watch her. Only one thing jarred upon him. She was carrying a heavy basket!

"*What* does the old brute downstairs mean by turning her into a carrier of burdens?" he asked angrily. "She must never do it again. She must do nothing again as she had done. He must put an end to all this. A fortnight to wait! Impossible! There was no need of waiting so long. He would write to Kingsworth and settle the whole business for an early day, and then leave the confounded place for ever. Hagar should tell her mother to-day. The doctor had said he might take a drive in a day or two. If he was well enough to drive, he was well enough to travel; and then they could start at once for London; he to report himself at the Horse Guards, and get an extension of leave if possible—'urgent private affairs' would do it. His mother and sisters were at Dresden for the winter. They had heard of his illness; but they were not uneasy now he was recovering, and would be glad to hear of his return."

able him, thank God ! He had promised he would try and see, if he went out to India overland. But all that was in the air. In the meantime, he would try and get three or six months' leave. He would establish Hagar in a home of her own, and then he could go back to his regiment."

He had told Hagar nothing of his plans ; and she, living in a paradise of contented faith and unquestioning adoration, left her future in his hands, to guide as he pleased. For she appreciated, the better, the tender and respectful delicacy of his present conduct towards her, and idolized him in return, not only as a true lover, but as a chivalrous gentleman.

Miss Gregory had gone down-stairs, carrying with her her satisfied curiosity and astonishment, together with the old address-book and other trifles, the 'things' she required. She went into the front parlour, hoping to find Hagar, and have a talk with her while waiting for the carriage ; that is, if she should come in before noon, which she did.

After Hagar had deposited her basket with Mrs. Sarah, she returned to Miss Gregory, who had waylaid, and summoned her.

"I wanted to have a few words with you, Hagar, my dear," said the lady.

"Yes, Ma'am," answered the girl, shyly, her heart palpitating, with a bright flush covering her face.

"I have just seen Captain Austin, and he has surprised me very much. He tells me, my dear, that he is going to marry you."

"Yes," said Hagar, gravely, "he is."

"My dear child, are you sensible of the injury you are doing him by accepting such a position ?"

Hagar paused, as if some painful thought were crossing her mind, when she said :

"It never struck me that what he says is for his happiness could possibly injure him."

"You must not be led away by such false reasoning, Hagar—remember you must not—in a case of this kind. You must look at facts, they are hard facts, but it is better to face them now than put them off by-and-by. All men who make imprudent marriages—such as you—declare all manner of things before they are married ; but if you could only see them six months after, you would find them ready to die of vexation for the folly they have been guilty of. Do you know—no, I don't suppose you do ; how should you know ?—"

"Captain Austin comes of an excellent family. One of his uncles has married a baronet, my dear, a cousin of my mother's. I would not like to cut him off from all such company as that,

would you? But if you were to marry him, that is what you would do, for none of them would look at him again if he were to degrade himself by marrying beneath him."

This was a new view of the case, so bewildering, that poor Hagar stood dumb.

Seeing that she had made an impression, and feeling that she was ensuring for herself a good reception from the Ascotts forevermore, Miss Gregory continued:

"Yes, my dear, if Captain Austin marries you, how do you think he will like it, when you go into the world with him, and people ask who he married, to hear it said, 'Some low creature out of a lodging-house'?"

Here an exclamation of pain escaped from Hagar.

"I don't mean to say that you are low, don't misunderstand me, Hagar," said the tormenter, explaining—"I consider you a very good girl. I am only telling you how the world, that Captain Austin belongs to, will look at you, and at his marrying one at your station in life. You should think twice, indeed you should, before you accept such a position, or subject such a man as he is to the mortifications he will have to suffer if he marries you."

She was growing eloquent and enthusiastic in his cause, and now paused to see if her words were taking effect. But Hagar still stood motionless and speechless before her.

"Think over what I have said, my dear," concluded the tormenter, feeling that she had gone far enough for once, and rather dreading the consequence; for Hagar's eyes now dilated painfully, there was an intense look in them, as though she were passing through some crisis, and Miss Gregory was alarmed.

"My dear, what is it? You are faint! Oh dear! I am afraid I have said too much. But you know it is such an extreme case. What would his family say?" she exclaimed, going up to Hagar and putting her hand on the girl's shoulder with conciliatory sympathy.

But the touch recalled Hagar to herself, and she recoiled from it as if stung.

"Say no more," she cried, in a low, suppressed voice. "You have said enough, words that I shall always remember."

She turned away, white and agitated with strong emotion. As she was going out of the door, Mrs. Sarah, ever on the watch, met her. Hagar brushed past, anxious to hide her sufferings from the keen eye of her mother, but without success. Mrs. Sarah had suspected something was wrong when she heard all that talking going on.

Without appearing to notice Hagar, she determined to attack the culprit; for this purpose she walked boldly into the front parlour, where Miss Gregory was now standing, watching from the bow window for Mrs. Jameson's carriage.

"Ah, Mrs. Mullocks, is that you?" she exclaimed, very much startled to find her sun-bonneted landlady behind her, looking not unlike a hooded cobra ready to dart upon her. She was conciliatory, therefore, and asked after her health.

"It ain't about my 'ealth I've come to speak, if ye please, Miss. 's about someone else's. I caught a look on my gell's face a minit two ago, as she left ye talkin', and I wants to know what pison u've been a droppin' into her heart to curdle her blood in that fashion?"

"My good woman," began Miss Gregory, persuasively. She was anxious not to offend her accommodating landlady.

"Good woman, indeed! None of that, if ye please. I'm no good woman of yours, nor any other body's, as ye'll find—who—bongs my gell. You've bin a 'party' as has had my up-stair rooms now these four years, and ye've had 'em a bargain; so I'm not obligated to you; and you've got no right to say one word in my gell; for ye know she's bin a right good 'un to you. carryin' up yer breakfasts into yer bed every mornin'; tendin' on ye when ye had the rheumatics; readin' to ye of nights when ye couldn't sleep; dressin' of ye when ye went to parties; sewin'; turnin', mendin' shiftin'—the Lord only knows what she's *not* done for ye. And all for what—for ye've never paid a penny-piece extra for it—and got yer rooms cheap into the bargain. And now—what have ye to say, and what have ye bin a sayin' to my gell as to send her soul out of her body, and make her for all the world as white as a corpse fit for burial?"

"I was simply speaking about the gentleman up-stairs."

"And what of him?"

"You know, I suppose, that he says he is going to marry her."

"And supposin' he does. I suppose he knows his own mind best without askin' your leave."

"I simply represented to her, Mrs. Mullocks, that she was wronging him by marrying him. She is not his equal in life."

"Who told *you* that? How do *you* know whether she is wronging him or not? Ain't that *his* bis'ness, not *yours*?" cried Hagar, contemptuously.

"But I know his family."

"What have his family got to do with it? It ain't them as she goin' to marry, it's *him*! And if he thinks her good enough

—and God bless her, so she is—what matter is it of yours or anybody's, except them as is born busy-bodies, and can't thrive without they 're stickin' their fingers into other people's victuals, as bad as flies in August they be! And now, since ye take such a mighty interest in my gell, perhaps you 'd like him to take her off without marryin' of her. You 'd think no harm of him, then—of course not—you 'd shake hands with him then, and think it as well to remember the chance left for yerself when he 'd get tired of her. I know you ladies, that's the turn you like things to take, never mindin' a bit when a gentleman ruins a gell, so he don't marry her, and keep one of you out of his money and name; but when a man's honest, like this one here, and knows a good gell when he sees her, and loves her, and asks her to be his wife—O Lord! then ye turns up yer eyes, and calls him foolish and mad, and tries to break the poor gell's heart by tellin' her she's *wrongin'* him!"

"Don't talk so loud and angrily, Mrs. Mullocks; you are forgetting that Captain Austin is overhead, and can hear you. Pny be quiet."

"And let you kill my gell, before my very eyes. Not a bit of it," cried Mrs. Sarah, wrathfully. "Not while I've a tongue in my head, or a penny in my pocket, shall anyone hurt her pretty head—I swore it long ago. My Hagar, indeed, a *wrongin'* him! There ain't a many gells like her in this world, let me tell you—how should there be? Not his equal did ye say?" cried Mrs. Sarah again, drawing nearer to her opponent in her excitement, and lowering her voice to an emphatic whisper: "Not his equal! Then listen to this. She *is* his equal. She's as good a lady as he is a gentleman, although she is only old Sarah Mullocks's gell. And now there's a riddle for yer, make what ye likes out of *that*; for it's God's own truth I'm tellin' ye, and no lies."

At this moment Mrs. Jameson drove up; and bewildered Mrs. Gregory, hurrying away, got into the carriage without a word, thankful to escape the menacing tongue and finger of her step-landlady.

"As good a lady as he is a gentleman! What on earth do the woman mean?" she thought, as the echo of Mrs. Sarah's words returned to her.

"And your visit, was it satisfactory?" inquired Mrs. Jameson.

"Perfectly so," answered Mrs. Gregory; but she volunteered none of the particulars to-day. And Britannia was too discreet a woman to ask any further questions.

CHAPTER XII.

"UNCONDITIONALLY."

"Words are sometimes signs of ideas, and sometimes of the want of them."

HAGAR staggered up-stairs to her "corner." It was her first impulse to rush away and hide herself from the blows that a cruel world, by its ambassador, Miss Gregory, had the power to inflict on a harmless, defenceless girl.

Mechanically she took off her bonnet and mantle, folded them up and put them away. Then she sat down on the edge of her bed to think.

With Hagar to think was very often to pray, if prayer means holding intercourse and speaking your thoughts to the unseen but recognised Power which rules the world and the destinies of mankind.

"My God! what world is this that I am to be thrown into?" she now asked passionately. "I have never sought it. The happiness I have been offered, I have accepted gratefully. Then why am I not fit for it? What is there in me that can bring shame and misery to him, as that woman has just said?" she cried, pleading her own cause silently, with hot tearless eyes. "But if it is to do so, then, O God! I *do* love him well enough to give him back his promise, and never to see him again!"

Brave as her intention was, the sacrifice could not be accomplished without a fierce struggle and many tears. Up and down her corner she paced, nerving herself to go and tell him. He had been so good and generous to her, he had not wronged her by word or by look. He was giving her the highest and worthiest place in his heart that it was his to give. Should she, ought she, to take advantage of it to wrong him?

"A low creature out of a lodging-house." That was how she was to be branded when, as his wife, people asked who she was, or what woman he had married. Could she bear it for him, for herself? No. She said it was impossible. It had been a dream of happiness—not the being a lady, that had not entered into her calculation, she could never be otherwise to herself than Hagar, but to be his wife, his friend, his loving companion all through life, knowing no world outside him, caring for none beyond him. Yes, this had been an exquisite dream, a dream of what heaven might be—where sacrifice is lost in love, and the supreme happiness is the most unselfish.

But they were on earth, not in heaven!

The world ; ah yes ! the world of men and women who live only to gratify the lusts of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. What did *they* know of such an aspiration as hers ? And it was by such as these that she would be branded, and he made miserable in hearing her spoken of as "a low creature out of a lodging-house."

"God keep me always lowly and in my lodging-house," she cried in bitterness, "rather than subject myself or him to the insults. No ; I will go and tell him that I see it would be doing him a cruel wrong, and I will give him back his promise."

She was now calm. Young as she was, she had learnt that the only way to conquer pain is to face and defy it. For pain, like every other tyrant, loses half its power when it finds its victim resolute and brave.

"I have been wearying for you," said Austin, as she went into the sitting-room, bent upon telling him the worst.

"What has kept you so long ? Come and sit here, on this stool quite near to me—I like to have you so—I have a great deal to say to you. But what is the matter ?" he asked anxiously, taking her hands and looking into her eyes ; "your fingers are icy cold, and there are signs of tears. What has happened to you ? What has been worrying you ? Tell me, my queen," for so he loved best to call her.

"Hush," she said, shaking her head sorrowfully, "don't talk untruths any more. Queen ! I merit the name, truly. Ah, Sir, for pity's sake let us face the truth. I am thinking now of you, not of myself," she cried, rising from her seat at his side, and standing before him with clasped hands. "You have been noble, generous, good. You have offered to marry me, but I am not your equal. She—Miss Gregory—has told me what the world will say, even though our ears may not hear it, and I believe her."

As he listened to her he grew very agitated.

"What has she told you ? that woman that you thought so well of, that you said was your friend. Did she waylay you to worry you ? Is that what all the talking has been about down-stairs. What has she said ? I insist upon knowing. Fiend that she is ! Tell me at once."

"Ah, Sir ! I implore you not to grow excited," exclaimed Hagar, in alarm, as she saw the veins on his forehead swelling from anger.

"Excited ! I'll kill her if she interferes between you and me !" he cried in a rage. "How dare she ! Who the devil is she ? D—her impertinence !"

It would be impossible to record all that Austin continued to exclaim, as he called down fresh imprecations on Miss Gregory's head. His passion was something terrible in its violence, and so frightened Hagar that she grew powerless as a child before him. Of what use were all her previous arguments now? She loved him; and if she were so necessary to him that even a hint of their separating had this effect upon him, it was evident that she must not dare to speak out all her mind.

"Well, what did she say? Come, I insist upon knowing," he urged.

"She only told me the truth," said Hagar, timidly yet sadly; "that I am not a fitting wife for you in the eyes of the world, and that some day you would be sorry."

"Hagar! You dare to tell me that you, *you*, think that I shall ever regret marrying you. Is it possible she has succeeded in instilling this thought into your mind?" he asked, almost mastered by the vehemence of his anger and astonishment at the presumption of a stranger daring to interfering with *his* affairs, or anything he saw fit to do.

"By heavens! she shall pay for this day's work. Now, Hagar, understand me; I told you that I was a determined man, and one not easily thwarted in my will. I think you fit to be my wife, that is good enough, and my wife you shall be, I've sworn it," he cried imperiously. "You love me; that is all the birth, dowry, or portion I want with you. And, my darling," he said, softening in his manner, "if people do ask questions about you, it will be because you have a more thorough-bred look and manner than any woman I have ever seen; and so fit do I think you to be my wife, that there are very few women that I shall ever think good enough for me to associate with, and this insolent one, never. Don't think, therefore, that I shall ever stand any of their nonsense, or put it to their power to insult you by their infernal patronage. Don't fear that, my sweet, if that is what she has been telling you."

He talked very fast, and very earnestly. And still he was not quite sure of her. Did she really mean to break with him? The thought was overwhelming.

"Oh, Hagar, you could never do it, surely?" he pleaded. "You could never draw back from your promise, and break my heart?"

"No, no; I never will," she answered, with tears, as she let him clasp her in his arms. "Come what may in the future," she thought, "*now*, at least, I am his—necessary to him, and that is sufficient. Let the world say what it likes—and I know now the

worst it can say—I shall feel that there was a time when he needed me, and that I was justified in what I did.”

She had given in utterly now. All that Miss Gregory had said might rankle, but it could never influence her again. He loved her; thought well of her. Love might be blinding him. Still it was now with love's eyes that he looked at her; and that was enough.

She would struggle no more.

Down-stairs in the kitchen Mrs. Sarah's brain was not idle.

“Drat busybodies, says I,” she exclaimed to herself, as she bustled about preparing some delicacy for Austin. “But I gave it to her, I did; and back to them rooms she don't come if she's gone between my Hagar and her chances. All the same, I mean to speak to my gentleman this evening. He can't suppose as how a mother's got no feelin's, and is to let her gell be took away before her eyes, and she to hold her tongue for ever. No, no, my fine Sir; you and I'll have a word or two to-night, afore I sleeps.”

“My poor pretty gell! I expects as she is a breakin' her heart, or sayin' her prayers. Never was there such a one for her prayers as she is. All the better for the rest on us, say I. One word from her has more chance of gettin' heard nor six from the likes of me; for it's natural the Almighty should like gentle folks, although He's bin good to me as wasn't worth much in the world, savin' once.”

“Shall I tell him?”

And Mrs. Sarah paused in her work as she revolved the question in her mind.

“No; best not. I'll bide my time, and see how things goes. It's bad and good together always in this life. I'll bide my time. And now, Sir, for your cutlets and partridges. They're cooked to a turn. I'll just call Hagar down afore I takes 'em up. I'll send her on a message next door. Polly is sure to keep her a bit.”

Acting on her intentions, Mrs. Sarah soon found the coast clear. She carried up Austin's meal, determined to season it for him with a few words.

He was lying, half asleep, in his chair. The late outburst of passion had exhausted him.

“If you please, Sir,” said Mrs. Sarah, after she had laid the table, “I'd be greatly obligated if I might have a few words with you.”

“By all means. But I must have something to eat first. I'll ring for you.”

He had an idea that the old woman was going to give him a bad quarter of an hour, and he was glad to put it off as long as he could. The very sight of her was an annoyance to him. She was an offence to him in every sense of the word—the greatest being that she was Hagar's mother. There was no disguising this terrible fact, that, by marrying the girl, he allied himself to this ghastly nightmare of a woman. A skeleton at his feast, truly, would this be always; but a skeleton he meant to keep under fast and key. Of that he was determined.

So he thought, as he ate slowly the plump partridge before him and drank his burgundy. He prolonged the meal, until Mrs. Sarah thought he had forgotten his empty plate. But he summoned her at last. For the first time since his illness he felt inclined for a cigarette. He lit one, to assist him with its soothing influence to bear the ordeal before him.

"Can I speak to you now, Sir?" asked Mrs. Sarah, when the last crumb had been cleared away.

Austin had stretched himself upon the sofa, and was now lying there with his eyes closed.

"Yes, if you like," he answered, with an inward shiver of disgust.

"If you please, Sir," she began, "Miss Gregory, whose rooms I've bin havin', and as is my 'permamint party,' she's bin here this afternoon a sayin' things to my gell as no mother has a right to stand. She's a told me, Sir, as how you was a goin' to marry my gell; as I took for jokin', seein' Hagar has never said nothin' to me, nor you neither, Sir. And its a gell's mother 'ud know if it were a fact afore outsiders, I'm thinkin'."

He waited, hoping Austin would say something; but he was silent. So she went on.

"Well, Sir, no mother, if the story's false or true, can bide seein' my gell's spirit broke by hearin' hard words flung at her because of her relation to a gentleman as she has nursed, and saved from the grave. And I, Sir, I'd like to be able to say to folks as there's nothin' in it, when they comes clatterin' round me that the gentleman's goin' to marry my gell."

"And supposing I were to marry your daughter, what then?" inquired Austin, unclosing his eyes to watch the effect of his question.

"What 'ud I say? Why, what should I say but that you are a real gentleman, and my gell wouldn't be no disgrace to you."

"And would you give her up unconditionally?" he asked;

"mind, *unconditionally*," he repeated, taking the cigarette from his lips.

Now "unconditionally" was a word that our worthy Mrs. Sarah had never been educated to understand thoroughly. It was a grand word—a fine-sounding word. It might have been flattering or abusive, for all the meaning it conveyed to her mind. Of the word in its substantive sense she knew, as when people or things were in a bad or a good condition; but as a qualificative, with syllables tacked on before and after, it was so dressed up as to be utterly disguised and unintelligible to her limited knowledge. Still, if he meant marriage, it must be a fine word with an honest meaning, and one she could trust; so she answered firmly:

"Yes, Sir, *that* I would!"

"Very well, then, that is understood between us. You give her up unconditionally if I marry her?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then it is true; I *am* going to marry her, and that as soon as possible. I cannot tell you how soon or how late it may be; that has not been settled yet. I can only tell you that, on my honour as a gentleman, I am quite in earnest. There is only one thing I expect of you: that you will hold your tongue about the whole business. Don't let it get abroad and be common talk among your neighbours."

"The neighbours never get nothing out of me I don't choose 'em to know," said Mrs. Sarah. "But after that will you take her away, Sir?"

"Yes, of course; what else would you expect? Remember, she is to be given up unconditionally."

"Uncon——" For the life of her, Mrs. Sarah could not have got her tongue to throw off the word. "Uncon—— means going away," she thought, fancying she had caught a glimmer of its meaning. Aloud, she said:

"I suppose so. Of course, if she marries she must go with her husband. I knows that."

"Yes, a man's wife is a man's wife," remarked Austin; "his—and no one's else."

"No, I should think not, indeed," cried Mrs. Sarah, quite ready to fall in with this, which was not exactly the meaning Austin desired to convey.

"Well, you know my intentions now respecting Hagar"—he could not bring himself to call her "your daughter"—"I'll not forget what I owe you. You need not send me in any bill. Here! wait a moment. I may as well settle with you at once. If you

“n’t think I have given you enough for your trouble, you can all me.”

Tossing the end of his cigarette into the ash-pan, he rose from the coach, and went over to a table on which stood his despatch-box. He took from it his cheque-book, and commenced to write a cheque.

“How do you spell your name?” he asked, striving to conceal the repugnance he felt over the task. He had never quite mastered it, even in his memory. He only knew it was horrible in sound and outlandish to pronounce.

“There it is, Sir, you can read it for yourself. I’ve got it branded upon a penny as I always carries about with me for luck, and lots of ’s brought me,” said Mrs. Sarah.

Diving into the recesses of a long pocket, she drew out a handful of things, a brass thimble, a needle-case, many crumbs, and the penny, which she now put by his side.

He copied the letters, and wrote her a cheque for some hundreds.

“Will that cover all expenses?” he asked.

“Lord bless ye, Sir!” cried Mrs. Sarah, astounded at his generosity. “A quarter the sum would pay my bill, and over. I can’t take no more.”

“Then let the rest be as a present from Hagar,” he said, locking up his cheque-book.

Mrs. Sarah felt that something handsome in the way of words was due to him after this. With a beaming face she said:

“Well, Sir, I will say, an’ I’ll always say it, as ye are the most open-handed, honestest gentleman ever I see in all my days, except it may be the one as left me my bit of money. And now, Sir, mark my words, ye’ll never be sorry as ye saw the day when I married old Sarah Mullocks’ daughter.”

“There, that will do!” he exclaimed, starting with a gesture of impatience from the truth as it fell from her lips. “Remember my promise—to give her up unconditionally.”

Again that word! But there was no mistake about it now. It was a fine word, an honest word, she thought.

“Indeed—indeed I will, Sir,” she said, curtseying out of the coach with her cheque in her hand, which was better than any money ever written to explain the meaning of unconditionally to Sarah’s understanding. “Lor’ ha’ meroy, but he is a splendid man. I said so when I thought it was a corpse I’d laid out, and I thinks so more nor ever now he’s a livin’ and a-bout. There ain’t many as is his likes. I wish now I’d been a little better—~~but~~ he took my breath away ~~that~~, with his

fine ways and words, for all the world like a grand lord parliment, a-flingin' his money away in hundreds as if th shillin's and no more. I couldn't stand talkin' no longer; wouldn't have been all joy neither. Only it might please think that if it were old Sarah Mullocks's gell he was marry is a real *real* lady. God bless her! And the Almighty, He I've done my best to be a good mother to her," thought Sarah, in her silent soliloquy, as she wiped her eyes, and sat in her favourite kitchen chair to think over the prospects child.

To describe her feelings, as she would have done, would say that "she was all of a tremble." The interview, the recent words she had had to listen and assent to, and the cheque, and the fact that in that slip of paper she actual some hundreds of pounds, was a combination of sensation powering in their effect. She locked away the cheque ornamental tea-caddy that stood on the dresser, and then, things having been strongly wrought upon, she took a sedative the shape of a glass of gin-and-water, which she sipped until Hagar returned.

This occurred in a very few minutes, and Hagar was surprised to see her usually active mother so quiet.

"Are you ill, mother?" she asked, seeing the glass on the side.

"No, my deary, no. Come here, my gell, and give your old mother a kiss," said Mrs. Sarah, beginning to cry. "He has told me all, how he's goin' to marry ye. And he's a fine bill—handsome—like a gentleman; and ye are to go away with me soon. I've given ye up to him—there's some word like that, a long word, that my tongue's not nimble enough to hand it means, deary, that he's goin' to be good to you always, as ye travellin' to foreign parts. But ye won't forget yer old mother when ye're far away, and ye'll come and see me sometime, let me look at ye, when ye're dressed fine, and are a lady?"

"Oh, mother! what are you saying," cried Hagar. "Never! Never! May all love leave me when I forget that I am your child, and cease to be good to *you*!"

CHAPTER XIII.

JASPER DRUMMOND TO THE RESCUE.

True friends visit us in prosperity, only when invited; but in adversity they come without invitation."

DR. JAMESON always paid his professional visit to Captain Austin between nine and ten o'clock every morning, before he rose for the day. The doctor liked and admired his patient personally, and was delighted with his "case" medically. His rapid recovery was a constant source of congratulation with the doctor.

"Ah! it's all the good nursing you have had," he said cheerily, as he sat by Austin's bed-side the morning after the events narrated in the last chapter.

"I know it," said Austin, gravely; "I have been well cared for. By the way, doctor, would it surprise you to hear that I feel a great interest in one of my nurses?"

"No, it would not," answered the doctor, significantly; "I have been expecting this to happen. But——"

"Yes, I guess what you want to say; but you need not be afraid."

"Well, no, for you I am not; but for her. She is a fine creature. I have noticed her for a long time as something quite out of the common—something of a puzzle, too. I should not like her to come to grief, although she is too good for where she is."

"You feel that, do you?" cried Austin, raising himself on his elbow. "So do I; I have felt it ever since I first saw her. And every day has only made me feel it more and more, until now I have decided."

"Nothing injurious to her I hope?" asked the doctor, looking gravely at his patient.

"Stop, and you shall hear. I have decided upon a step that will remove her from it. Will you help me?"

"That remains to be seen; if I approve of the step, I will."

"I am going to marry her."

"You don't really mean it!" exclaimed the doctor, astonished.

"I am," returned Austin, decidedly. "She is good, and pure, and true. I have had an opportunity of studying and knowing her nature, such as I could never have had in the case of any other women, certainly not those of my own set; and she is the first woman I have ever seen that I should like to marry. Imagine marrying a society woman; you never see any of them out of their

best clothes—got up to deceive you. I've always avoided them. What is there of the original thing to be discovered under their fashionable millinery, their smiles, and humbug? You must wait until you are hand-cuffed for life to discover that—the real woman you have married, her tempers, her tastes, her manners. Here I know all, and am satisfied."

"One would think, to hear you, that women were made exclusively for men. Your argument may have another side, from their point of view," laughed the doctor.

"That may be; that is their look-out, I am now speaking for myself. I thought to live a bachelor for years to come, but this illness has settled the question for me. For the first time in my life I have learnt the value of a woman's love, and a woman's care, and that from one who, notwithstanding her position, is as proud as Lucifer, and as pretty as an angel. Such a combination would have done for most men, I imagine; at any rate it has done for me. It was the one above all others to attract me, and I don't mind telling you, doctor, that I have had as hard work to gain my point as a younger son with an heiress. It is she who is doing the favour, let me tell you; and I am so deucedly afraid of losing her, that I want to make things fast as soon as possible. Will you help me? You said I could drive out in a few days; if I can drive, I can travel a few miles at least."

"Come, come, that is going a little too fast."

"Well, doctor, I don't care what you say; I feel if I don't make this business sure with bell, book, and candle, I shall lose her. The harpies are abroad. Some influence may be used over the girl to make her cry off, for she has the pride of I don't know what; and if that came about, there would be the very mischief to pay with all of us."

"Come, don't excite yourself," said the doctor. "But seriously, now, have you considered the matter in all its bearings? It makes me think well of you, indeed it does," cried the doctor, ~~admitting~~ "but have you well weighed the step you are going to take? You won't repent it, you think, a year hence say?"

"Repent such a girl as that! Never! I have counted ~~on~~ and, for the present, I find it amounts to this. To keep the marriage quiet for a while, so that none of my family may get wind of it and bother me. Then, after some time has passed, I hope to manage to bring things round comfortably for my wife. And this is the point in which I want your assistance. You have been married, and know how these affairs are managed; I don't. There is some licence required, I ~~think~~—I want

social one. Kindly, like a good fellow, arrange all this for me. Go to Kingsworth, the military chaplain, and tell him the whole story, in confidence, and bring him here to marry us as soon as you can."

"And then, what do you purpose doing?"

"Ah! then, in the meantime, you must get us some place out of this, and tell no one our address. Some place within reach of you—by rail or road, as the furniture vans have it—where you can drive over to see me, until I am off your hands entirely, and able to go to London. Now don't refuse me, doctor?" he pleaded. "I never could make out the use of a 'best man' at a wedding before; but, by gad, I shall think you one of the best fellows in the world if you will do the needful for me in this business."

"Very well, I will," answered the doctor. "I see no reason why I should not. You are your own master, and know your own affairs best by this time. You are acting honourably by the girl, and I'll do what's requisite."

"Thanks, a thousand times. And how soon could it be managed. To-morrow, do you think?"

"You are in a hurry," said the doctor, smiling.

"The fact is, I am afraid. I have had a sort of warning. Between ourselves, that guest of yours, Miss Gregory, came two afternoons ago to fetch some things, so she said. By George, I have had a dose of her," he exclaimed, shuddering as he recalled the incidents of her visits. "Well, what do you think happened? She walked straight into the room where I was sitting, unannounced. Hagar was there at the time; and this seemed to astonish her. She looked more than astonished; and I am afraid she will 'bell the cat,' and make things unpleasant, as she knows me of my people, it seems. She was here again yesterday. I tried to make terms with her, but she is a tough customer. I am afraid she will get hold of the girl and influence her; she has been trying it already. I want, therefore, in case of mischief, to give them all the slip. So hurry matters on as fast as you can. Tell me, there's a good fellow. The quicker you are, the better pleased I shall be."

"You are very much in earnest and determined," said the doctor, rising.

"Determined! I should think so. Nothing but the girl herself could hold me back now. But she won't cry off if I can only keep her away from people who will tell her that she is doing me an injustice, and all that *bosh*. She is just one of those rare women capable of doing anything like that. But she

shan't! So now, don't fail me. Let me have a line when all is ready."

"How about the wedding-dress and etceteras?" asked the doctor, who was a practical man. Britannia had educated him well on these points.

"I can manage all that by post from London. I have thought of it all. I am going to order a complete outfit for her of the best, and then I'll trouble anyone in the world to know where she came from."

"It is evident you have not been a flirt in your day, Austin. Your enthusiasm is quite refreshing," remarked the doctor.

"Do you know, I wonder at myself sometimes. But I suppose it is the fellows who hold out longest that fall deepest at last. It's the resistance does it."

"And no mistake. Well, ta ta; I'll see Kingsworth."

"And keep your own counsel, mind; not even to the wife of your bosom are you to say one word."

"All right; I'll not forget," cried the doctor, laughing. "By the way, has she any other name than Hagar?"

"That I can't tell you. I never thought of asking her the question. You will want to know, of course, on account of the license."

"Yes. But never mind; I'll get it out of the old woman when I go down-stairs."

Mrs. Sarah was in the passage, waiting, as usual, to meet the doctor and receive his instructions, if necessary, before showing him out.

"Your patient is doing you credit," he began.

"He's one as 'ud do credit to anyone," returned Mrs. Sarah, who, since the receipt of that munificent cheque, could only see Austin as Danaë saw Jupiter, through a shower of gold.

"And my little friend Hagar? By the way, Mrs. Mullock, I have often thought of asking you how you came to give her the name?" asked the doctor, as if struck by a sudden recollection. "Had you an Abraham in the family, too?"

"She were always Hagar, Sir, and nothin' else," answered Mrs. Sarah, whom the question had taken rather by surprise.

"I suppose so. But how came you to fix upon the name for her—when you baptised her, I mean?"

"Oh, I see!" returned Mrs. Sarah, recovering herself. "Well, the fact is, we were a great family for Scriptural names. My mother, she were that mad after the Scriptures, that she felt as if no child of hers would have a blessin' if they wasn't named out of the Bible. So I were called Sarah, and my sister Mary."

so when this little 'un came to me, I didn't see why she n't have a blessin' as well as the rest of us, and it was payin' enough for it, to call her Hagar, as was handmaid to Sarah, might have treated the poor thing a little better, I've always thought, than to turn her out of doors with her poor babby. But children take to quarrellin', it drives a body mad; so I've thought as how Sarah, as I was named after, got the when she heard the boys a-fightin'. I'd 'a done the same. But now, as I was a-sayin', I do believe in a blessin' on those called out of the Bible, for I've always got on;aac, he got on, too, better nor any of us, for the Lord took hen he were nine year old."

and so you called your girl Hagar, and nothing more?"

st Hagar, Sir, and no more. Drat them fine names, says I, dren is always a washin' in the gutter. Hagar, now, matches poor gown, and won't disgrace a fine one."

ery true, very true. A good girl that of yours, Mrs. Mul- 'said the doctor, going at last.

. Sarah waited until he had gone.

wonder why he wanted to know about my gell's name? he's got it, and as much as I choose to tell him, and no so if he were fishin' to find, he fished out what he got— ,"

h that Mrs. Sarah gave her sun-bonnet a tug forward.

t afternoon the doctor sent Austin a note, the contents of satisfied him. The "little business" could be managed for ly date. This was Friday; on Monday he could expect to verything settled. The doctor had, during his rounds that ag, secured rooms in the pleasant little inn at Crawley, a y spot about eight miles from Hillington, so everything was ctorily arranged.

gar was with Austin when the doctor's note came. They were ng by the fire-place—the afternoons being cold, there was a She was never curious about his correspondence, and now , asking no questions.

en he had finished reading the doctor's letter, he looked up at th a question winningly put:

ou would do anything for me if I were to ask you, would you

I could," she returned.

en read this, and say *yes* to its contents."

read the letter, with the hot blood rushing into her face and ng her eyes.

"So soon!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; you have given me a fright. I am afraid to lose you—afraid not of myself, or of anything anyone could say to me, but of you. It would be death to me to lose you."

"You need not fear," she answered, giving him an assuring smile. "I have promised you. I could never break a promise, even were I to suffer from keeping it."

"Then on Monday, darling, Kingsworth, the doctor, and your mother shall hear you swear to 'love, honour, and obey me.' And what am I to say to you? 'That with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow'? There is a lot more about 'loving and cherishing' that I can't remember; but, whatever it is, I'll say it all without a falter, my darling," he cried snatching her up in a passionate embrace.

"And what is your wedding-dress to be?" he asked.

"My grey merino, I suppose—and a white apron," she added with a laugh, "since none of the fine clothes you have ordered for me will be here, if you really mean Monday."

"I like the grey merino, it suits you; but never mind the apron."

"My poor apron!" she sighed.

"What do you mean?"

"My poor apron—that is what I say, and what I mean. It belongs to the old life I shall leave behind, but can never forget—the humble, simple working life. Shall I ever find a better?" she asked, looking down sadly.

"That implies a doubt of me," he cried, "that I am not able to give you a better."

"Ah, yes, a better in one way," she answered, looking up at him again. "Don't think me ungrateful. Let me live for you and work for you. I'll ask nothing better. It is your world that I am frightened of; the rich, gay, grand world of men and women that *you* belong to, and *I* do not; that is what I fear. Don't take me among them; let me only belong to you."

Tears were in her eyes, and that intense pained expression that was, at all times, so pathetic. As Austin looked at her he experienced a new sensation. He had told the doctor that he had studied Hagar and knew her; that he loved her he was certain, it was the strongest feeling he had ever known. But love does not always give insight, and now he wondered if he quite understood her. She had evidently thoughts in her mind far beyond his reach, a standard of duty and feeling he scarcely comprehended. "Was she quite—quite his own?"

He remained silent for so many minutes, arrested by this painful thought, that she appealed to him again, adding, "Have I grieved you?"

"No. I was only wondering if I quite understood you. What is the meaning of that pained look in your eyes?"

"Ah! don't speak about it, I can't tell you what it is. Mother worries me about it sometimes, but I can't help it. It falls upon me like the shadow of a soul in pain."

"You want change, change of scene, life, and occupation, my airy; love and sunshine will drive it away. Your nervous system has been overtaxed; I have to answer for that; but it will be my aim now to nurse you."

He avoided all enquiry into her past. He could not bear to think of her having had one apart from him, especially a past ignobly surrounded, and perhaps a suffering one. So he avoided the subject, intent only upon the future, a future that should obliterate the past, wholly and for ever.

* * * * *

"Sunday morning! Only another day," thought Austin as he opened his eyes, startled from his morning dreams by a loud ringing and knocking.

It was nine o'clock; breakfast-time, he supposed. Hagar was up and about. He could hear her light step and the heavy tread of her mother, and the voice of the latter, as it echoed through the small house, exclaiming:

"It's the doctor. He's early this morning, and no mistake."

"Ah! he is come early on purpose to bring me all particulars," thought Austin, now wide awake.

Mrs. Sarah had gone to the door to let the doctor in. It was Austin's orders that Hagar should do no more work of that kind. A smile of welcome was on Mrs. Sarah's face as she opened it.

But the smile died away, and all welcome vanished, as, with a start of surprise, she saw, not the doctor, but someone else; tall, bad-looking, gruff, who asked, in a surly voice:

"Captain Austin staying here?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Is he alive?"

"Yes," with surprise.

"Out of danger?"

"Yes."

"When was the doctor here last?"

"Yesterday."

"Then see us to his room."

"Your name, Sir."

"Never mind that, I'll announce myself."

"Will you kindly walk in here first, while I ask if Captain Austin can see you."

"I tell you he *can* see me; which is his room? I am a relative."

Further resistance was useless, "Will you kindly follow me," said Mrs. Sarah, leading the way, and, pointing to Austin's door, she left the stranger to knock and enter by himself.

"Why, Jasper! what in heaven's name has brought you here?" cried Austin in astonishment, shaking hands, and, scarcely able to conceal how unwelcome he felt his cousin's presence at that moment.

"What has brought me—why, what should bring me but my affection for you? To look after you, of course; what else could I do when I was summoned without delay, as you were in danger? Here you are, here's the letter I got, see it for yourself. I only got it yesterday; I've been travelling all night, fearing I might find you dead when I got here. But you are all alive, I see, and apparently all right. And now, what's the danger?"

(To be continued.)

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THE ARMY AND NAVY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1884.

The Battle-fields of Germany.

BY COLONEL G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I.

VII.—MERGENTHEIM, ALLERSHEIM, AND ZUSMARSHAUSEN.

After Enghien and Turenne were pursuing their victorious career on the Rhine, Mercy, escaped from their clutches, had fallen back into Würtemberg. There he had gradually drawn to himself the corps commanded by the Duke of Lorraine, and detachments from the strong places in Bavaria. These additions made him sufficiently strong to affront even the united French army, much more the solitary corps of six thousand men which, under the command of Turenne, constituted, besides the garrisons of the fortresses, the sole defence of the Rhine between Strasbourg and Coblenz. Despite, then, the wintry season, Mercy marched, in the month of December, towards the Rhine, with the hope of profiting by the absence of Enghien and his army, and of repairing the losses of the autumn.

But though the French were few in numbers, the great ability of Turenne more than supplied this deficiency. Never did the qualities of a great leader make themselves more conspicuously felt than during this memorable winter. Did the Bavarian troops sit down before a fortress, Turenne was on their flanks, on their rear, disturbing their communications, cutting off their foraging parties. He had, by means peculiarly his own and without any aid from his Government, increased the strength of his army to eleven thousand; he still had, moreover, under his command the remnant, a remnant in very deed, of Duke Weimar's troops, and these men, all cavalry, and in whose breasts the desire to secure freedom of conscience pre-

animated over the love of German unity, fought for him with an energy, a resolution, and a courage not to be surpassed. They were proud of their leader, a Protestant like themselves, and in this short campaign that leader proved himself worthy of their fullest confidence. To seek a parallel to it in history, the reader must go forward to the campaigns of 1796 in Italy, and of 1814 in France. On this occasion, as in 1796, and as for a time in 1814, a small army in a central position baffled all the efforts of hostile forces greatly outnumbering it.

Mercy, animated doubtless by the desire to distract his enemy's attention, had made the great mistake of dividing his forces. Whilst with one corps he besieged Speyer, he sent a second against Bacharach and a third against Kreuznach (on the Nahe). Of this error Turenne promptly availed himself. The distance between Speyer and Kreuznach was considerable. Turenne threw himself between the two besieging corps, marched on the right flank of that before Speyer, forced it to raise the siege, and to fall back with some loss on the line leading to Wurtemberg: then, hurrying by forced marches to Bacharach, the extreme end of the enemy's, arrived there just in time to save it, and compelled the besieging corps to take a northerly line of retreat. Meanwhile Kreuznach had fallen. But Turenne, having driven in opposite directions the two wings, so to speak, of the enemy's line, experienced no difficulty in dealing with the centre. From Bacharach he pounced upon Kreuznach and retook it, the enemy's centre corps evacuating it, and retreating in a line apart from the other two, on the very rumour of his approach.

Having thus completely defeated the enemy's plan, and forced the three hostile corps to retrograde in different directions, Turenne proceeded to follow up his advantage; after having completed, by two or three vigorous blows on the left flank of the one, and on the right of the other, the separation between the Bavarian right and centre. Turenne marched with all speed on the left, which, commanded by Mercy in person, had begun to show symptoms of recovery. He gave that adversary no time to complete the process. Though the combined army of the enemy exceeded his own by nearly three to two, Turenne, throughout the operations I have recorded, had always been superior on the decisive point. He was so now. Mercy, hopelessly separated from his centre and right, was forced into Swabia, his men harassed and, owing to the superior numbers of the enemy's cavalry, hardly pressed for food. Followed up

by step, he was compelled at last to take shelter behind Franconian ranges, and, not safe then, to fall back on Emsberg, and from Nuremberg on Würzburg. In that city at last he found shelter. Behind its walls he could hope to afford rest to his discouraged army.

It is not to be supposed that this brilliant campaign, in which, with numbers utterly out of proportion to those of the enemy, Turenne had not only saved the threatened frontier, but had forced the divided foe to a disastrous retreat to the recesses and strong places in the interior of his fatherland,

had been accomplished without great exertions and considerable privations. In fact Turenne had only been able to accomplish it by, so to speak, multiplying himself, by supplying the activity of the few, the want of numbers. His men, in fact, were worn out by fatigue. The cavalry needed fresh horses; the infantry, shoes and garments. It was the middle of April. The enemy had been even more exhausted than their pursuers. They were still, however, could they unite, superior numbers. Turenne was very unwilling to give them any battle; but he was strongly urged, now that the Bavarians had received a lesson, to give his troops the rest they so much needed. He was very unwilling to comply. At last, however, urged mostly by the state to which his German cavalry had been reduced, he silenced his better judgment, yielded to the strong representations made by those about him, and distributed his troops in quarters in the vicinity of Mergentheim.

Mergentheim, known originally as Marienthal, is a town in Franconia, situated at the junction of the Wachbach with the Tauber, some thirty-five miles nearly due south of Würzburg, and six from Königshofen. The fruitful valley in which it lies, and, from the river which is the main source of its fertility, the Taubergrund, was well adapted for the purpose of giving repose to an army. The northern approaches to it were guarded by a wood some five or six hundred paces in length, and of a depth in proportion, and beyond this, again, was a plain incapable of giving cover to an advancing enemy. No enemy could approach except from a northerly or northerly direction, the position of Turenne was secure, provided he had the wood carefully occupied and its flanks guarded. From neglecting this precaution, the great Frenchman had in the wood a strong body of infantry. The remainder of the army he distributed on the Taubergrund in and about Mergentheim.

One effect of the relaxation of the pursuit of the Bavarian army, foreseen by Turenne, was speedily produced. At Würzburg Mercy was, during the fortnight which followed his arrival there, joined by the centre and right of his army. His own men had recovered from their fatigues, and he was now in sufficient strength to deal a retaliatory blow on his pursuers. If he could but reproduce in the Taubergrund the day of Tuttlingen he would be fully recompensed for the toils, the privations, the fatigues he had undergone. Such a day, well followed up, might suffice to recover the losses which had resulted from the three days' murderous conflict at Freiburg. It was true, he felt, that the long bright days of May were less favourable for a surprise than the dark snowy night which had so contributed to his victory at Tuttlingen. But he had numbers on his side, and the information which reached him showed that the French were not at all expecting an attack.

Full of the hope based upon the grounds I have stated, Mercy set out from Würzburg with his army, now some sixteen thousand strong, on the afternoon of the 4th May. Marching all night, he arrived early on the morning of the following day at the further edge of the broad plain to the north of the wood of which I have spoken as covering the ground over which the French troops lay scattered. From their position in the wood the French scouts descried the Bavarian army advancing in order of battle across the plain. Information was at once despatched to Turenne, and Turenne at once ordered Colonel Rosen—the Rosen of Grossop who had attacked Mercy so vigorously during his retreat from Freiburg—to proceed at once to the wood, occupy it, receive there the reinforcements as they should arrive, and delay as much as he could the advance of the enemy, whilst he himself should mass the main body at Herzbthausen, three miles from Mergentheim. Had Rosen contented himself with obeying this order, it is probable that Mercy's enterprise would have recoiled on his own head, for the wood was very defensible, the French troops were fresh, and Turenne was eminently capable of taking the utmost advantage either from the lay of the ground or from the mistake of an enemy. Unfortunately, however, Rosen was one of those men who are never content with merely obeying orders, whose zeal and good intentions outrun their discretion, and who, bringing to bear upon the design of a master their own commonplace powers of reasoning, invariably spoil that design. So it was on this 5th day of May 1645. Had

content to hold the wood, he would have so delayed the enemy's **a**d vance as to give time to Turenne to come up; but, unaware **o**f the close propinquity of the enemy, he advanced with his **h**a ndful of men beyond the wood and began to form them on **t**he plain.

Turenne, meanwhile, had succeeded in collecting the main **b**ody of his troops. Once assured of that, he galloped to the **f**ront to observe how Rosen had executed the orders he had **g**iven him. To his dismay, he beheld his advanced guard, so **t**o speak, in the air, on the plain, and the enemy close upon **t**hem. It was too late now to withdraw Rosen; his only chance **o**f success was to support him with the rest of his little army.

The extreme right of the plain was fringed by a small wood, **s**tanding quite isolated, and yet within reach of the French **i**nfantry. To regain the large wood covering the Tauber-**g**rund was, I have said, impossible, but this smaller wood was **w**ithin easy distance. On to it, then, Turenne directed all his **i**nfantry, three thousand strong, under Rosen, caused them to **o**ccupy it, and covered their right with two squadrons of cavalry. At some little distance on the left of this little wood he drew up in **a** single line his whole remaining cavalry, consisting of eight **w**eak regiments, with the exception of two squadrons which he **p**laced in reserve. He had scarcely completed these **d**ispositions when Mercy, who had changed his line of attack in **a**ccordance with the movements of his enemy, made a fierce **f**ront attack with his infantry, supported by his guns, on the **w**ood. This the French resisted manfully. Turenne remained **a** passive spectator of the contest till he saw it well engaged; **t**hen, suddenly wheeling his horsemen to his right, he charged **w**ith full force the right flank of the Bavarians, composed of a **g**reat part of their cavalry. So successful was the attack, that the **f**irst line of the Bavarian cavalry was completely overthrown, **t**heir second was shaken, and they lost two standards. But **b**efore Turenne could loosen himself from this conflict the Bavarian **i**nfantry had carried the wood, and forced the French infantry to **r**etreat in great disorder. Their retreat was precipitated by an **o**pportune charge made by John of Werth at the head of the **c**avalry of the left wing, and in which he took Rosen **p**risoner. When Turenne, then, could shake himself free from the **e**nemy's horsemen on the Bavarian right, he found himself **w**ith his cavalry face to face with the whole Bavarian army, and his **r**etreat threatened. But never for an instant was his clear **b**rain troubled. Despatching his cavalry to take a position

which would cover his retreating infantry, he rode to the latter, rallied them, encouraged them, and, indicating to their commander the ultimate line of retreat to be taken, he returned with all speed to the front, placed himself at the head of his rearmost squadrons, and retarded the advance of the enemy by repeated charges.

Meanwhile, however, Mercy had detached several regiments of cavalry to turn the main wood, and to meet the French as they emerged on its further side. This order was punctually executed, but produced no result. With a brilliant charge Turenne overthrew the hostile squadrons. From that moment the pursuit relaxed, and Turenne, rejoining the infantry, led them, without further attack, towards the Main, with the intention of entering the duchy of Hesse. He had lost many of his infantry, twelve hundred horses, and all his guns and baggage.

By taking this line of retreat Turenne completely baffled Mercy. He rendered his victory strategically profitless. In Hesse the French expected allies and reinforcements. Mercy could not advance against the fortresses on the Rhine without exposing his flank. It was thus, in all essentials, a barren victory. "If," wrote Turenne to his sister, "anything could console a man for such a mishap, it would be the fact that the enemy derived no profit from it."*

In Hesse Turenne found the reinforcements he had expected. The Landgravine of that territory—who was his cousin-german—sent him her troops, and the Swedish general, John Christopher Königsmark—whose grand-daughter, Aurora, famed for her beauty, her wit, her artistic talent and her many bewitching qualities, was to make so great a sensation in the years that were to follow—brought him a fresh corps from Sweden. Thus strengthened, Turenne was on the point of re-taking the offensive, when he received orders from his Court to stay his hand until he should be joined by the Duke of Enghien and his army. Turenne had sustained nobly all the difficulties and hardships of the campaign. Cardinal Mazarin was resolved that Enghien should enjoy its glorious fruits.

That prince was not less anxious to meet again the enemy who

* During his long and brilliant military career, Turenne, when in chief command of an army, met with but this one reverse; for, at Rhétel, where he was beaten in 1650, he was only second in command. When he was asked how it was he had been beaten at Mergentheim, he answered: "By my own fault." Turenne, in fact, recognised that he had had no right, no justifications which assailed him, to relax his pursuit of the enemy.

boldly withstood him at Freiburg. Since he had quitted
ay in the preceding winter he had been content to enjoy,
capital, the reputation he had acquired as the restorer to
of her true boundary. But, on the first news of the
r at Mergentheim, he had drawn together an army of
ousand men, and, invested with the title of Commander-
f on the Rhenish frontier, and once more having the
f Gramont as his lieutenant, had entered Lorraine, and
once pressed on to join Turenne, who, on his part, had
ed the river Main, and, taking Weinheim on his route,
arched to Speyer. There the junction took place.
n, learning that Mercy was at Heilbronn, but two days'
from him, marched directly on Wimpfen am Berg, on the
, stormed it, crossed the Neckar, pushed forward after

The skilful Bavarian general was in no humour, how-
o accept a battle, unless on the ground he had himself
. He retreated then, as rapidly as possible, to Feucht-
, in Franconia, and fell back thence, as Enghien advanced,
direction of Nördlingen. In the vicinity of that town he
at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd August.

re already given some slight description of the situation
dlingen. "The vast plain on which it stands, one of the
xtensive in Franconia, is cut, in its centre, by two heights,
at a distance of three thousand yards the one from the

Between these two heights is a valley which terminates
both directions in a village about three hundred paces
to the town than either of them. This height is called
eim. The foremost of the two is known as the
erg."* I may add here that the ground between
ight of Allersheim and the village—which also bears
ame—is, though smooth and level, traversed in its entire
a by a very wide and deep ditch; also, that between
einberg and the village the road is difficult and rugged;
, that the summit of Allersheim is crowned by a castle,
ery capable of defence.

ay utilised to the utmost these natural advantages. He
great believer in the spade; and it was his habit to
, as part of the equipment of his army, carts laden with
umble instrument, with pickaxes, and with shovels. No
then, had he reached the plain about Nördlingen than,
ng to each division of his army its position, he set the
work to render it impregnable. On the Weinberg, which

* *Army and Navy Magazine*, November 1883, page 55.

formed his right, he placed the regiments of Imperial Germany, under the orders of General Gleen ; on the height of Allersheim, his left, under John of Werth. The space between the two heights, three thousand yards, and the village of Allersheim, were occupied by the troops under his own personal command. In the village immediately in front of him he placed his choicest infantry, occupying the church and the cemetery, both of which were enclosed by walls. His guns he disposed with great skill, so as to command the ground by which the enemy must advance. Some of them were placed behind the broad and deep ditch of which I have spoken as traversing the ground between the base of Allersheim and the village, and which Mercy had greatly strengthened ; thence to the Weinberg every advantage had been taken of the rugged nature of the ground to throw up intrenchments and to place batteries. Mercy having thus posted his troops, who numbered sixteen thousand,* all veterans, set them to work, as I have stated, with the spade and pickaxe, whilst the cooks prepared their simple meal. This had just been partaken of when the French army appeared in sight.

Enghien had followed up the retreating Bavarians with great expedition, but he, too, had met with obstacles which had somewhat retarded his progress. Very young, the spoiled child of Fortune, he had not yet learned the necessity for the display of tact and moderation in dealing with men of a nationality different from his own. The open manner in which he spoke of the material advantages to France at the expense of Germany which would result from a victory over Mercy had so alienated Königsmark, a born German, that he had withdrawn his contingent. Nevertheless, Enghien pushed on, and about 3 o'clock of the afternoon of the 3rd August, twelve months within two days of the first desperate assault at Freiburg, arrived on the plains of Nördlingen to see the Bavarian army drawn up in the manner I have described.

At once Enghien, accompanied by Turenne and the Duke of Gramont, rode to the front to reconnoitre. Enghien and Gramont immediately declared themselves in favour of an attack. Turenne, more calm and sober in judgment—he had the blood of William of Orange in his veins—pronounced against it. The position of the enemy, he said, was so strong as to be almost impregnable ; it would be the height of rashness to attack it in front, and impossible to turn it. In vain did Enghien and Gramont endeavour to change his opinion ;

* He had thirty-six squadrons and eighty-two battalions.

rove to him that the Bavarian centre could be pierced, and that then the wings separated from each other by a distance of nearly a mile and three quarters would fall an easy prey. Turenne was not convinced; it would be all but impossible, he thought, to break that strong centre. When at last he yielded to the importunities of his colleagues, he did so with a firm conviction that they were about to commit a grave blunder.

The military reader will not have failed to recognise that the key of the German position was the village of Allersheim. It was upon that village certainly that the French would direct their chief attack. Turenne had been the first to recognise this fact, and, after some discussion, Enghien came round to his opinion. He now disposed his troops accordingly. In the front line on the extreme right, facing the height of Allersheim, he placed six squadrons under the Duke of Gramont. Gramont was supported by six battalions and six squadrons, led by the Count of Chabot. On the left, facing the Weinberg, was Turenne, commanding twelve squadrons of Saxe-Weimar cavalry—the sole remnant of the army once led by the gallant Duke Bernhard—supported by six squadrons and six battalions of the troops contributed by the Landgravine of Hesse. In the centre was ranged the greater part of the French infantry, consisting of ten battalions, led by Generals Marsin and Bellenave, and Brigadier-General Castelnau-Mauvissière. Behind these, as supports, were five squadrons of gendarmes and carbineers.* The Duke of Enghien exercised a general superintendence over the whole. Accompanied by the Marquis de la Moussaie, he held himself in readiness to dash to that part of the field where the presence of a commander-in-chief would be most required.

Mercy, as he beheld the approach of the French, could not restrain his joy. "You see," he said, turning to the person nearest him,† "those rash troops advancing: before nightfall they will be in my hands." But, confident though he felt of victory, he neglected no precaution to assure it. He remained

*It will be seen that the French were somewhat superior in numbers. The squadron averaged one hundred and eighty men; the battalion, five hundred and fifty five. This would make the Bavarian army six thousand four hundred and fifty cavalry, and nine thousand four hundred and fifty infantry, or within a fraction of the number stated in the text, sixteen thousand. By the same calculation the French would have had six thousand three hundred cavalry and eleven thousand five hundred and fifty infantry, or close upon twenty thousand in all. All French writers admit a superiority of one to two thousand men.

†French writers state that the person was his wife, but there are reasons why

motionless till he judged that the French were within fire. Then, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, from the guns on both lines leading from the heights to the village of Allersheim he opened a deadly fire. In spite of that fire the French infantry of the centre, gallantly led by Marsin and Bellenave, continued to advance; they reached the village; there they were met by the best infantry of Germany, and a hand-to-hand contest ensued. Every man of the two armies felt that on his individual efforts depended victory or defeat. At length the French slowly gained ground; but when they approached the walled enclosures they were met by a fire so concentrated that they were forced to give way; as they fell back one of their leaders, Marsin, was dangerously wounded. It was just at this period that John of Werth, tired of waiting on the left an attack which was not made, descended with his cavalry from the hill of Allersheim, and charged the French right. So furious was the charge, and so well supported, that Gramont, despite all his efforts, was driven back on his reserves. Vainly did Chabot's battalions and squadrons, disordered by the rush amongst them of their own troops, try to repair the disaster. By degrees they were involved in it. John of Werth gave them no repose, but, driving them back, made charge after charge on their broken ranks. Had he at this moment wheeled his right and fallen on the enemy's centre, the day would have been lost for France. But for once in his life John of Werth was led from the true line of attack. Like a contemporary commander in England, the gallant Prince Rupert, he thought for the moment only of the enemy immediately in front of him. That enemy he pursued uninterruptedly in a direction leading from the decisive point of the scene of action; nor did he desist until he had made Gramont and many other officers prisoners, and had absolutely rased from the battle-field the right wing—front line and reserves—of the French army!

Whilst John of Werth was thus occupied on the Bavaria left, the battle had recommenced with double fury in the centre. We left the French repulsed from the village of Allersheim, their leader, Marsin, dangerously wounded. Just then they were cheered by the arrival of reinforcements under La Moussaie. Again did they advance to the charge, again did they enter the village. Once more, however, were they met by the indomitable courage of the Bavarians, and by the splendid conduct of their leader. All the buildings in the village were occupied by sections. The fire from these in their flank com-

bined with the fire from the church and cemetery in front to make advance impossible. Once again were the French hurled back from the village, broken and in disorder, La Moussaie and Castelnau-Mauvissière both badly wounded!

This, then, was the situation after nearly two hours' fighting: the French destroyed on the right, and that right still pursued by John of Werth; twice repulsed in the centre; on the left, under Turenne, to whom I shall presently refer, holding their own, and, perhaps, a little more.

To the Duke of Enghien, at the moment, the battle must have seemed lost, unless, by an heroic effort, he could force the defences of the village of Allersheim. That effort he resolved to make. Massing all the infantry which yet remained to him, he led them in person to their third assault.

But Mercy, certain now of victory, did not await that assault behind the walls of the village. He allowed the French to approach within musket-shot, then, calling upon his men to make the effort which should be decisive, he poured upon the enemy a volley, and charged. Before that charge the French reeled. In vain did Enghien display the courage and the presence of mind for which he was so famous, urging, inciting, commanding. His horse was killed under him; two others, which he mounted in succession, were wounded; his aides-de-camp were all hewn down by his side; he received a severe blow in his thigh, and his dress was pierced through. Still he fought—still, too, the Bavarians gained ground. The last hour—as it must have seemed to him—had come, when suddenly the attack relaxed. A chance musket-ball had mortally wounded the gallant Mercy, and—John of Werth being still engaged in his mad pursuit, and Gleen being fully occupied by Turenne—the Bavarian army was deprived, at the most critical period of the battle, of its leader!

Then it was that there came into play that presence of mind under difficult circumstances which is the stamp of the real general. The sudden relaxation in the fury of the attack revealed on the instant to Enghien that something had occurred which might be utilised on the instant, but only on the instant. Calling to his men to make a last bid for victory, he made a fierce charge on the village. The Bavarians, stunned by their leader's fall, allowed themselves to be surprised; and though a few minutes later they recovered themselves and, burning for vengeance, pressed forward once more, it was too late. The French, in that short interval of inspired leadership, had gained

the front of the village, and they would not let it go. The Bavarians, however, still held the church and the cemetery, and from these Enghien could not expel them. He could not boast, even then, of a decisive victory in the centre. The most that he could claim was that he had, for the moment, averted complete defeat! He was not, however, in a safe position, for at any moment the victorious cavalry of John of Werth might thunder on his rear and his right flank. The fate of the day, in fact, still lay in the balance, and the direction in which the scale would turn depended on the action of that leader and of Turenne.

Whilst these events had been passing on the French right and in the centre, Turenne, on the left, had marched to storm the defences between the village of Allersheim and the height of Weinburg. But the resistance on this side had been as obstinate and as determined as the resistance in the village. The first attack was repulsed. A second, in which Turenne was wounded, was equally unsuccessful. Despite of his wound, however, Turenne, learning what was passing in the centre, and assured that the fate of the day depended upon his carrying the Weinburg, once more massed his men, and led them, for a third time, to the base of the height. In this attack, the attention of the enemy in the village was so completely engrossed by the front attack made upon it by Enghien that they had no leisure to direct upon Turenne the flanking fire which he had found so galling in his first two attempts. Relieved from this obstacle, his men—Germans fighting against Germans—slowly made their way. They were still fighting fiercely when Enghien, all bloody from the fight in the village which he had only half won, brought them the last men of the Hessian reserve. He, too, had seen that unless the height of Allersheim could be secured before John of Werth should return the day would still be lost, and, in spite of the suffering caused by the severe contusion he had received, he had come to make the attack, if possible, decisive. Thus reinforced, the attacking troops made a supreme effort, gained the summit, took prisoner the Bavarian general, Gleen, and forced the enemy down on the other side. Down that side Enghien pursued them; then, wheeling to the left, took the village in the rear. The attack, sudden and unexpected, succeeded. The Bavarians, attacked on two sides, evacuated the church and the cemetery, and the day, if not won, was saved!

For now the French had gained the centre and the Bavarian

it. Scarcely had they succeeded, when the Bavarian left, under John of Werth, appeared marching towards them. That general had, by his inconsiderate pursuit of the French right wing, thrown away the day. But one half-hour earlier, and he would have been able literally to destroy the enemies of his country! He could have rolled up their centre when its front was engaged in the village, and have then galloped on to destroy Turenne whilst he was embroiled with Gleen. But now—such a delay in war—the short delay had lost him that splendid opportunity, and he was now with the victorious left wing of the Bavarians face to face with the victorious left and centre of the French!

He might still have fought, possibly with advantage, for the French were terribly exhausted. But, ignorant of all the circumstances, knowing only that Mercy had been wounded to the death,* he deemed it more prudent to fall back on the height of Allersheim. There he encamped for the night. The French remained masters of the field of battle.

Enghien had gained the battle of Allersheim, so called by the Germans to distinguish it from the first battle fought near Mülhausen, but called by the French after that town. But it was a victory absolutely without results. To gain it he had lost nearly four thousand men—one fifth of his army—killed or wounded, and several of his best generals. His own hurts were so great that he was forced to return to France for a rest which was indispensable to their cure, and he made over the command to Turenne, to whom, it is due to Enghien to add, the victory is attributed, in his letters, all the glory of the victory, and whose wound was not so severe as to incapacitate him for active command. But Turenne found that he had gained only the height and village where he had fought. During the night John of Werth had been joined by the right and centre of the Bavarian army, and before break of day he had begun a retreat to Donauwörth. In that retreat he was feebly followed by five thousand French horsemen, who did not dare to attack him. At Donauwörth he was speedily joined by an Austrian corps led by the Archduke Leopold. Fearing to be cut off, Turenne then directed his steps to the Neckar, across which he swam his army, and felt secure only when he found himself under the guns of Philippsburg. There, for the present, we must leave him, to meet him once again in the following year, when, leading the French army himself, he was able to act, and act

* He died the day following.

decisively, on his own sure judgment. That judgment had been amply vindicated during the campaign I have recorded, for the sacrifices by which victory had been gained at Allersheim had made that victory worse than profitless to the conqueror!

It will, I trust, be recollected that the events recorded in this chapter were contemporaneous with the march of Torstenson through Moravia, after the battle of Jankowitz, with the attempt to occupy Vienna, with the abortive siege of Brunn, with his retreat on Leitmeritz, and with the transfer of the command of the Swedish army to Wrangel. As the campaign of the following year, 1646, will bring the latter prominently upon the stage in honourable conjunction with Turenne, it is fit that I should introduce him now more particularly to the reader.

Charles Gustavus Wrangel was the son of Hermann Wrangel a Swedish general, who had served with distinction in the earlier periods of the Thirty Years' War. By the side of his father, Charles Gustavus had, from his early youth, fought in many battles. In 1629 he was granted by the great Gustavus a commission in the Royal Guard of Sweden. After the death of that sovereign he served under Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar and afterwards under Banner. He had, as Major-General, the command of a division when Banner fought and gained the victory of Chemnitz (4th April 1639). In conjunction with Generals Pfuel and Wittenberg he commanded the Swedish army during the short interval between the death of Banner and the arrival of Torstenson. He accompanied the latter in his first invasion of Moravia, and during his march into Holstein. He then separated from him to take command of the Swedish fleet. With this he achieved a great triumph over the Danes. After peace had been signed with Denmark (18th August 1645) he reverted to a military command, and proceeded towards the end of the year, with the patent of reversion of the command, to join Torstenson at Leitmeritz, which that general had just taken. On his arrival Torstenson resigned his charge into his hands. Wrangel at once completed the task begun by his predecessor by occupying Friedland, Teplitz, Brandeis, and Saaz. Having placed garrisons in these places and in Saaz, he marched into Thuringen, there to take up his winter quarters.

During that winter great exertions were made on both sides to raise such a body of troops as would finish the war. At Vienna a resolution was arrived at to leave the French in the moment in order to concentrate all the energies of the Empire upon the crushing of the Swedes. That aim, however,

victorious army would march upon the Rhine. With this view the Archduke Leopold was placed at the head of the Imperial army, then twenty-four thousand strong; to this was joined the Bavarian corps which, in the preceding year, had combated under John of Werth and Hatzfeldt, and which consisted in round numbers of four thousand cavalry and twelve thousand infantry. With a force so imposing it was calculated that the Archduke would obtain an easy triumph over a general whose capacity for command-in-chief had not then been tested.

But the winter-time had not been uselessly employed by the Swedes and their allies. The close of the last campaign without results—the Swedes having only just failed before Vienna, and the French having been only just prevented from taking advantage of the victory of Allersheim—had disposed the minds of the generals on both sides to a union of their forces, with the view to take advantage of the success in the field which they felt they were certain to attain. Turenne especially was very earnest on this point. This year he would be required, with the troops he had led under the walls of Philipsburg, to face the enemy alone, for Enghien had been placed at the head of the army to act against Spain. He was urgent, then, that he should be allowed to act in concert with the Swedish army; and, though the Cardinal-Minister for a long time refused his assent, on the plea that the entire strength of France was required in the Low Countries, it was ultimately, though somewhat tardily, given. To force his hand, whilst the question was still pending, Wrangel resolved to draw the bulk of his garrisons from Bohemia, and to march, by way of Westphalia, into Upper Hesse. Once there, he relied upon events to bring about the desired junction.

Excluding garrisons scattered in the principal towns the Swedes had taken, and the flying corps of Königsmark, about five thousand strong, Wrangel could dispose of fifteen thousand infantry and eight thousand cavalry. At the head of these troops, early in the spring, he broke up from Thüringen, and, marching upon the Weser, drew to himself the Hessians, four thousand six hundred strong, assured his line of communication by the occupation of Paderborn and other strong places, and then marched into Upper Hesse. Shortly after his arrival in that province, Mazarin yielded to the urgent representations of Turenne and Wrangel, and gave to the former the required authority to join, and to act in concert with, the Swedish army. The junction took place at Giessen on the 31st July. The

strength of the united army, which had been joined at Wetzlar by the flying corps of Königsmark, amounted to close upon forty-two thousand men.*

With such an army there seemed no limit to the possibilities, more especially as at the express invitation of Wrangel and Königsmark Turenne assumed the chief direction of the united forces. Ascertaining that the Archduke Leopold, who had failed, as he had hoped, to crush Wrangel before he should be reinforced, had taken up a position at Friedberg, in the Wetterau, Turenne marched to the Main, distracted the enemy's attention by feigned preparations for attack, then, by a dexterous flank march, turned his position, took Hanau and Aschaffenburg by assault, crossed the Main, and marched with all speed through Franconia into Swabia. Mastering in succession Schorndorf, Dinkelsbühl, and Nördlingen, and beating a Bavarian corps near Donauwörth, Turenne took that place, crossed the Danube at that place and at Lauingen, occupied Rain, seized the line of the Lech, forced Maximilian to flee for refuge to Braunau, and sat down before Augsburg to besiege it.

The Archduke, meanwhile, had, to the astonishment of the world, remained, during this time, quietly encamped at Fulda.† The danger which threatened Augsburg caused him at last, on the earnest representations of Maximilian of Bavaria, to break up his camp and march southwards. Marching by way of Schweinfurt, Bamberg, and Nuremberg, he crossed the Danube at Straubing, then, wheeling to his right, and drawing to himself large reinforcements from the hereditary states and from Bavaria, crossed the Lech near Thierhaupten, just above Rain and some thirteen miles north of Augsburg, and took up there a position which forced Turenne and Wrangel, now considerably outnumbered, to raise the siege of that place and to retire to Lauingen. The Archduke then ascended the Lech, crossed the river below Landsberg, and encamped on the high road to Memmingen at a distance of fifteen miles from Landsberg whence he drew his supplies. His idea was to wait until the allies should have exhausted the stores they had with them, and then to attack them.

But Turenne was too quick-witted for the Archduke. Penetrating his designs, he marched towards the Imperialists, and made as though he would attack them. Then, suddenly flin-

* Thus : Wrangel, twenty-three thousand ; Turenne, nine thousand ; Königsmark, five thousand ; Hessians, four thousand six hundred.

† On the river of the same name in the province of Hesse.

left, he reached the Lech before the Archduke had allowed him, crossed it by the bridge which Leopold had built, took Landsberg by escalade, seized the magazines, and, dominating the whole country, sent out expeditions which carried their devastations to the very gates of

Maximilian of Bavaria had long been weary of the war. One of his early friends, whose enthusiasm had acted upon Ferdinand II. of Austria, his counsellors, his generals, had disappeared. He was left almost alone, and it was his duty which had become the scene of desolation. South of Ulm he beheld the peasantry harassed and the lands divided by two large armies. And for what was he now

Ferdinand III. was in the hands of the Spanish faction and it was that faction which had most strenuously opposed the cession to himself of the Palatinate. He had had enough of this miserable war. He besought, then, the Emperor to call a congress of deputies from the contesting powers to discuss the terms of peace.

At length, however, Ferdinand was persuaded. At length, however, the meeting of the representatives of all the powers took

place at Ulm. But twenty-nine years of fighting had not wholly abated the several ambitions. For the moment, the French and Maximilian alone sincerely desired peace. The French, to enable them to employ in the Low Countries the troops employed in Bavaria; Maximilian for the reasons above stated. The Swedes, victorious everywhere, were not to dictate a peace, not to discuss its terms. A feeling equally similar animated Ferdinand III.

Under these circumstances, a general peace was not within reach of possibility. Yet the obstinacy of Ferdinand and the policy of the French obtained for the latter and their result more advantageous than would have been the case if any peace then within prospect of attainment: it was the neutrality of Maximilian (14th March 1647).

Under the terms of this neutrality, to which Cologne and the Bishop of Bielefeld likewise subscribed, it was agreed that the Swedes and the French should quit Bavaria, should withdraw their troops from the places they had conquered in that duchy; and, on the other hand, that Maximilian should renounce every claim on the Palatinate, and confine himself to Bavaria and the Upper Rhine. The allies were left free to continue the war elsewhere. The Emperor in any other part of Germany.

Upon this, Wrangel and Turenne, who had, meanwhile, fallen back to the shores of Lake Constance, separated. The former retired through Franconia towards the Main, and, taking Schweinfurt, marched towards Bohemia, and, expelling the Imperial garrison, took up a position at Eger. Turenne, who had been urgently summoned by Mazarin to repair to the Low Countries, marched towards the Rhine, and overthrowing on his road the last ally of the Emperor, the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, forced him likewise to accept the treaty of neutrality. The difficulties which he encountered when he ordered the remnant of the bands led by the heroic Bernhard to cross the Vosges mountains, in order to serve in the Netherlands, will be related when I record his return as a combatant to the German soil.

The retreat of Turenne and the defection from the Emperor of Maximilian affected to a certain extent the relative strength of the hostile armies; and Ferdinand, full of hope that his presence with the army would be beneficial, assumed the command and led it towards Eger. Wrangel was not indisposed to a general action. Instead, then, of shutting himself up in the place, he took up a very strong position close to it, and awaited there the approach of the Emperor. Ferdinand marched forward, and encamped in front of the Swedes, a valley only separating the two armies. For some time daily and nightly skirmishes took place. Nothing more, however, came of it. The position of both armies was so strong that neither would give the other the advantage of attacking. A slight circumstance decided the movements of Ferdinand. One night a party of resolute Swedes penetrated into his camp, and arrived within a few yards of the Imperial tent before they were discovered. It is true they were cut down to a man; but the adventure decided the Emperor to retreat from so dangerous a propinquity. He fell back on Pilsen, and took up there a new position. But Wrangel followed him, and encamped opposite to him. Again a battle seemed imminent, when an event occurred which forced the Swedes to evacuate Bohemia.

Maximilian had signed the neutrality treaty on the 14th March. It had given great offence to his army. As time went on, John of Werth and General Spork formed a conspiracy—communicated to and encouraged by the Emperor—to march with the bulk of the Bavarian army to Ferdinand's camp, and place it under his orders. An accident revealed the conspiracy to Maximilian. John of Werth and Spork had time to take

uge with the Emperor, and the movement was checked. The discovery, though it proved to Maximilian that the Emperor had been plotting against him, gave vitality to some thoughts which had been passing through his mind. He was already aware of a situation which had left him an empty treasury, an impoverished country, and a numerous and dissatisfied army. Probably, likewise, he reflected that by his action he had cast to the winds any chance of territorial aggrandisement which might be secured by the negotiations for a general peace, which were even then assuming some form at Münster and Osnabrück. Suddenly, then, as he had accepted the treaty of neutrality, he renounced it (September 1647), published a manifesto against Sweden, received back in his service John of Werth and Spork, sent the bulk of his army to join the Emperor, and occupied, with the remainder, the strong places in Swabia, which, six months' before, he had made over to the Swedes! This was the event which induced Wrangel to evacuate Remeia. He fell back, by way of Thüringen—in which province he was joined by the flying corps of Königsmark—into Hesse, pursued as far as that duchy by the allied Imperial-Bavarian army.

That army was no longer led by the Emperor. Ferdinand had long since discovered that war was not his trade, and had, at the junction of the Bavarians, confided the command of the army to a Calvinist deserter, Peter Melander, Count of Blzapfel!

It was strange that such a man should have gained the confidence of the champion of the Roman Catholic faith! Stranger still, when it is remembered that Melander possessed within him no elements of greatness! A Hessian by birth, he had risen without service of special merit to the rank of lieutenant-general in the army of the Landgravine, and up to that period had fought always against the Emperor. On attaining that rank, his arrogant conceit aspired to a higher command than the Landgravine considered he was entitled to.

After her refusal, he went over with his bigoted Calvinism, his inflated self-opinion, and his little talent, to the enemy against whom he had ever fought. The self-assertion, which Amalia of Hesse had seen through, so imposed on the Emperor, that he gave to the deserter his fullest confidence, and, as I have related, on his departure to Vienna entrusted to him the command of his army.

There could scarcely have been a more unfortunate selection.

very early in the ensuing spring. Melander, on the other hand, paid the penalty of indulgence—to the neglect of his clear duty—in personal feelings. The Bavarian corps, under General Ironsfeld, had quitted him as soon as he had turned from the pursuit of Wrangel. His own army, distributed for the winter in the districts which he had himself made desolate, literally melted away. When the time for movement arrived, its numbers had so diminished that he was unable to make head against the enemy whom, the previous autumn, he had had in his grasp.

Wrangel was not slow to take advantage of the opportunity. Well aware of the weakness of the Imperial army, and still confident that Turenne would yet join him, he broke up from Donauwörth in February, and marched against Melander. The Imperial general, his left flank always open to an attack from the side of France, fell back on the Danube. Wrangel pressed on hardly, was joined during the month by the last remnants of the Weimar cavalry till then in the service of France,* and on the 23rd March by Turenne himself. The allied army followed rapidly on the retreating foe, and finally, after a series of manoeuvres, overtook him at Zusmarshausen, a village on the river Zusam, some sixteen miles to the west of Augsburg, on the road from that place to Ulm, and within the outer rim of the Streittheimer forest.

Melander had crossed the Danube at Donauwörth; Turenne and Wrangel had made their passage at Lauingen, nineteen miles higher up the river. It was an endeavour on the part of the former to be beforehand with the French and Swedes, to catch them in the act of crossing, which brought on the battle which I am now about to describe.

The river Zusam, taking its rise in the Algauer Alps, flows northwards almost parallel with the Lech, until it empties itself into the Danube at Donauwörth. It increases considerably in volume as it approaches Dinkelscherben, and beyond that place at its mouth it is remarkable for the number of its sharp windings. Between those two points it forms constant repetitions of the letter S. At Dinkelscherben it is now traversed by a railway-bridge, but at the time of which I am writing the principal bridge was at Zusmarshausen, three or four miles nearer Donauwörth, at a point where the river is deep and fairly

*The Weimar cavalry had refused to cross the Vosges to combat for France in the Netherlands, and, on compliance being insisted, the greater number of them renounced the service of that country, and hastened to join the Swedish army

broad. The village of Zusmarshausen is immediately on the river, but on its right or Augsburg side. The shortest road to the river from Lauingen runs by Weissing, Holzheim, Ellerbach, and Fultenbach, to a point between the last-named place and Zusamzell. At that point it joins the main road to Donauwörth, and, branching southward, crosses the river at Altenmünster, and runs thence, skirting the Streittheimer forest, up its right bank, to Neumünster, and thence to Zusmarshausen. There is, however, another road from Lauingen, which, though longer, could not fail to recommend itself to generals in the situation of Turenne and Wrangel. This road runs parallel with the Danube till it cuts the old Ulm road at Gunzburg. The last-named road, running at a direct right angle to it eastward, takes the traveller by way of Burgau and Glöttwang, and through the Scheppbach forest, to Zusmarshausen.

It is important to bear in mind the existence of these two roads. The Imperialists, crossing at Donauwörth, had marched by the road leading from that place southwards, with the general idea of taking up a position which would cover Augsburg against an enemy who should cross the Danube at a point higher than Donauwörth. For this purpose there was no better point to occupy than Zusmarshausen. An army occupying the village behind the Zusam, the passage of which would have been rendered most difficult if the bridge across it had been destroyed, with a corps at Neumünster, little more than a mile higher up to cover its right, and a detachment in observation, supported by a second corps at Altenmünster, would have secured the right. The left was covered by the nature of the country and by a remarkable bend made at this point by the river. Melander had only to sit still at Zusmarshausen, and employ to the utmost his scouts and reconnoitring parties.

Some dim idea of the advantages offered by the position at Zusmarshausen, and of retaining them, seems to have occupied at the outset the mind of Melander. As long as he was uncertain of the movements of his enemy, he remained quiet. Suddenly, however, certain information reached him that Turenne and Wrangle were seeking to cross the Danube at Lauingen. This information would, had he been a wise man, have confirmed him in his quiet attitude. He should not have stirred until he had ascertained, beyond question, the exact movements of the enemy. But Melander acted just as he should not have acted. Rendered nervous and fussy by the news about Lauingen, he resolved to

is of his scouts, but with his main army. He quitted, Zusmarshausen, and marched by the second of the two which I have described to Glöttwang. Scarcely had he reached that place when he received certain information that the French, pressing forward in light order, was at Rosingen, a few miles of him. Thoroughly alarmed now, Melander decided to make a retrograde movement, with the view of regaining his old position at Zusmarshausen. But the French had marched more rapidly than he did; and he had succeeded in transporting half his army—the Bavarian led by General Gronsfeld—over the bridge across the river when Turenne and Wrangel attacked him. Those, in fact, had crossed at Lauingen the day before the discovery of their propinquity to that place had reached him, and, leaving there all their heavy baggage, had marched by the second of the two roads which I have described. Spies in their front had given timely intelligence of the movements of Melander—of his rash advance, and of his rash retreat—and this intelligence had only served to hasten the already rapid movement of the allies. Turenne knew the enemy was in his power, that the bridge over the river would alone suffice to give them into his hands. Melander would have either to fight with his whole army, with an angle of the river in his rear; or, were he rash enough to leave a part of his army behind that river, he would expose himself to be cut in two. Melander, we have seen, did display that

Bavarians under Gronsfeld were just succeeding in making good the passage of the Zusam, when Melander was summoned to make head against the full force of the allied army. He had been at the bridge and along the line leading forward, exhorting his men and endeavouring by all the means in his power to quicken their movements; but, at the first sound of the attack, he galloped back to his rear-guard, and encouraged them to make such a resistance as would save his army. Before he could reach his rear-guard Montecucculi's cavalry had been engaged. He found it impossible, then, to stem the torrent of the French assault, and his troops gave way under the very weight of their commander. Melander was still animating them when a bullet pierced his jerkin. For a few seconds he sat on the ground, calling to his men to continue their resistance, he then fell to the ground!

With the fall of their leader, the absence from the front of the

general, Raymond, Count of Montecucculi, who, as next in authority, succeeded him, completed the discomfiture which repeated charges on the front and on the flanks of the Imperial army, whilst its more advanced columns were engaged in crossing a narrow bridge, had begun. Some time elapsed before the news of the death of Melander reached Montecucculi; and when it reached him, the pressure from the front was too great to permit him to make his presence felt. The battle had, in fact, been decided the moment when Turenne and Wrangel caught the Imperial army *in flagrante delicto* on the ground west of the Zusam!

Meanwhile about one-half of the Imperial army had succeeded in passing to the right bank. The fierce and indiscriminate rush which followed the rout of Montecucculi's cavalry and the death of Melander brought with it a few more. Then Gronsfeld, who had ranged his Bavarians in battle array on the further side, saw very clearly that unless he could stop that rush, he, too, would be overwhelmed; that, to save the cause, it was necessary to sacrifice the Imperial troops—nearly a moiety of their army—who were still on the further side. With a supreme effort, then, he managed to utilise the means which had been already provided under more favourable circumstances, to destroy a portion of the bridge sufficient to render it impassable. This action—to be repeated at Leipzig a hundred and sixty-five years later on one of the most momentous occasions the world has ever witnessed—though it saved, for a moment, the bulk of the allied army, left one-fourth of it a prey to the enemy.

It can easily be conceived how Turenne and Wrangel took the fullest advantage of their position; how not an enemy on the further side of the Zusam escaped death or surrender. But they did more. They brought up artificers to render the broken parts of the bridge traversable by means of fascines sunk in the stream. But Gronsfeld and Montecucculi, fully alive to the danger, had planted guns and marksmen at points sheltered from the enemy's fire, and which commanded the bridge throughout its length and breadth. Their fire effectually hindered the artificers. The two generals then despatched their cavalry to attempt, at some point or other, to cross the river. But the Bavarian horsemen, well led, followed their movements and baffled them. The victors were forced then to be content with the victory they had already gained.

necessity was imposed upon them proves the folly of a commander in quitting so strong a position to march against an enemy of whose movements he was ignorant! It was sufficient that his folly caused his death. The death of a general is not always sufficient atonement for the disgrace, the dishonour, his actions may bring upon his country!

On the night that followed, Gronsfeld, who had now the command, fell back very rapidly, but in perfect order; he halted until he had placed the river Lech between himself and his enemy. Turenne and Wrangel lost no time in following him; but the passage of the Zusam was long, and they reached the left bank of the Lech, just above Rain.

There they found the enemy intrenched in a strong position on the opposite side. The Lech here being very rapid and difficult, the allies descended that river until they reached a point opposite Rain—the very point, in fact, whence Gustavus had made his successful passage of the river in the year 1648. In the hope to surprise the bridge across the river at this point, the allied generals had sent to the front a detachment of cavalry with orders to seize it. But before they could arrive, the commandant of the Bavarian garrison at Rain caused it to be set fire to; and though it was still burning when the allied cavalry came in sight of it, it was lost beyond redemption for practical purposes. But the bridge hindered Turenne and Wrangel as little as it hindered Gustavus. Employing means similar to those used by the hero-king, they crossed the river in the face of the enemy, and forced Gronsfeld, now commanding only the Bavarian army, to a precipitate flight. Bavaria now lay at their feet. Universal terror reigned amongst the magnates of that country. There was no thought of resistance. Maximilian himself gave an example to his subjects by fleeing, in despair, to Salzburg!

Other misfortunes following upon the battle of Zusmarshausen and the passage of the Lech, came to complete the ruin of the pretensions of the Catholic party in Germany, and forced its leaders to accept terms of peace. The first of these was brought about by the action of Königsmark, the victory of Condé over the Austro-Spanish army at the battle of Königsmark is so interesting and so little known that I propose to give it in some detail. After crossing the Lech, Wrangel had despatched Königsmark with his flying

corps into Bohemia. Königsmark marched across the Upper Palatinate, entered that kingdom by way of Eger (9th July), and took Falkenau, Bischofteinitz, and Klattau. About that time, his head-quarters being still at Eger, an officer called Ernest of Ottwald, who had just quitted the Imperial service, came to him, demanded and obtained an audience, and represented that during his recent residence in Prague he had observed that whilst the repairs of the city-wall were progressing it was customary to leave the parts under repair unguarded at night, and that he was satisfied it would be easy for a party of Swedes to enter the city that way, and then by a rush to master one of the gates and admit the main army. Königsmark listened to the information with pleasure, resolved to act upon it immediately, and set off that very night by forced marches towards Prague. Pressing on with all speed, he surprised Rakovnik (Rakonitz) 26th July, closely guarded all the roads which communicated with the capital, then sent on Ottwald to conduct twelve hundred horsemen and musketeers, commanded by Colonel Koppi, to carry out the design, whilst he himself, with the rest of his flying corps, marched to, and occupied at midnight, Breonov (St. Margaretha), close to Prague. Meanwhile Ottwald, Koppi, and the horsemen advanced in order of attack to the fallen wall. A hundred musketeers were in front, closely followed by fifty sappers, and these as closely supported by two hundred chosen infantry, the rest of the cavalry and infantry bringing up the rear. As they approached they heard the call of the sentry followed by the sound of a bell. The Swedes for a moment thought they had been betrayed, but Ottwald assured them that the bell merely signified the summons to the monks to early matins, whilst the call of the soldier was the consequence of the relief of sentries. For a moment the party halted. No sooner, however, had the guards finished their rounds than the signal for attack was given. The advanced troops, led by Ottwald, cleared the rubbish, entered the city, cut down the sentries at the neighbouring gate (the Strahover Gate, now known as the *Brauhofthor*) and lowered the drawbridge. In front of this were Königsmark and his troops. These now entered, mastered the remaining gates of the Kleinseite and the Hradschin, and in the midst of inconceivable alarm and disturbance occupied all the principal squares and streets.

On the first sound of tumult the ~~Commandant~~ of Prague, Count Colloredo of Walse, had fallen ~~dead~~.

red strong, into the Altstadt, and had blocked or all the approaches to it. Aided by the major commander the city militia, Turek of Rosenthal, he armed as possible the citizens, the students, and even the he despatched messengers at the same time to the Buckheim, who was proceeding to Glatz at the head of his cavalry, to return; sent for a detachment then at the command of Don Juarez Conti, and ordered the occupation of Klein Venedig, by another detachment under Chovskiy. He had, however, only two guns, and to obtain the arms that were required he was compelled to visit the gunshops in the Altstadt. He managed, however, to repulse the attacks which Königsmark had not ceased, and in a short time he had established a semblance of order in the city, to make upon him.

During the forty-eight hours following, both sides sent reinforcements. Buckheim returned with his two horsemen from the road to Glatz, whilst General Turenne, who had commanded the Swedish cavalry at the battle of Lützen, and had been detached after the passage of the river into Silesia, arrived with a still larger body of men, and on the Ziskaberg. On that he planted five batteries, and directed fire from forty pieces of artillery on the Neustadt. Königsmark could not reply. His two solitary pieces had been captured. But if he had no guns he had what on a battlefield was not less valuable, the courage, the determination, and the cool calm energy of the citizens. Not in after ages was there a place defended by its citizens with more resolution than was that part of Prague known as the Altstadt, Neustadt, and Josefstadt, separated from the city by the Moldau, than was Prague in July, August, and October, 1648.

At this time the inhabitants of Bohemia suffered. Whilst from his vantage ground on the Kleinseite Königsmark was directing repeated attacks on the western side of the city, his lieutenant, Koppi, was ravaging and burning the country far and wide. The circles of Leitmeritz, Schlau, and Bunzlau suffered terribly. Nor were these the only victims. The valuable library, known as the St. Elizabeth's library, was transported from the Hradschin to the Brunn, where it still exists under the name of the Brunn library.*

The most cherished volumes, eight-and-forty in number, were reserved for the present Emperor, Franz Josef, and placed in the Brunn archives.

During the last days of July, the whole of August, and September, the occupants of the two sides of the city fought against each other with unremitting fury. On the 3rd October a new Swedish army, led by Prince Charles Gustavus, Duke of Zweibrücken, nephew of the great Gustavus and afterwards himself King of Sweden, arrived to strengthen Königsmark.

It was the news of the arrival of this reinforcement following the defeat of the Austro-Spanish army at Lens (20th August), which decided Ferdinand III. to accept the best conditions of peace then attainable. He forwarded instructions to this effect to his plenipotentiaries at Osnabrück and Münster, and the result was the signature, on the 24th October, of the treaty—at the former place with Sweden, at the latter with France—known in history as the Peace of Westphalia, a peace which remained the basis of the general European concert until the old order of things was swept away by the mighty wave of the French Revolution.

But meanwhile, whilst the articles of the Peace were still being examined, the struggle between the Swedes and the Imperialists in Prague had continued with unabated fury. It is due, I think, to the memory of those who conducted a defence unsurpassed in history that the record of their daring courage should be continued up to the time when its display was no longer needed.

The arrival of Charles Gustavus had given to the Swedes an overwhelming superiority in disciplined troops and in munitions of war. That prince hastened to use his advantage to the utmost. On every spot of ground which commanded the Altstadt he erected batteries. These poured forth their death-dealing missiles day and night into the city. Yet, in spite of the fire, Don Juarez Conti, who had charge of the defences, continued to show a bold front. He multiplied his earthworks, met mine by countermine, distributed to each officer a district, or in some instances even a house, for which he alone should be responsible. To the students, placed under the guidance of the Jesuit Placky, and to a major of the militia, John of Arcizaga, he committed the defence of the banks of the Moldau. Of priests and monks of all denominations, the Benedictines, Jesuits, the Carmelites, the Paulites, the pupils, and the servants, he formed a company, two hundred strong, which he confided to the charge of Don Florio of Cremona, Provost of Zdaraz, and of Rudolf Rhoder, Provost of Altbunslau. Young men of noble blood he formed a very strong

valry. In this manner and in other similar manners did the imperialist leaders utilise the resources at their disposal.

On the 5th October Prince Charles Gustavus led the Swedes across the Moldau, and occupied the hill then known as the Algenberg. Königsmark took up a position on the Weinberg, whilst Wittenberg placed his cavalry behind the gate called the Wysehradthor,* his infantry on the Weinberg, opposite the gate known as the Rossthor. On these positions the Prince planted his batteries, and on the 6th opened fire. After a cannonade which lasted all that day and the following night, he summoned the city to surrender. He received the following heroic reply: "Let the Prince come with his people: we are all ready to give him the politest reception!"

The cannonade then continued. On the third day the Prince gave orders to storm the gate known as the Galgenthor. Obeying these orders, the Swedes, in spite of the most heroic resistance, mounted the walls, gained a position behind them, and mastered the Galgenthor and a tower. Then was Conti's opportunity. He fired a mine which had been laid under the tower, and having created a panic by the explosion, which hurled into the air about a hundred Swedes, he came down with fresh troops to complete their discomfiture. This he did, and recovered the lost gate. Whilst he was thus engaged, another party of the Imperialists had sallied from the Wysehradthor and taken several prisoners.

Not disheartened by this failure, the Swedes renewed the attack the next day, and continued it from five batteries for two days and nights. The effect was very disastrous to the defenders. On the 13th October the Prince ordered a general storm. The gates known as the Galgenthor, the Rossthor, the Brückenthor, and the Wysehradthor, were, in consequence, simultaneously attacked with great fury. But in spite of the courage of the assailants, of the fact that they were well supplied with ammunition whilst the defenders had not one single piece, the patriotism of the citizens prevailed, and the attack was beaten back at all points.

Once more did the Prince attempt negotiation. On the 14th he summoned the city to surrender, accompanying the summons with a promise to treat with consideration all the inhabitants.

* The Wysehrad was a stronghold with numerous towers, then very much dilapidated, forming the southern extremity of the city. The Rossthor formed the further extremity of the street now known as the Wenzels-Platz. The site of the gateway is now occupied by the Bohemian National Museum.

Again was an answer similar to that previously given returned. Enraged at this obstinacy, the Prince brought his batteries within pistol-shot of the walls. In a few days an enormous breach was effected.

On the 25th an attempt was made to storm the city by this breach. A select corps of four thousand men, supported by another of two thousand, formed the storming party. The advance of this party was covered by a fire from forty guns. This time success seemed assured. The stormers, after some hard fighting, entered the breach and, the defence suddenly collapsing, were about to advance in triumph, when suddenly Conti, always on the alert, fired a mine. The immediate effect of this desperate act was the destruction of five hundred Swedes blown into the air; its almost immediate consequence the flight of the remainder. These did not recover from the panic until they had reached a spot well behind their reserves.

This was the last serious attempt to take the city. The heroic defence of the inhabitants had given them a moral superiority which completely dominated the assailants. The prestige was now on the side of the defenders, and, notwithstanding the scorn with which sentimental politicians have tried to overwhelm that word, it still counts for much in war. If their courage had required fortifying, and if the spirits of their assailants had needed still further to be depressed, both results would have been obtained from the knowledge of the fact that a relieving army, led by Feldzeugmeister Goltz, was approaching.

It was well, perhaps, that that general did not arrive in time to take part in the war. On the 3rd November messengers reached the head-quarters of both the hostile camps with the information that the war was at an end, that the Peace of Westphalia had been signed. After so many reverses sustained by the Imperialists, it was consolatory and fitting that the last warlike operation should have been a feat of arms never surpassed in the history of the world, which, for the firmness, the steadfastness, the heroism it displayed, for the triumph of resolution over numbers, deserves to rank with the achievements of Clive at Arkát, of Palafox and his heroic companions at Saragossa, of the immortal defenders of Lakhnau! *

At last the war was over! True it is that it had been a war

* I have been unable to find any English account of this siege of exactly a hundred days' duration. The account in the text is based mainly upon Austrian and Swedish records.

of desolation; true it is that some of the parts of Germany which formed a constant marching and resting ground for the rival armies, notably Bohemia,* have not to this day entirely recovered from its effects; true it is that the sufferings of individuals were terrible; that culture and civilisation were thrown back; that crime received an impulse: and yet the result obtained was worth even those sacrifices. The battle of religion was so thoroughly fought out that thenceforward the Catholic and Protestant could agree to live together in peace. The toleration obtained was not, indeed, absolute. It was of a kind which Gustavus and Ferdinand II. would have alike repudiated. It left remaining, as a guiding principle, the maxim, "*Cujus regio, ejus religio.*" But it took away from the Emperor of Germany the power of dictating to the consciences of the people of Saxony, of Hanover, of Brandenburg, and of parts of Germany other than those appertaining to the House of Habsburg. And with respect to all those other parts of Germany, it may be stated that the toleration secured was absolute. In them difference of religion ceased to be regarded in any other light than difference of opinion.

The bigotry which made of Ferdinand II. so strong a partisan in the war—though it did not cause it—incited his descendants to deny for many long years to their hereditary subjects the toleration which was enjoyed by the rest of Germany. Eighty years subsequently to the Thirty Years' War, 1729, the Emperor Charles VI. permitted the expatriation of a large number of industrious subjects merely because they professed the Protestant faith. Homes in North Germany were provided for these men by Frederick William of Prussia, father of Frederic II., and it is a fact that their descendants have, by their valour on many a battle-field, more than repayed the House of Hohenzollern for the hospitality denied to them by the House of Habsburg. But such strong measures were rare.

The Peace of Westphalia laid down definite rules which could be evaded. It secured for Germany repose—a repose the

* A contemporary, Balbin, wrote of that kingdom: "There was no town, no castle, no village even, in Bohemia, which, during this war, was not either completely wrecked (*ausgeplündert*) or burned, or laid in ashes." The Swedish general, Adam Pfuhl, boasted that he alone had burned eight hundred townships (*Ortschaften*). Balbin adds: "During the Thirty Years' War Bohemia was a prey alike to friends and foes. The only wonder is that any inhabitants remain in it." In his *History of Bohemia* Pelzel gives the following statistics: "Before the war the population of Bohemia consisted of three millions, inhabiting 738 towns and 84,700 villages. In 1648, the year of the conclusion of the war, the number of inhabited towns had sunk to 280; of villages to 6,000; of inhabitants to 760,000."

more certain to endure because whilst it practically secured to every man the right to worship his Maker in the manner the most binding on his own conscience, it re-established the rule of law and order.

Politically the great gainer of the war was France. Lorraine and Alsace (Strasburg excepted) became permanently joined to her Monarchy. Sweden obtained a strong position on the Elbe and the Weser. Maximilian of Bavaria gained the Upper Palatinate and with it the Electoral dignity. Of the three great Catholic Powers, Bavaria is the only one which permanently retained the fruits of her many exertions; and even Bavaria was forced, in 1788, to yield some portion of her territory to Austria!

A Midshipman's Freak.

From the UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL of a MARINE OFFICER.

visitors to the city of Quebec will remember the old wooden figure of General Wolfe, that is so quaintly carved and painted. As well known as "Peeping Tom" at Coventry, and is even more cherished and regarded by the inhabitants. One morning, about forty years ago, it was found the General had disappeared; great was the commotion and stir it caused. Enquiries were made, but without results, though the municipal authorities offered a hundred pounds reward for his recovery. Nothing, however, was heard of him; and to this day the good people are not aware that the General had embarked in one of Her Majesty's ships for a voyage to the West Indies.

This good ship, during the commission, had visited Quebec several times; and each time the young Nelsons on board longed to see the General in their keeping. On one occasion they succeeded in removing some of the fastenings that secured it to the mast; at another time they proceeded farther, and were in the act of lowering him down, when they were disturbed and almost captured. This caused the figure to be more securely fixed and hoisted higher, where it was deemed safe from molestation.

On the fourth visit to Quebec was a short one; and late at night, the day before we left, I was walking the deck with the officer of the watch when a boat came alongside with some of the shore officers. As the accommodation-ladder was removed, there seemed to be a good deal of trouble in getting one of them up the ship's side; but there was no noise; and thinking the individual had been making free with his friends, and inquiry might lead to unpleasant disclosures, no notice was taken, and all passed quietly. At daylight the ship got under weigh, and proceeded steadily down the noble St. Lawrence. At Halifax the stay was short, when we went on to the West Indies; where we passed six

months in cruising and visiting the different islands. Allusions were often made to "the General": the Mids "hoped he was well, and did not feel the heat as they did"; "undoubtedly the change was very great to him"; wondered "if he would prefer an icicle to his nose and hat capped with snow, as it would be if they had not taken such care of him," &c. All this was very mysterious, and puzzled many; but the secret was well kept, and not a dozen in the ship knew that the famous figure of General Wolfe was stowed away in the main hold.

After three months we returned to Halifax; and as the joke had been carried far enough, and we were about to leave for England, the following plan was devised for rewarding a deserving soldier and restoring "the General" to the good people of Quebec. We had received much hospitality and attention from the two regiments then at Halifax, the 8th and 37th; they were asked to name a sergeant that was particularly trustworthy and deserving of reward. One of them did so, I forget his name, but a pass was obtained for him for Quebec. He took charge of the case containing "the General," which was addressed to the City Authorities, and delivered it; at the same time claimed the hundred pounds they had offered for the restoration. The sergeant received the promised reward, and I hope to this day the interesting old figure is securely fixed and rests in its old place at Quebec.

Recent War Preparations in China.

BY LIEUT. HON. H. N. SHORE, R.N.

forces available at the present time in the Chinese Empire for uses of war have been so variously estimated by authorities in and other countries, as to suggest the inference that no certain means exist for obtaining accurate data on the subject. Chinese statistics are notoriously unreliable, and the difficulties in the way of arriving at trustworthy results are greatly increased by the dishonesty of native officials, as well as by the practice, which is sometimes resorted to, of displaying a numerous army on paper which has no existence in fact, by way of accounting for disbursements on a large scale. But official salaries are so absurdly small in China that all kinds of shifts and expedients have to be resorted to and come to be recognised as legitimate means for increasing emoluments of office; and it is a common saying amongst the people, with reference to these practices, that "the greater fish eat smaller, the smaller eat the shrimps, and the shrimps are obliged to eat the mud." A case in point occurred while the writer was at Foochow, when a lieutenant-colonel was convicted, not only of neglecting to fill up the vacancies in his regiment, and of pocketing pay, but of selling opium to the men under his command! For breach of discipline he was sentenced, in company with a main captain who had aided and abetted him, to be decapitated in the presence of the troops. The sentence was severe enough, and ought to have proved a warning to others; but for one case like which was brought to light and summarily dealt with by an energetic viceroy, we may rest assured that in a country where corruption exists on a vast scale there are thousands which attract notice whatever.

Another source of confusion is the mistake which is sometimes made of confounding the Imperial levies, which have existed from time immemorial, with the army which has been developed of late

years, organised, drilled, and armed on a foreign basis. The number of men who have passed through a course of instruction under European officers has been estimated at from 70,000 to as high as 150,000; and although the actual numbers probably fall far short of either of these totals, there is no doubt that a very considerable force of well armed and carefully drilled troops would be available in case of war; and, putting aside statistics, it may be taken for granted that with a population of 400,000,000, the number of men China could put into the field on an emergency is practically unlimited.

The question, then, with which we are mostly concerned, is, not the numerical strength of the Chinese army, but rather the quality of the troops, and the means at their disposal for carrying on a protracted struggle with a European power. And in this country, at least, the change of opinion on the subject of China's military strength has been rather marked of late. From a feeling of contempt, having its origin in the easy victories gained by our troops over the Chinese forces in former wars, as well as in the ignorance which has prevailed regarding the progress China has made of late years in the art of war, public opinion has begun to swing round to the other extreme, and China's strength is now rather in danger of being over-estimated than under-rated in view of impending hostilities with France. There has, indeed, been a very noticeable tendency of late to exaggerate the strength of the Chinese, and to magnify the difficulties the French will have to overcome should war unfortunately break out; and it would almost seem as if in some cases in which disasters have been predicted for French arms, that the wish had been the parent to the thought. There is, no doubt, however, that the expansive tendencies lately developed amongst our friends across the Channel have done much to estrange public feeling in this country, and to incline our sympathies with the Chinese in the present crisis.

Under these circumstances, it is, perhaps, a little difficult for English writers to rid their minds of prejudice when discussing the probable result of war between France and China. But whatever faults may be laid to the charge of our neighbours, they have always proved themselves a high-spirited, brave, and warlike people, and there is no doubt, come what may of their action in the East, they will acquit themselves as such.

The flood of light which has been thrown of late on the naval and military reforms inaugurated in China during the last twenty years has done much to dispel the ignorance which has existed hitherto on this subject, and to awaken people to a better knowledge of the

that a war with China at the present day will have to be waged on widely altered conditions from those which existed on previous occasions.

Hitherto foreign fleets have been able to penetrate the defences of the Empire without any serious difficulty, and to seize on some important point from whence terms could be dictated to the Imperial Government. For although the obstructions by which the Chinese sought to keep out the invader were often of a formidable nature, their troops were badly disciplined, indifferently armed, and unable to withstand the crushing fire from the vastly superior armament of foreign vessels. While in the open they were still less able to oppose the onset of the well-armed and highly-trained soldiers of the West.

The last occasion on which the Chinese lion was bearded by the "barbarians," was when a combined force of English and French marched on Peking for the purpose of avenging the insult offered to our ambassadors at the Peiho. It was necessary in the first place, however, to capture the formidable defences at the mouth of the river, with a view to keeping open communications with the army during its advance on the capital; and with this object a considerable flotilla was collected. But the Chinese had been busily preparing for the attack, and a careful inspection of the defences revealed works of so formidable a nature that it was deemed advisable to effect a landing elsewhere, and to attack the forts from the rear. A suitable point having been found some twenty miles to the northward, in the river Pehtang, which seemed

have escaped the notice of the Chinese engineers, the disembarkation took place, the Taku forts were reduced, the obstructions removed, and the Peiho opened to the passage of our vessels. The subsequent operations, including the march on Peking, the defeat of the Imperial troops, and the destruction of the Summer Palace, are now a matter of history.

But the success of these operations all hinged, in the first instance, on the reduction of the Peiho defences, and the lesson in the art of war which the Chinese then learnt has not been thrown away on them. The fact was brought home to the leading officials that if China was to hold her own in future encounters with the Western Powers, she must avail herself to the utmost of the advantages accruing to foreigners through their scientific knowledge, as well as on the vast superiority of their appliances for the manufacture of war material.

To utilise the superiority of foreigners in these respects, by employing them in the organisation of arsenals and in the training

of the land and sea forces, and at the same time to render their country independent of foreign aid in the event of war, has therefore been the ruling principle with the most enlightened and influential of Chinese statesmen for several years past; and with admirable foresight they have been gradually training up a body of natives competent to carry on the work of reorganisation when the foreign stay is withdrawn. How far this end has been already obtained may be gathered from recent achievements in the construction of ships and engines, and in the manufacture of guns, small arms, and munitions of war in native arsenals without any extraneous aid whatever. That foreign assistance cannot yet, however, be dispensed with, has been made equally apparent. There is still a great dearth of native officials thoroughly competent, by reason of education, training, and perhaps, above all, honesty of purpose, to superintend and maintain in a high state of efficiency, the great industrial establishments which have so recently sprung into existence.

The full significance of these advances in the direction of pre-eminence in war can only be fully appreciated by having regard to the enormous difficulties in the way of reform of any sort in China, and to the fact that in copying from foreigners, and having recourse to them for purposes of instruction, these high officials have run counter to the prejudices of all the educated classes of the Empire, whose ignorant and narrow-minded contempt for everything of foreign origin is only too well known. And in estimating the amount of progress which has been attained, we must attribute any shortcomings rather to the stubborn opposition of their own countrymen to innovation, than to any half-heartedness or want of intelligence on the part of the remarkable men who have initiated such wide departures from the traditions of the Empire.

The immense sums which have been laid out in the development of these reforms, in the construction of arsenals, and in the purchase of plant for the manufacture of war material on a scale commensurate with the wants of a great empire, would probably astonish the Imperial Government itself, were they known. They bear witness, at least, to the grim earnestness of purpose which has characterised Chinese policy in these respects of late years. And keeping these facts in mind, the assertion may be hazarded that no country in the world has made such rapid strides, not only in the art of war, but in the means for carrying it to a successful issue. China has done since her last encounter with foreigners.

Another point brought home to the Chinese in their fruitless efforts to keep out the foreign intruder was the inadequacy of their own defences when opposed to the superior resources of the

possessed by their enemies. Their forts and guns, though efficient enough against the enemies with whom China had hitherto waged war, were unable to resist the attacks of Europeans. The positions of these defensive works, moreover, were not always well chosen, nor the forts themselves scientifically constructed.

But to enable the reforms in their army and navy to be carried out quietly and methodically, and to protect the country from attack in the meantime, it was absolutely essential to guard the approaches to the arsenals, and all the great waterways affording access to the heart of the Empire. Hence the vast defensive works which have been growing up of late at the entrance to the Canton river, at the approaches to the Foochow, Shanghai, and Nanking arsenals,* at Ningpo, and especially at the mouth of the Peiho. The Taku forts, of unpleasant associations, have been entirely reconstructed on a scale which shows the importance attached by the Chinese to the safety of their capital and of the great arsenal at Tientsin; while the Pehtang river, which afforded a safe landing-place for the allies on a former occasion, has been included in the general scheme of defence.

Many of these works have been constructed under the supervision and in accordance with the advice of foreign experts, and are heavily armed with Krupp and Armstrong guns, and garrisoned by artillerymen who have received their training under Europeans. Their powers of resistance have, moreover, been greatly increased by a carefully devised system of torpedo defence, elaborated under the direction of an able English electrician.

In the direction, then, of guarding the vital points of the empire from attack, as well as in the acquisition of the means for supplying an army in the field with the requisite appliances for successfully confronting an enemy, Chinese statesmanship has achieved a large measure of success. And while rapid progress has been made in the reorganization of the naval and military forces, the scientific education of natives with a view to occupying ultimately the posts of responsibility necessarily for the time entrusted to foreigners has been well cared for; schools of instruction having been established at an early period in connection with the arsenals at Foochow and Shanghai. While, with a view of placing the means of acquiring foreign scientific knowledge within the reach of all classes, the Government established some years ago a translation department in the Shanghai arsenal under the charge of three competent foreigners, the object of which was to prepare a

* A military arsenal has been recently established in the province of Szechuen the materials for which are being supplied from Shanghai.

series of scientific works at the Government expense, to be sold at cost price, and during the first ten years of its existence some fifty works were thus prepared and published.

The sense of security begotten by a knowledge of the vastly increased strength of their country, has enabled the Imperial Government to meet acts of foreign aggression with a bold front of late, and to treat the bluster of foreign officials with a good deal of indifference. Being well aware how inimical is the feeling amongst Europeans having extensive commercial relations with the empire to a policy calculated to precipitate hostilities, the Government of China can afford to treat threats of war with a certain amount of callousness, knowing as they do that foreigners are themselves likely to be the heaviest losers, in a material sense, by war. The aversion to foreign intercourse and hatred of the "foreign devil," which is so marked a characteristic of the influential classes, supplies, moreover, a powerful lever in the hands of the officials, who have learned from experience that a well-timed ebullition of anti-foreign feeling at one of the "treaty ports" proves a more conclusive argument in favour of the speedy adjustment of questions affecting the status of foreigners and foreign trade, than floods of official despatches.

It may be instructive at this point to glance at some of the reforms to which allusion has been made, from a Chinese point of view, through the medium of a native newspaper published under official patronage, and devoted to the discussion of foreign matters.

This paper, it may be mentioned, is issued as an antidote to a rival newspaper published under foreign direction, many of the articles in which are written by intelligent natives, and which enjoys a well deserved popularity and attains a daily circulation of over 10,000 copies. The article is entitled "Large Demand for Martini-Henry Rifles," and runs as follows:—

There are certain officials employed in the Viceroyal Yamen at Nanking who owe their rank to the services rendered to the State by their respective fathers during the Tai-ping rebellion. Hitherto they have been subjected to a monthly examination in archery practice, the successful candidates receiving the reward of their prowess in money; and at the close of each year, those who were hardy have been in the habit of getting pecuniary assistance in addition. Since the accession of the Viceroy, Shen, however, the archery competitions have been dispensed with in favour of rifle-shooting at an iron target at a distance of 500 paces. . . . During the last half year the competitors have attained great accuracy in their shootings. The man whose name stands first is entitled to receive Government preferment; the remainder get prizes of money, so everybody is anxious to make the highest score and achieve the greatest progress. The competitors all show a preference for Martini-Henry breech-loaders, which each purchases for himself. These rifles are perfectly accurate.

safest candidates have been using old-fashioned rifles and native gingalls; these are very heavy, the bullets never fit the barrels, and it takes a deal of pull to make the hammer fall, so that when the gun is fired it starts on one side, and mark is missed. . . . China is now adopting foreign institutions, and has foreign rifles and artillery for a long time past. When the Chinese first began to practise with them, perhaps they made many mistakes; in making purchases, perhaps, they often bought very bad material; and when they did get really good guns, the men had no idea how to take care of them. Thus they were as good as thrown away: a great pity, indeed! But we are now learning to improve, acquiring proficiency in practice. Military matters are looking up, and the men are becoming smart and active. Indeed, the Viceroy is doing a great deal to improve the condition of the soldiery, though there is a good deal still to be accomplished besides reforms in gunnery."—("Sing-pao" *North China Herald* translation.)

How far the abolition of archery meetings and the substitution of rifle matches fell in with the views of the Imperial Government of Peking may be gathered from the fact that when this same enlightened official, the late Shên-Pao-Shên, memorialised the Emperor on the subject of discontinuing the bow-and-arrow qualification as a part of the military examinations, he was publicly rebuked in the *Peking Gazette*; and the edict went on to say that this system had existed from the most ancient times, and that in recommending such a change he showed an ignorance of the essentials of good government! Another enlightened official, Governor Ting of Foochow, took upon himself not very long ago to abolish a picturesque but useless contingent known as the bow and arrow men," but he soon after received orders from Peking to re-enrol them.

While on the subject of archery, it may be mentioned that the orthodox and officially-recognised examination "for direct commission" in the army consists, even at the present time, in lifting a weight, brandishing a heavy sword, and in shooting at a mark with a bow and arrow from horseback—useful accomplishments in their way, but not the sort of qualifications alone to enable men to hold high military rank. But the existence of this antiquated test at the present day will show the difficulty reformers encounter in their attempts to break loose from the old traditions, and will help to explain the dearth of generals who are competent to lead an army organised and armed on modern principles.

The writer himself, on several occasions, saw these archery competitions taking place, and this under the shadow of a modern rifle-arms factory, and almost within sight of a field-battery of rapid-fire guns which were being exercised under a foreign officer. China is a land of the strangest inconsistencies running side by side; and while buying rifled cannon, and organizing arsenals on the foreign system, the mass of the people, including almost

the entire educated and official class, cling to a belief in their own immeasurable superiority. An amusing instance of this was afforded on the occasion of the launch of their first steam frigate from the Shanghai arsenal, when a foreigner, having ventured to remark in the hearing of a native official that this was probably the largest vessel that had ever been constructed in China, he was courteously informed that, for an intelligent foreigner, he displayed a remarkable ignorance of Chinese history, and that, on referring to the annals of the Ming dynasty, he would find that the Chinese had built ships large enough to carry the one just launched as part of their cargo. These triumphs of naval architecture, so we are informed by students of this interesting period of Chinese history, measured no less than 440 feet long by 180 feet broad, were sixty-two in number, and performed feats of navigation which have been unequalled in modern days! And then, while on one hand we find Chinese soldiers being trained in the manoeuvres of European armies, and practising with breech-loading rifles and heavy guns, and their naval forces exercising in steam war-ships, we have well-authenticated accounts of military exercises in which spears and cross-bows play a prominent part, and where the movements on parade are suggestive rather of a sort of military can-can than a serious preparation for war; and we read of naval reviews in which ships are represented by marines floating about on life-buoys, and brandishing pitchforks and clubs, short swords and shields, and blowing yellow smoke out of tubes, the whole winding up with a tableau which would bring down thunders of applause if reproduced at Astley's.

The reports which have reached this country from time to time on the subject of naval and military reforms in China, while helping to dispel ignorance, have created so much surprise in the minds of people accustomed to regard the Chinese as hopeless savages, as to have led to exaggerated notions concerning the extent to which these reforms have taken root in the country. Arguing from premises based on experience of similar movements in Europe, imaginative writers, with no real knowledge of Chinese character, have fallen into the mistake of supposing that the Chinese nation has thrown itself heart and soul into the question of re-organization, and that their army and navy have attained to a degree of efficiency which has no existence in fact. These people have sometimes written about Chinese armies and their generals in terms which have led the uninitiated to suppose that some Celestial Napoleon the Great, or Von Moltke had arisen with troops under their command capable of going anywhere.

anything. This style of writing was indulged in at the time of the Central Asian campaign, when China was struggling with the difficulties occasioned by Yakoo Beg; whereas it is now established, beyond doubt, that the well-equipped and highly-disciplined troops of which we then heard so much, must have been evolved from the inner consciousness of those who described them.

How far these exaggerated estimates of Chinese military efficiency are in accordance with fact, may be gathered from the evidence of competent observers on the spot. Writing from Shanghai when the Kulja difficulty was engrossing public attention, and a concentration of Chinese troops was taking place on the northern frontier in view of a threatened Russian invasion, the well-informed *Times* correspondent observed, with reference to this movement: "Thirteen thousand troops have been sent from Hankow in steam transports, but all are armed with matchlocks. This is a perfect example of Chinese progress in military matters. Of the absurdity of hurrying together a crowd of undrilled men, armed with rusty old gingalls, for the defence of the country against a power like Russia, they know nothing; but they dwell with great complacency on the fact that they have steam vessels at their command for the transport of their soldiery." And while conversing on the subject with a military mandarin, of more than ordinary intelligence, the officer remarked to him: "You need not laugh at our troops being armed with matchlocks. I consider it a great advantage. If we fight, we shall beat the Russians, and capture their rifles; and our soldiers will use them, because they know the rifle-drill. But if the Russians beat us, and capture our matchlocks, they won't be able to use them, because they do not know matchlock drill. So the advantage is clearly with us." This simple sailor—he was an admiral, although a mandarin of the military order—wanted to know where Vladivostock was, if it was in China? for, in view of hostilities with Russia, he had been furnished with a list of the Russian fleet, with the sizes of the ships, their armament, and number of men, and informed they were at Vladivostock, a place he had never heard of! Geography, he observed, is not a strong point amongst Chinese officials.

But putting aside the respective merits of rifles and gingalls, there were circumstances in connection with the despatch of the contingent from Hankow which reflected great credit on the Chinese authorities. Her Majesty's Consul for Hankow in his report for the year 1880 says: "The most noticeable event was the levy of some 20,000 troops for the anticipated war with Russia, and their despatch by native steamers to the north, which was accomplished

without any foreign assistance whatever. The men were enlisted, equipped, gathered together in Hankow, and shipped off in the steamers of the China Merchants' Company and the Foochow transports with wonderful promptitude and absence of confusion; and it shows a wonderful advance on the part of the Chinese that they could so rapidly and easily transport an army some 1,200 miles. It is true that the equipment was, to European eyes, rude; that there was far too large a proportion of flags and halberds and spears to rifles among the troops; that their baggage was too cumbersome, and that their commissariat was limited to a supply of rice, pork, and cooking-pans; that they had no medical staff, or transport corps, or Ordnance Department; but they kept the raw levies in order while quartered here, and they got them to their destination without accident in wonderfully short time."

And on the return of the troops in the following year the service was equally well carried out; and although the vessels were fearfully overcrowded, and there was an utter neglect of sanitary precautions, there was no accident or outbreak of disease; and the men were landed, disbanded, and sent to their homes in the interior with surprising celerity and ease.

Equally favourable were the reports as to the conduct of the troops massed in the neighbourhood of Newchwang, as a corps of observation within marching distance of the Russian frontier. This army numbered over 50,000 men, and Her Majesty's Consul reported that the "Howan soldiers, whose presence I expected, from my experience at Hankow and elsewhere, would be a constant source of annoyance, have been kept under perfect control and discipline, and have not once molested or insulted a foreigner."

The transporting of 80,000 men a distance of 1,200 miles by water without a breakdown reflects credit on the Chinese authorities, and gives evidence of their capacity for organisation. The service was carried out by twenty steamers flying the Chinese flag, the greater part of which belonged to the now somewhat established "China Merchants' Company," a purely native concern so far as the shares and the management are concerned, under powerful official patronage; but as the vessels are all officered and engineered as well as navigated, by foreigners, it is going a little too far to say that this expedition by sea was carried out without foreign help; and although the Chinese may be permitted to indulge in a little self-glorification on the strength of being able to carry troops about in their own steamers, they must bear in mind that in the absence of properly qualified natives to handle them, they are liable in the event of a war with a European power to find themselves

hors de combat. And then, to enable them to utilise the advantages laid claim to in the matter of transport, under all circumstances, they must have the means of convoying their vessels and protecting them from the attacks of a hostile fleet. Failing these conditions, any rapid concentration of troops on the widely separated points of the empire open to attack is beset with enormous difficulties, in the absence of railway communication, and with the roads and canals in their present neglected condition.

The *Times* correspondent concluded his remarks on the war preparations undertaken at this time, as follows:—"China's strength, as at present developed for purposes of war, is much over-estimated. Even Colonel Gordon himself, who returned to China expecting to find a wonderful change in the country from which he had been absent twenty years, and who had during that time read of Chinese arsenals, fleets, torpedoes, and foreign-drilled troops, had a rude waking up, and had to confess that the new China he had heard of was after all the old China he knew, with a little veneer."

As an example of the ignorance of the Chinese regarding foreign affairs, it may be mentioned that when the country was on the eve of a war with Russia, even the officials scarcely knew what was going on; and when an English vessel arrived off an important city 200 miles up the Yangtze-kiang, and fired a salute, the Chinese rushed to the river-bank, crying, "The Russians are come"; and it was difficult to persuade the mandarins that the Russians were not concealed on board.

The successive scares to which China has been subject of late have had the effect of keeping the officials on the *qui vive* in the matter of war preparations, and have resulted in the immediate completion of certain defensive works in course of erection, as well as in the selection of sites for fresh batteries. This has been notably the case in the island of Formosa, which is China's most vulnerable point at the present time. The port of Takow in the south of the island is now defended by three forts, two of which are each armed with a couple of 6½-ton guns, the other mounting four guns. Pressure has frequently been brought to bear on the authorities with a view to improving the channel by dredging; but as they regard the bar as an additional protection in case of war, nothing has resulted from the representations of the foreign Consuls. Batteries have also been constructed at Amping, the port for Tai-wan-foo, which is the capital of the island, and these are armed with 18-ton guns; but the position of these works has been unfavourably criticised on the ground that they only command the water where an enemy would never dream of landing.

Keelung, an important harbour on the north-east coast, from whence the Chinese arsenals and war-ships draw their principal coal supplies, has likewise received attention of late; and large barracks have been erected here for the accommodation of troops. *Appropos* of these defences, it may be of interest to mention that the funds with which they have been to a great extent constructed were originally intended for the purpose of re-laying the unfortunate little Woosung railway which, as everyone knows, was ruthlessly torn up and expatriated to the island of Formosa, where the whole concern was thrown ashore, and left for months to rust on the beach. The latest accounts speak of the sleepers as having been mostly eaten up by white ants, the engines, carriages, and plant having become so deteriorated with rust and decay as to be now practically useless. By way of compensation for their indifference to railway enterprise, the officials at Tai-wan-foo have tolerated a telegraph, and even a telephone, both of which have been in working order for the last three or four years.

Crossing to the mainland, we find that at about the same time the forts at Ning-po were armed, while at New-chwang various sites were inspected by a German officer on behalf of the native authorities, with a view to erecting defences.

Allusion was made just now to Keelung as one of the principal sources of the coal supply for the Chinese naval forces; and as coal plays so important a part in modern warfare, a few remarks on this subject, with special reference to the resources of the Chinese Empire, may not be superfluous. Coal is known to exist in abundance in almost every province of the empire; indeed, the coal-fields of China have been estimated by competent authorities as covering an area of over 400,000 square miles, or twenty times greater than those of Europe. But no attempt to work these vast coal-beds, except by grubbing at the surface, have been made until quite recently; and the mines are now only worked on modern scientific principles in two places, viz. at Kaiping, near Peking, from whence the produce is brought partly by rail and partly by water to Tientsin, a distance of thirty miles, and at Keelung in Formosa. At both these places the mines are worked by machinery under the superintendence of English engineers. The Keelung mines have been in working order for five or six years, and the output is now considerable. The coal is conveyed to the harbour for shipment by means of a tramway. It is largely used in the Foochow arsenal, as well as by the vessels of the Foochow naval contingent; but being a dirty-burning coal, does not find much favour in the foreign market, and cannot compete with the German

The Kaiping* coal is considered of a superior quality; and, when cost of carriage is reduced, will compete on the Shanghai market with the Japanese product.

From the proximity of the Kaiping mines, it is evident that the naval at Tientsin is independent of foreign coal. The same cannot, however, be said for the others, which, in the event of war, are liable to have their supplies cut short, relying as they do at the present time on coal either from the Government mines in Formosa, or from Japan and Australia. But so long as the Chinese ports are open to foreign trade, the authorities can depend on an uninterrupted supply, though, in the event of a blockade, they will have to trust to good luck and "blockade runners."

To sum up the Chinese war preparations, which have been thus briefly outlined, we find that the authorities have re-organised to a great measure their naval and military forces, armed a large portion of them with weapons of precision, founded arsenals and dockyards, bought, as well as built, war-ships, collected vast quantities of war material, erected defensive works on the approaches to all the most vital points of the empire, and armed them with guns of modern construction and heavy calibre; and, finally, availed themselves of foreign assistance for the purpose of instructing officers and men of both services in the principles of modern warfare, as well as for the education of a number of young men in the arts and sciences, with a view of carrying on the work of organization and instruction after the foreign stay is withdrawn. And in all these respects it may be said that China has achieved a higher degree of progress than has been witnessed elsewhere in a corresponding period of time; and this progress is all the more remarkable when regard is had to the condition of things which marked the point of departure. But, as was stated at the outset, the question, after all, which most concerns us is the military efficiency of the troops, rather than their number or equipment, as well as the qualifications of those in command for utilizing the resources at their disposal.

The frequently asserted high efficiency of the Chinese army of today, and its strength for purposes of war, is grounded on the position that the same homogeneity of sentiment and patriotic feeling animates the troops as is the case in European armies, and that their officers are actuated by a pure and lofty sense of duty, and a determination to acquit themselves in a way that will conduce to the reputation of their profession and glory of their country. But

The Kaiping mines, after being temporarily closed for fear of disturbing the "Earth Dragon," are now said to be turning out 600 tons a day.

whatever may be the capabilities of the officers, the bravery, discipline, and efficiency of the troops, there are forces at work behind a Chinese army in the field which must inevitably weaken it for purposes of war, by paralysing the action of its leaders, sapping their authority, and tending ultimately to the disintegration of the army.

The forces alluded to have their origin in the scarcely veiled tension of feeling which exists between the dominant Tartar Government and the sundry elements composing the unwieldy empire over which it rules, and which reveals itself in the jealousy with which the Government regard any accession of influence and power accruing to native officials through successes in the field, leading to their recall, followed not infrequently by punishment on charges of the most groundless nature.

Another source of anxiety to the central Government is the fear of a rebellion, premonitory symptoms of which have been frequent of late, notably so at the time of the threatened rupture with Russia, when rumours of an outbreak were rife in Tientsin and throughout the northern provinces; but such a contingency must be an ever-present danger to a usurping dynasty. In the event of war a consensus of foreign opinion points to one of the high officials who have most distinguished themselves by the introduction of military reforms as being the most likely to be selected to command the Imperial forces in the field, and of these there is none more prominent or more capable than the powerful Viceroy, Li-Hung-Chang, with whose remarkable career most readers of Chinese intelligence will be familiar; but being a Chinaman he is liable on that account sooner or later to fall a victim to Palace intrigues, or in the event of achieving any brilliant success in the field to excite thereby the distrust of the Imperial authorities, of whose fickleness, as well as unreasoning and too often arbitrary treatment of generals, there are abundant instances. And of this the great Li-Hung-Chang himself has had some experience, as, for example, when, on being entrusted with the command of an army for the suppression of the rebel forces which was threatening the capital in 1866, he fell a victim to the Emperor's displeasure on no stronger evidence than a report which had reached Peking to the effect that he was standing still while the rebels were advancing. The decree in which his disgrace was made public went on to say:—"We trusted Li-Hung-Chang with the high office of Imperial Commissioner for the suppression of the rebellion. How has our confidence been rewarded? In spite of our urgent commands that he should have immediately

at the body of rebels marching north, he has not attempted to direct his subordinates in their operations, and has left our country exposed. Neither has he written a single line in reply to repeated inquiries. What has he been about? Let him be stripped of the peacock's feather, the riding jacket, and his military rank." This was summary punishment with a vengeance, reminds one of the Queen's impetuosity in *Alice in Wonderland*. It is obvious, then, that a Chinese general in command of an army finds himself on the horns of an awkward dilemma; for while in the event of his non-success it is more likely to be a case off "Off with his head," on the other hand a series of victories are calculated to excite the fear of the Imperial Government lest he should make use of his power and influence for the purpose of disputing their authority.

The assertion has been made by competent judges that China has no general; and it is certain that, notwithstanding the partial reorganization of the army and the instruction imparted by foreigners, there are no native officers of rank who have ever commanded a large force, armed and organized on the modern system, to face an enemy, much less against European troops. It is moreover, by no means certain that in the event of war the command of the army would be entrusted to an officer versed in European methods of warfare.

In default of a general, what can the subordinate officers do, ever brave, skilful, and well-intentioned they may be? and what avail will the instruction in the art of manœuvring be to them when mixed up with troops only conversant with the traditional tactics of a Chinese army, or, worse still, as was the case in the approach of war with Russia, with thousands of raw recruits armed with pikes and matchlocks?

Until the reforms have had time to permeate all ranks of the army it would be unreasonable to suppose that a Chinese army could face a well-armed, highly-disciplined, and skilfully commanded European force of, say, half its own numerical strength with any prospect of success; and the general opinion of competent foreigners was tersely expressed on a recent occasion by a Paris Correspondent of the *Standard* when he said that "the British and French naval officers who have been in charge of the naval establishments in China all concur in representing the Chinese Empire as a vast, unwieldy, and inert mass, destitute of national feeling without which a great military effort is out of the question."

In the absence of duly qualified native officers, the Chinese

authorities will doubtless avail themselves largely of foreign assistance; and as the bulk of the instruction staff is now composed of Germans, it may be taken for granted that little difficulty will be found in retaining their services in the event of war. But it is doubtful whether any foreigners will be placed in a position of great responsibility, and it is more than likely that in the execution of their duties they will be terribly hampered by the procrastination, incompetency, and jealousy of their Chinese superiors. As regards the majority of native officers, they have been described by foreigners who have been brought into contact with them as extremely ignorant men, who are held in very little respect by their fellow-countrymen, principally on account of their not taking part in the great literary examinations which play such an important part in the Chinese social system.

And here it is worth pausing for a moment to consider a somewhat remarkable fact, namely, that in a country which is in very truth the home of competitive examinations as the road to official preferment—the system having been in vogue for more than a thousand years, on a scale for which there is no precedent elsewhere*—and where mental culture of a certain order is, perhaps, more highly esteemed, and certainly obtains wider recognition, than in Western lands; it is surely remarkable under these circumstances that the only officially recognised qualification for military rank should consist in feats of strength and physical endurance, and that intellectual attainments should be regarded as of secondary importance. Hence the inferior mental calibre of Chinese officers, and hence also the small esteem in which they are held by their compatriots in civil life, who not infrequently pass a lifetime in their endeavours to gain distinction through and by means of the great literary competitive examinations.

Foreigners, in their admiration for the competitive examination system, have applied it with characteristic impulsiveness to an extent which the shrewd common sense of the Chinese would probably condemn, forgetful seemingly of the fact which our Celestial friends have duly recognised, that physical qualities are as necessary for the soldier and the sailor as mental culture is for those who aspire to guide the counsels of an empire or to rule over their fellow-men.

It must not be inferred from this that all the great soldiers which China has produced have been ignorant and illiterate men, for as a matter of fact the reverse would be found to be the

* As many as 14,000 competitors have taken part in one examination in the city of Canton.

dict of history, and the names of many distinguished generals might be mentioned who wielded the pen as skilfully as the sword, and were as distinguished as scholars as they were for their successes in the field. So far back as the tenth century before our era, we find eminent Chinese scholars discussing questions which are engrossing the minds of the foremost scientific men of the present day, and these scholars were none other than officers of high military rank. While, to return to more recent times, it is only necessary to instance the most prominent Chinese official of the present day, Li-Hung-Chang, who earned distinction as a scholar long before he won his spurs in the field; indeed, it was his remarkable intellectual attainments that first brought him into official notice, and led to his exchanging, by command of his superiors, the life of a student for that of a soldier; and although his subsequent rapid promotion has been the reward of valuable service in the field, rather than for honours gained in the sphere he had originally marked out for himself, it is certain that the high and responsible posts which he has successively held would never have been entrusted to him had he not in the first instance gained admission to the ranks of that intellectual aristocracy which in China invariably takes precedence of those who have merely earned distinction for feats of arms.

Of the rank and file of the Chinese army there is abundant testimony in proof of their fighting capacity and soldier-like qualities when properly led; and if a general worthy of the name can be found to command them in the field, they will prove no contemptible foe. But this is just the question at issue; and, in the opinion of competent judges, the real strength of the Chinese in a military sense lies in their overwhelming numbers, their disregard for life, their dogged persistence in attaining their end, and their capacity for tiring out an enemy by entailing a drain in men and means of so exhaustive a nature, that few countries would care to withstand it without some very tangible object in view.

There is one great blot on the naval and military systems of China hitherto unnoticed, which, so far as can be ascertained, modern reforms have left untouched, and that is the entire absence of any medical service, or of means for the treatment of sick and wounded in war. There are no surgeons in either the army or navy; and the amount of physical suffering that must inevitably follow in the wake of a Chinese army in the field is almost too appalling to contemplate.

Such a deplorable and disgraceful state of things can only be attributed to the small estimation in which human life is held in

Recent War Preparations in China.

ina, as well as in the total absence amongst the people of the
sanitizing influences which have done so much to mitigate the
effects of war amongst western nations. But the science and
art of surgery is of so recent introduction that one cannot
ask for the same general recognition of its value amongst the
Chinese as obtains in Europe. That no steps should have been
taken, however, or even considered necessary, in view of the
possibility of war, by those high officials who have themselves
repeatedly reaped the advantages derived from sound surgical skill
as opposed to the ignorance and chicanery of the native quacks
is as much a disgrace to them as human beings as it is a blot on
their boasted civilization, and brings into painful prominence the
dark and barbarous side of the Chinese character.

The physician's art in China is so intimately bound up with
native superstition and credulity that a certain amount of
familiarity with Chinese manners and customs is almost essential
to the comprehension of the difficulties which foreign practitioners
have to contend against, and volumes might be written on the
peculiar forms in which native prejudice presents itself. But as
this is hardly the place for a dissertation on such a subject, it
must suffice to observe that Chinese superstitions afford a clue to
much that is inexplicable on other grounds, and which is not
infrequently attributed to the inherent cruelty of the race; as, for
example, their positive dislike to rescuing drowning people, which
is usually put down to utter callousness for the suffering of others,
but due in reality to the belief that the victim has incurred the
displeasure of the gods, and that any interference with the decree
of fate would entail swift and certain punishment. To give one
more instance, *apropos* of the practice of mutilating the bodies of
their enemies in war, which has excited the horror of all civilized
people, and which almost invariably takes the form of decapitation.
The Chinese believe that the appearance of a person in the spirit
world without a head is *prima facie* evidence of having committed
some crime, and that punishment is awarded accordingly. Hence
the horrible mutilations which took place on the evacuation of
Shanghai by the Taipings, when the Imperial officers gave orders
for the decapitation of every rebel body; and even the coffins
containing the remains of prominent rebel leaders were broken
open and dishonoured to ensure their punishment here.
Hence, also, the anxiety displayed by the friends of officers
lost their heads during the rebellion to recover them and
attach them on to the bodies again: as much as £188 having
been paid by officers of the Imperial army for the head of a friend

These facts should be borne in mind when passing sweeping condemnation on Chinese barbarities; for if the explanation in no way diminishes our abhorrence of such acts, it shows at least the necessity for a thorough study of Chinese character on the part of foreigners who are likely to have dealings with the people, whether of a peaceful or of a warlike nature. The due recognition of Chinese susceptibilities, and the careful avoidance of acts calculated to shock their prejudices, have before now gained the esteem of the people for their conquerors; and no more remarkable instance of this has ever been afforded than what occurred during the occupation of the city of Tientsin by the British troops after their march to Peking, when by their straightforward and honourable treatment of the inhabitants they so completely won their confidence and kindly esteem, that in the event of the troops marching—so I was assured by a foreign resident who lived on intimate terms with the people and was well acquainted with the Chinese character—the inhabitants would go out in their carts to meet them. If, on the other hand, people regard about the world with the impression that they enjoy a monopoly of susceptibilities, they must expect to reap the natural fruit of their behaviour.

The Essential Properties of Rifle-Calibre Machine-Guns.

BY LIEUTENANT C. SLEEMAN, RET. R.N.

THE machine-gun, in some shape or other, may now be treated as an integral part of all naval armaments, and its range of usefulness is daily being added to as more and more practical experience is obtained to aid in the further development of this new arm. We find included in the machine-gun equipment of a navy the following varieties, each kind having its special sphere of work:—

1. Rifle-calibre guns (of from two to ten barrels) for mounting on the bulwarks, bridges, poop and forecastle, and in the tops of a ship; also for service in torpedo or ships' boats, and for landing purposes.

2. Four-barrelled 1-inch solid shot, and five-barrelled 1½-inch shell guns for the defence of ships against torpedo-boat attacks.

3. Two-barrelled 1-inch solid-shot guns for the armament of torpedo-boats and for mounting in the tops of a ship.

4. Light, medium, and heavy single-barrelled shell-guns for the equipment of ships and boats, and for landing purposes; these weapons are fast replacing the present light-gun armament of ships.

Though the machine-gun has not yet become an integral part of military armaments, yet it is evident that the feeling in favour of employing this arm for service in the field is daily growing in intensity, and it only remains for some one or other of the principal military Powers to break through the ring of opposition formed against their adoption for this purpose to insure their general employment. The bias against the use of machine-guns for the military service was caused by the partial failure of the mitrailleuses employed by the French in the war of 1870; but in the face of the immeasurably superior weapons of the present

as ought no longer to be considered in dealing with this on.

term "machine-gun," up to within the last five years, and entirely to weapons having a cluster of rifle-barrels supported by some kind of framework and variously arranged, whilst we employ the term to denote not only machine-guns of rifle calibre, but also solid-shot guns of 1-inch calibre, and shell-guns of 1-inch calibre and upwards. Therefore, the term "machine-gun" may be treated as the generic name for all rapid-firing guns, each class being denoted by its distinct features. Of late there has been no need to invent up a special term for the heavier nature of shell-gunners, viz. "quick-firing shell-guns," as these weapons are now in hand, and therefore considered as machine-guns proper.

I attempt to enter into the whole subject of machine-guns but result in lamentable failure for the purpose of conveying to the general reader a clear conception of the present position of an important matter, as the space at my disposal is naturally so much limited, and, therefore, I propose to devote this paper wholly to the discussion of machine-guns of rifle calibre.

Rifle-calibre Machine-guns.

In the earlier systems the principal, in fact almost the only object aimed at, seems to have been to obtain great rapidity of fire, which was sought to be achieved by the employment of a large number of barrels; and though, as in the Montigny mitrailleuse, even as thirty-six barrels were employed, only a comparatively small rate of fire was obtained. The cause for this failure in the earlier machine-guns was due not alone to defective mechanism, but was also attributable in a great measure to the want of a properly constructed cartridge. In fact, the great and decided advance made of late years in the construction of these weapons, particularly as regards their increased rapidity of fire, may be considered as almost entirely due to the introduction of solid-drawn large calibre cases, though the Nordenfelt guns have recently proved themselves capable of firing with considerable rapidity the English rifle ammunition formed of folded cartridge cases.

In designing the existing improved systems of machine-guns it is to be noticed a very decided change from the earlier times, and this is, that instead of treating rapidity of fire as the all important function, in fact the be-all and end-all of this description of weapon, the whole subject of machine-gun construction has been carefully and practically studied, and as much attention has been devoted to those functions which, besides that of rapidity of

fire, go to complete a perfect rifle-calibre machine-gun. The result being that, though we may not have as yet entirely perfect weapons, there are some which can claim to approach very nearly to that desirable consummation.

The different properties of a rifle-calibre machine-gun may be classified, according to their importance, somewhat as follows:—

1. Certainty of action.
2. Strength of mechanism.
3. Rapidity of fire per weight of gun.
4. Rapidity of fire and weight of gun per barrel.
5. Separate firing and extracting mechanism and feed for each barrel.
6. Ease in replacing disabled firing-pins, springs, and extractors.
7. System of feed.
8. Nature of fire, whether volley and single shot or only single shot.
9. Simplicity of mechanism.
10. Firing-lever movement, whether direct or rotary.
11. Maximum rapidity of fire.
12. Handiness and rapid action of elevating and training gear.
13. Adaptability of system to different natures of rifle cartridges.
14. Automatic spreading motion.
15. Accuracy.

Rapidity of Fire.

Though the quality of *maximum* rapidity of fire has been placed towards the end of the above classification, it must not be considered as an unimportant feature of machine-guns, for each one of the above functions has its own special importance, but only that the actual value of a machine-gun is not to be measured solely by the extreme rate of its discharge when it is manipulated by a specialist, as is the usual mode of proceeding at official experiments; hitherto far too much consideration has been paid to a particular feature to the exclusion of other equally valuable qualities. Of course, when comparing different systems of machine-guns each having the same number of barrels and being in other respects about equal, the one that can pump the greatest number of bullets through its barrels in a given period of time has undoubtedly an advantage over the other weapons, in that it proves the feeding arrangements, firing and extracting mechanism of that gun to be more perfect.

What I desire to point out by these remarks is, that because Smith's gun can fire with greater rapidity than the others, it is not necessarily the best.

son's weapons, that, as is too often the case, the conclusion is at once drawn that Smith's gun is therefore the better weapon, without first duly considering whether it also possesses the other equally important and necessary qualities of a machine-gun. The only practical and effective manner by which to compare the rapidity of fire of two machine-guns is to calculate the rate of discharge per unit weight of gun; because whether such weapons are required for arming the boats of a ship, or for naval landing purposes, or for the military service, it is the total weight of gun which is so important a consideration. For instance, it stands to reason that for either of these services the Nordenfelt ten-barrelled machine-gun, weighing 232 lbs. and firing 600 shots in half a minute, or at the rate of 21·4 shots per 10 lbs. weight of gun, is more suitable than the Gardner five-barrelled weapon, weighing 280 lbs. and firing only 330 shots in half a minute, or at the rate of 11·8 shots per 10 lbs. weight of gun, supposing that in other respects they are equally good; and in the same manner the Nordenfelt five-barrelled gun can be compared with advantage to the Gardner two-barrelled gun, as will be seen from the table. There yet remains to be treated the method of comparing the rate of discharge per barrel of different systems of machine-guns; by this process of calculation we arrive at the number of times the firing and extracting mechanism of each barrel is brought into play, how often each barrel has to be fed, and the number of times the firing handle has to be rotated or moved backwards and forwards for any given period of time. When treating of the merits of machine-guns in this respect, we must class the weapons according to their respective weights, and then compare the maximum rapidity of discharge with corresponding rate per barrel of each gun. For instance, comparing the Nordenfelt five-barrelled gun with the Gardner two-barrelled weapon, the former weighing 120 lbs. and the latter 101 lbs., we find that the Nordenfelt fires 600 shots in one minute, or at the rate of 120 shots per barrel, and the Gardner fires 400 shots in the same time, which is at the rate of 200 rounds per barrel. At first sight it might appear as if the latter results were the better ones, in that more work is got out of each Gardner barrel than obtained from each Nordenfelt barrel, but on closer scrutiny it is seen that weight for weight the latter weapon obtains a far greater total rapidity of fire with less strain on its mechanism and barrels, less fatigue to the gunner at the firing-handle, and, besides, with a decreased rapidity of feed. The inference from this reasoning is that the Nordenfelt gun would be more likely to stand the strain of continuous work without breaking down than the Gardner weapon.

I have referred here to certain machine-guns for the purpose of bearing out my arguments by means of actual facts, but there is no intention on my part in so doing to institute direct comparisons between these weapons as to their real merits, as I consider that such can only be conclusively demonstrated by actual experience with them by sailors and soldiers; at the same time I have appended certain tables by which a general idea may be gathered of the merits and demerits of the various machine-guns extant.

I have made mention of the Gardner guns, as they afford an exemplification of a machine-gun in the construction of which the qualities of weight per barrel, and rapidity of fire per weight, have not been duly considered, and I look upon such as a very serious flaw in what otherwise are exceedingly ingenious weapons.*

Proceeding with a consideration of the property of "rapidity of fire," and combining with it that of "certainty of action"—by which is meant certainty in feeding, firing, and extracting the cartridges of a machine-gun—we have to determine the relative merits of two weapons of about the same weight, one of which can fire, say, 1,000 shots in one minute, while the other discharges only 700 shots in that time, but the former of which is afflicted, even in a minor degree, with that radical defect (which may well be termed curse) inseparable from the earlier, and even common to many of the later, systems of machine-guns, viz. *uncertainty of action* in one or other of the afore-mentioned forms; in this case the latter weapon is the more practically useful one.

But it may, perhaps, be the case that when these same guns are fired at a common rate of discharge, they would evince an equal degree of certainty of action, when the more rapid-firing weapon of the two should be adjudged the premier position, both being supposed to be of the same weight, and both having the quality of certainty of action when discharging an equal

* It may possibly be assumed that this paper has been prepared with a view of drawing attention to the merits of a particular machine-gun invention, but I trust that no such misconception of my purpose will arise, as my only intention is to place before those naval and military men who may take a particular interest in this important question, certain practical, and what I hope may reasonably be viewed as justifiable, arguments as to the properties which should be looked for and insisted on in determining on the adoption of any particular system of rifle-calibre machine-guns, whether for naval or military purposes.

There appeared to be no more feasible and conclusive manner by which to support the arguments advanced in this paper than by referring to well-known machine-guns of the latest types, and also by quoting authentic and official data concerning them; for no reasoning can receive serious attention in these essentially practical days unless it be backed up by figures giving actual facts, that is, what can be done, but what has been achieved.

number of bullets in any given time, this weapon has the advantage of possessing a considerable reserve power of fire.

It has been remarked before, that in instituting comparative trials between different systems of machine-guns they should be assessed according to their weight rather than to the number of their barrels, and thus it would appear from the above reasoning to be a more correct and fair mode of testing them as to their respective qualities of certainty of action, to fire the different guns at a rate of discharge within the scope of the weapons in each class; and should the result prove all of them to possess this property in an equal degree of excellence, then those guns in each class having the highest total rapidity of fire ought clearly to be looked upon as the more practically useful machine-guns, as for the same weight and same rapidity of fire, as the slower firing weapons, less strain is brought upon their mechanism, feeding arrangements, and barrels, and, further, that these guns possess reserve power of fire, all of which points are undoubtedly of considerable advantage when their actual employment is under consideration.

Whether for naval or military purposes it is at last becoming evident that the rage for extreme rapidity of fire in regard to machine-guns of rifle calibre, which has hitherto existed to their detriment, is at last dying out, and in place thereof it is gradually becoming a recognised fact that a weapon of that kind must possess other properties as well, such as certainty of action, mobility, ease of manipulation, &c. &c., to commend it to the notice of naval and military officers. Rarely will recourse be had to discharging these weapons at their maximum rapidity of fire, and the number of shots discharged when the guns are fired by the sailor or soldier of the detachment who performs this duty will never attain the number reached when fired by specialists.

In some trials which recently took place at the Elswick works of Sir W. Armstrong & Co. with a Gatling-gun fitted with the new feed, this weapon was fired against dummies, representing infantry, which at the express desire of Admiral Ito, of the Imperial Japanese Navy, were each arranged to fall at the first hit they received; it proved that the dummies received a number of other hits while in the act of falling, or, as the Admiral put it, the gun fired *too* fast.

It may mention here that the Gatling ten-barrelled gun has fired 1,040 shots in two and a half seconds with this new feed, and 104 shots in sixty-eight seconds; but it cannot fire more than 104 shots continuously, *i.e.* one feed, as it takes some three seconds to replace an empty feed by a full one.

When rifle-calibre machine-guns are employed for actual ship use, or for mounting in fortifications, the feature of mobility, that is weight per barrel, is not so essential a consideration; but as such work is but a small portion of the sphere of usefulness of these weapons, the importance I have attached to this question of mobility is not thereby materially affected.

Separate Firing and Extracting Mechanism and Feed for each Barrel.

This is certainly a very necessary property for every machine gun of more than one barrel to possess, as this feature precludes the possibility of the total disablement (even though it may be only temporary) of a machine-gun should one barrel become jammed or damaged, either by the enemy's fire, or by the breaking of a firing-pin, spring, or extractor, or by a defective cartridge, as the remaining barrels can continue the firing. It seems difficult to credit that such an obviously necessary property should not be considered, or be overlooked by those on whom devolves the duty of deciding on the adoption of this new arm; and more particularly ought this to be noticed when military weapons are under consideration, as, in the field, should a barrel or barrels of a machine-gun become disabled, there are usually no appliances at hand, and rarely time, to remedy such a fatal disaster as an occurrence of this nature would be in the case of the weapon not possessing the property under notice.

System of Feed.

It is manifest that the property of a steady and rapid discharge of bullets from a machine-gun is dependent in a great measure on the system of feed adopted, and, therefore, too much importance cannot well be attached to this question. It will be interesting to note the systems of feed of the three typical machine-guns, viz. the Gardner, Gatling, and Nordenfelt systems.

In the Gardner guns there is used only one hopper, or plate with grooves in it, in which the cartridges are held by their rims (the cartridges being thus left entirely exposed); and this hopper when emptied has to be taken off and replaced by another full one.

In the Gatling gun, what is termed a positive feed is employed, the cartridges in this case being enclosed in a circular feed-box, and fed to the gun by means of strong *springs*; as in the Gardner gun, this feed-case when emptied has to be taken off and replaced by another full one.

The Nordenfelt feeding arrangement consists of an upper and

er hopper (distributor), the latter of which is fixed to the gun immediately in rear of the barrels during the firing, and is always filled by means of the upper hoppers. The cartridges fed from the hoppers to both the Gardner and Nordenfelt guns *gravity*. The Nordenfelt hoppers are closed all round, and are filled from the top.

Thus it is seen that the Gatling and Gardner systems do not afford a continuous feed, while the Nordenfelt arrangement does admit of an uninterrupted supply of cartridges to the gun.

The points to be particularly observed in connection with this question may be summed up as follows:—

1. That there be a continuous feed of cartridges to the gun.
2. That the cartridges are contained in closed cases, by which is prevented any serious collection of dust, dirt, sand, &c. on the sides of the cartridge-rims, which is very often a cause of jam in machine-guns, as such may prevent the cartridges from being pushed home in the barrels.
3. That the hoppers, or feed-cases, can be filled with rapidity and facility.
4. That the feed arrangement admits of the gun being opened up without removing the distributor, hopper, or feed-case, and without losing the cartridges to fall out.
5. That the gun can be fed with ease when firing at high angles of elevation and depression.
6. That the hoppers, filled with cartridges, can be carried without liability of damage to the cartridges, and with perfect safety.

These six considerations, which are so absolutely requisite for a perfect and serviceable system of feed, speak for themselves, and, therefore, do not call for any detailed explanation.

Nature of Fire.

The nature of the fire delivered by a machine-gun of more than one barrel, that is to say, its ability to fire volleys or only rapid single shots, is a matter of considerable importance, more especially when dealing with this kind of weapon for use in the naval service.

Under almost every condition under which machine-guns would be fired from ships or boats, either the gun platform or the object fired at, and probably both, would have more or less motion, depending on the state of the sea; and, further, it will probably be the case that one or both of them will be constantly altering their relative positions. Under such conditions, which are inseparable from actions where ships and boats play a part, it is indisputably a matter of

[illegible]

It is the opinion of the committee that a machine-gun should also be capable of firing single shots, as such would be indispensable when using such weapons against troops or columns of field guns in motion; and also the property of automatically spreading the shots comprising such a shot is a highly important feature. A machine-gun having the property of being able to be capable of delivering single shots at any degree of accuracy as well, for under certain conditions of warfare it may be preferable to make use of the latter instead of the former. For instance, single shots fired at a distance would not indicate the fact of the presence of a machine-gun and such would also prove of great use in obtaining the effect.

Adaptability of System to different kinds of Rifle Cartridges.

For military purposes it is self-evident that wherever introduced this new arm should be capable of being adapted to fire the rifle cartridges of the Power adopting it, so as to avoid any possibility of a mistake being made in the supply of ammunition either for the rifles or machine-guns. It may be readily understood how, on a field of battle, such an error would be fraught with serious disaster. Though this would seem to be a point beyond the region of doubt or dispute, yet we find Government trials being carried out with rifle-calibre machine-guns of different systems, where the cartridge in use, though the same for all the weapons, was of a special kind, and not the Government rifle cartridge. The shape and form of rifle cartridge-cases differ very considerably, either in their total length, or in diameter, or in length of shoulder, &c., while the ease or difficulty with which they can be fed to and extracted from the barrels of a machine-gun depends in a great measure on their shape and dimensions.

For the naval service these remarks may not apply in quite the same degree; but yet, as naval machine-guns have to be used in boats, and sometimes on shore, it should be laid down as an established fact that rifle-calibre machine-guns, whether for naval or military purposes, should be adaptable to the rifle ammunition of the Power employing them.

Firing-lever Movement.

In dealing with this feature of a machine-gun, we have to consider not only which form of movement of its firing lever or handle is the best by means of which to attain a great rapidity of fire for a short time, but also the one whereby a continuous and rapid discharge can be maintained, and, further, that which will in the most reliable and practical manner permit of the gun being aimed and fired rapidly at the same time and by the same man. In the Maxim and Gardner guns the firing handle, which is placed at the side, though in the former weapon for greater rapidity it is sometimes placed at the rear, has rotatory motion; while in the Nordenfheldt guns the firing lever, also placed at the side, has a direct forward and backward movement. In the former case it is necessary for the gunner working the firing-handle to stand up to work on the side at which it is fixed, so that the combination of aiming and firing by one man is rather difficult of manipulation.

The gunner is also considerably exposed to the enemy's fire while he is act of rotating the firing handle.

In the latter case, where the movement of the firing-lever is direct, the gunner manipulating the weapon can do so from the rear of the gun, either standing, kneeling, sitting, or lying down, depending on the nature of the mounting; and one man can aim and fire a machine-gun of this kind with the greatest facility, and is very well protected by the weapon itself.

It may appear that in thus giving the preference to the direct movement firing-lever, I am somewhat partial to the system of machine-gun which admits of such a movement; but I cannot see how any unprejudiced person who has had actual practice with machine-guns having both the rotatory and direct movement firing-lever, can hold a contrary opinion.

Accuracy of Fire.

There appears to be a somewhat unnecessary demand, amounting almost to a craze, for accuracy of fire in a high degree in connection with machine-guns of rifle calibre; but I think a careful consideration of the work that a weapon of this kind is intended to perform will modify, to a considerable extent, this demand.

Of course, if a single or two-barrelled machine-gun of rifle calibre be considered as possessing any real practical value, and it is ever seriously intended to introduce such weapons into either service, then the feature of accuracy of fire should be insisted on in regard to them, even at the sacrifice of some rapidity of fire and of some mobility, because with these weapons every bullet should find its billet if it is to be at all an effective machine-gun; but in treating of machine-guns of more than two barrels, fire-accuracy is by no means so important an element, though of course a fair degree of accuracy is requisite.

I may here remark that I have little faith in a rifle-calibre machine-gun of less than *five* barrels ever proving of practical utility on actual service, unless, perhaps, for a few exceptional purposes—a gun of three barrels may be useful by reason of its exceptional lightness.

Barrel for barrel, a machine-gun has actually the same accuracy of fire as would be obtained from rifles having the same barrel and using the same ammunition: for instance, a weapon with Henry rifle-barrels will produce the same record of target-shooting if each barrel be fired separately, as a Henry rifle, and possibly a better one, the same ammunition of course being used.

A rifle-calibre machine-gun is not constructed, or intended to be used, as some people would seem to suppose, for the purpose of firing at small, isolated objects, such as the bull's-eye of a target or a single horse or foot soldier or sailor—in fact, this is entirely opposed to the principle of machine-gun employment, which is rather that they should only be brought into action against bodies or clusters of men, and then should be able to discharge the greatest number of bullets in the shortest time; the effectiveness of the fire being determined not by the number of shots fired, or by the proportion of killed and wounded to the shots discharged, but by the *actual number* of the killed and wounded; whether it be in the repulse of an attempt to board a ship, or of an attack on a position on shore, &c.; the cost at which such a result is achieved is surely not the measurement of the success.

For the purpose of firing against clusters of men, whether they be in the battery, turrets, barbettes, tops, or on the deck of a ship, or in boats, or in the field, or in fortifications, &c., it is better that the machine-gun should not have perfectly accurate fire, for in that case the bullets would not spread, but fall close together, and thus create a loss of effect by reason of this too concentrated fire, which would cause many bullets to be needlessly wasted by merely repeating the work in killing and wounding.

ably performed by previous bullets. Therefore, instead of the action of a machine-gun being an objectionable feature, as it is sometimes declared, it is really an exceedingly useful and necessary property, as this alone would prevent, to a great extent, a too concentrated fire being delivered, more especially in regard to the lateral spread; for this latter reason, the vibration of the gun would also very materially assist the automatic spreading-gear when in use, as this separates the bullets horizontally, but not vertically.

The principal feature to be considered in regard to the ballistic action of machine-guns of rifle-calibre is, that the trajectories described by the bullets should be as flat as possible, *i.e.* that the initial velocity should be very high, so that it should be possible to use a machine-gun point-blank at 500 yards' range; but as the calibres and ammunition of machine-guns must correspond with rifles of the Power adopting them, this question must await a change in the same direction in the latter arm.

Mechanism.

In treating of this question of machine-guns there has to be considered the strength and simplicity of the mechanism, as well as the facility with which certain parts can be replaced in the event of their becoming damaged.

Extreme simplicity is as much to be deprecated as a too complex arrangement of mechanism, for, with the former, it might possibly be the case that the sailors and soldiers in charge of them, knowing so easily the mechanism can be taken to pieces and put together, might be tempted to do so once too often, with the result of damage to some one part, or the loss of a small piece or screw, &c., which might temporarily disable the gun. All that is necessary to make an effective mechanism is that the number of pieces per barrel should be as few as is consistent with the property of a rapid firing and extracting mechanism for each barrel, and that the parts be constructed of a suitable material and of sufficient strength.

The only piece of the mechanism which may, in any system, become weakened or damaged by ordinary use, is the firing-spring; therefore, the system which admits of this part being replaced with the greatest facility by one of the gun detachment, and without necessitating the gun being opened up, possesses a very decided advantage over other similar weapons.

It is further desirable that a machine-gun should remain in action up to the last moment, and, therefore, the arrangement of

mechanism should be such, that by the removal of one piece, which should be a work of a few moments, the gun should be rendered useless to the enemy if it be necessary to abandon it.

Besides these, there is yet another important consideration in treating of this question of mechanism, viz. that it be well protected from dirt or rust, and that its action should not be seriously affected by reason of the mechanism remaining unoiled and uncleaned for several days together, which may often occur on actual service.

Automatic Spreading Motion.

As it has been previously shown, it is very desirable to spread the shots discharged from a machine-gun, and this may be effected by means of a slight and varying movement of the traversing wheel (if there be one); but it is far more practical and effective if this be performed automatically, because in the former case this work would require too much attention on the part of the gunner who aims and fires.

The Nordenfelt arrangement of automatic spreading motion is such that it can be set to separate the bullets comprising a volley one from another a distance of three feet, up to a range of 600 yards, after which the natural vibration of the gun is sufficient to prevent the bullets falling together in one spot; and to obtain a fresh fire line, either to the right or left of the previous one, it is only necessary to turn the traversing wheel accordingly.

Handiness and Rapid Action of Training and Elevating Gear.

This is, of course, an essential property of machine-guns to enable them to follow moving objects with precision and rapidly.

From numerous machine-gun experiments it has been proved that for more effectively securing a combination of quickness and accuracy when changing aim from one point to another some distance apart, the screw elevating and training gear provided with handles close together, on one side of the gun, is the most suitable and the most easily manipulated, as well as for enabling one man to aim and fire with the greatest convenience.

I have here briefly discussed the principal, if not the whole, of the properties essentially necessary to a machine-gun of rifle-calibre if it is to prove of more than theoretical value for naval and military purposes, and in so doing I have endeavoured to avoid anything approaching an actual comparison between various weapons of this kind extant.

I have not been able to treat in this paper of the method of using this new arm, but as far as the naval service is concerned this question may now be fairly considered as settled; while the military uses of the rifle machine-gun will be found fully treated of in a work on machine-guns about to be published. But before the military part of this great question can be deemed satisfactorily settled, more complete and practical trials with this new arm in the field must be carried out than have hitherto been attempted or even thought of. Rifle-calibre machine-guns of nearly perfect construction are ready to hand, and it alone remains for some military Power to adopt them, and so teach the world the admirable qualities they possess for field service, if only they be properly used.



Man Proposes.

A NOVEL, BY MRS. A. PHILLIPS, AUTHOR OF "BENEDICTA."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DOCTOR'S DIPLOMACY.

"Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life it is most meddled with by other people."

AUSTIN seized eagerly the letter which Drummond gave him, and in an instant guessed—or rather divined—the traitor. He did not betray his knowledge, however, by any outward manifestation of anger, although inwardly he was execrating women generally, as a perfidious race, and this one in particular as the worst of her kind.

"Well, what does it mean?" asked his cousin. "Where is your danger? You seem all right. I expected to find you dead or dying. Do you know who sent this?"

"I don't get on as I ought," replied Austin, languidly; "but I am at a loss to make out who should have taken the trouble to tell you so. Someone, perhaps, who thought I should be the better for your company, I suppose."

"Ah! I have it!" he exclaimed, after a moment's silence, during which the happy thought occurred to him to turn the tables upon the enemy. "It's the woman you wrote to me about. Depend upon it, she is wanting to see more of you, and, not knowing how to manage it, has made use of my illness to get you into the neighbourhood. Why, my dear fellow, I see it all as plain as a signboard now. She is staying with my doctor. She hears from him, of course, how I am. I daresay he may have said casually that I was not quite so well, and she has used his words to secure you. I am awfully sorry for you, indeed I am. It is an infernal trick to have played you; but it has defeated her little manoeuvre," cried Austin, with a laugh, as he tried to commiserate with his astounded cousin, who stood looking as if he could not comprehend the nature of the joke.

"What are you dreaming of?" he asked at last.

"Don't you remember writing to me about someone who made lead set at you at the Ascott's—Gregory, I believe, was her name?"

"What! that *thing*! Impossible."

"My dear Jasper, I have come to the conclusion that nothing is possible under the sun. I am reconciled now to the idea that I may live to see you, even you, a married man. As Talleyrand says, *out arrive.*"

"Come, don't talk nonsense," he returned gruffly. "Let us drop this. If it has been a hoax, I can't help it. Here I am, and I must stay, until you are well enough to leave with me. At present—what is more to the purpose—have you anything to eat. I am very hungry. I have been travelling all night, and so I might not find you alive, that I did not stop to breakfast at the hotel."

"Breakfast—of course—I'll order you some at once. But, my fellow, that is about all the entertainment I can offer. I would like you to trust to the hotel for all else, as this place is only a sort of private hospital, in which I found myself when I knew that you were alive. The woman of the house is a skilled nurse, I believe; the doctor had me carried here from my quarters when the steamer embarked. You are nearer to the bell that goes down to the lower regions; pull it, will you, and the geni of the place will appear."

After ringing, Drummond went and stood by the window. The view without was enough to attract anyone, for the sun was playing hide-and-seek behind the clouds, and the game was being reflected in the sea in brilliant colours cast by the shadows over the breaking waves.

"You are well situated here," he remarked.

"Yes," said Austin, who had seized this opportunity to scribble a few lines in pencil to Hagar, in readiness for Mrs. Sarah when she answered the bell.

"I suppose it's your breakfast you've rung for, Sir," said Mrs. Sarah, appearing. "And the other gentleman, will he have dinner along with you, or shall I lay for him in the next room?" "I don't care where it is, so long as I can have this view," said Drummond.

"Down-stairs, then. It shall be ready in a few minutes," said Mrs. Sarah, taking the note from Austin.

Hagar was in the kitchen; her mind rather perturbed in consequence of the unexpected arrival of this stranger. She now waited

for her mother with curiosity to learn particulars. He was evidently the cousin to whom Austin was so attached. They were more like brothers than cousins, so he had told her: the affection between them dating back as far as he could remember. In fact, his earliest associations were connected with this cousin, when Jasper, a man of three or four and twenty, used to romp with him as a child, blessing him with tops and sweetmeats and other childish joys. As Austin grew older, Jasper became his hero, ultimately his friend and confidential adviser. He had learned to look at the world, at last, very much through Drummond's eyes. The influence had not been always for the best, and Hagar dreaded him instinctively.

"Here's a bit of a note for you," said Mrs. Sarah, coming into the kitchen with it in her hand.

Hagar took it and read:

"Keep out of sight—in your room. On no account let Drummond—who is here—see you."

"What is it about?" asked Mrs. Sarah, curiously.

"He wishes me to keep out of the gentleman's way; he does not wish him to see me. Here is the note."

"Is he ashamed of you?" cried Mrs. Sarah, with a threatening gleam in her eye.

"No, I don't think so," returned Hagar, sadly.

"Then why are you to be hid up in a loft because of the gentleman?"

This was an aspect of "lady-hood" for her girl that not even many hundreds of pounds could have reconciled Mrs. Sarah to. It was her idea to see her daughter received by the grand folks with all the pomp and glory belonging to the situation. For this she was willing to keep in the background, and forego her own claims. What was such a sacrifice worth, if it were not to bring her all she expected? A lady, meant a lady, not a poor hidden, humiliated thing, shut away out of sight, especially when the world would show nothing pleasanter, and would be all the better for seeing such a creature as her Hagar. Such was Mrs. Sarah's opinion, although she did not give it language.

"Mother, don't grieve and vex me with questions," pleaded Hagar, wearily. "It is his wish. He knows best. That is enough for me."

But the very fact of having to say this depressed her, so much so that she could not help thinking of the pencilled words that she was not to be seen, and that was a secret. That he meant to be so secret, that he was proved that by every act and word. His being so was not so much a selfish uneasiness

about her own position, as sympathy and anxiety for his; lest he should suffer for his generosity. She could not bear that his goodness to her should react upon himself in cold, questioning looks from the world. Yet she feared it would; and the idea was pain. Still, she had given him her word that she would be steadfast to him; and now, until he should release her, she would do his bidding to the very last demand. What other return could she offer him than this, the only one in her power?

In obedience to his will she now stole up to her "corner."

Mrs. Sarah's demeanour to Drummond after this was not too courteous. "He is ugly enough for mischief," she thought as she looked at him suspiciously. "Did he mean to wrong Hagar?" she wondered.

Drummond, drinking his coffee and devouring his breakfast, little dreamed of the plot into which he had stumbled. He had been alarmed by the arrival of the anonymous letter, especially as some days had passed without his having heard anything from Austin, and he feared there had been a relapse. He thought at the time, and still thought, the letter had been sent by an outsider who considered it a kindness to Austin to let his friends know how ill he was. The suggestion about Miss Gregory he scouted utterly. If she had wanted to inform them, there was nothing easier than for her to have mentioned it to Lady Ascott. What on earth should she have written to him for? unless she were a fool, and took him for an idiot. No; that was all Austin's chaff. But it mattered very little who wrote the thing, the chief point was that his dear boy, as he always thought of him, was not in danger; so he could afford to laugh at and dismiss it.

Drummond was still at his breakfast when the doctor arrived in a high state of good-humour, and went unannounced straight to his patient's room.

There he was greeted with an exclamation of dismay from Austin.

"Why, what is the matter now?"

"My dear doctor, I'm in a regular hole! Read this," handing him Miss Gregory's note, which he had retained; "the man to whom it was written turned up this morning, and—the very last man in the world I wanted to see."

"Bless me! most extraordinary!" exclaimed the doctor, reading the note; then, carrying it to the window, he held it up to the light to examine the water-mark.

"I thought I knew the paper; it is a particular make I always

This came from my house."

"I thought so," cried Austin: "from your visitor, and no other!"

"The same," said the doctor, looking grave. "I told you she was not particular: she has done this to spite you."

"Then let us leave her to the scorn she deserves," cried Austin angrily. "I have neither time nor patience to talk about her now. We must think what can be done to meet this new shuffle of the cards. I am determined to carry my point nilly willy. The knot shall be made secure, and then neither Drummond nor the whole world can have power to undo it. I am so afraid of the girl herself taking fright. I dread the idea of losing her. Is everything arranged?"

"Yes, for to-morrow, at half-past two o'clock."

"Then, doctor, for heaven's sake get rid of Drummond for that half-hour; invite him to your house, or do something to help me."

"And how do you propose to take the young lady? If she goes with the mother the house will be left desolate and everything discovered."

"I want no mother in the case. Once Hagar leaves this house it will be never to return to it. Of that I am determined. The old mother will let her go; I have made that all right. Hagar shall precede, I will follow; and then, when Drummond calls, he will find us flown."

"And send the orier out to publish it in the town! That won't do at all," said the doctor, shaking his head. "You will bring about what you want to avoid. You might just as well announce it in the morning papers, with full particulars, as do that. Tiresome! I had arranged everything so well. However, I see one way out of the difficulty, without disturbing our plans very considerably."

"What is that?"

"I have taken rooms at Crawley, and prepared the landlady to receive Hagar, who must drive there an hour or more before you or I start; then I shall call for you, and pick up Kingsworth. After you are married you can leave Hagar under the care of the landlady and return with me. This will disarm all suspicion; and then at the end of a week or ten days, or as long as your cousin sees fit to remain, you can join her, and proceed on your travels. The mother can give out that her daughter has been ordered away for change of air by me; your being here after she has gone will divert attention from the fact that you are the cause of her absence, and so things will work round quietly."

"I think you are right," said Austin, who had been weighing the merits of the doctor's proposal over his own.

"I am quite sure I am," said the doctor, emphatically.

"There is only one objection. I cannot bear the idea of my being left alone at that place. I don't know how I shall face it."

"Extreme cases require extreme measures, and I see no other course open to you between this and declaring the whole truth plainly. In the former case be advised by me, and I will spare you annoyance."

"The annoyance is, I can't see her to speak to her to-day, while Drummond is here. He is sure not to leave me, and I have warned him to keep out of sight. Was there ever anything so unfortunate! Heavens, doctor, I could strangle that woman who is staying near you!"

"Calm yourself, my dear fellow; I will speak to Hagar for you. I will do as I have promised, I assure you. Don't worry yourself, trust me, that by three o'clock to-morrow, so far as I am able to help you, you shall belong to our most noble and most ill-used order of married men, since that is your ambition. And now I must go on and introduce myself to your cousin; after that I will see Hagar and her mother; and I will drop you a note in the evening to let you know that everything is in train."

"Doctor, perhaps you had better tell Drummond that I'll return to the hotel with him after my drive with you to-morrow. I won't be back here again after she has gone."

"A very good idea of yours. Yes, go and stay at the hotel. I'll tell Mrs. Sarah to pack up your things, and they shall be sent there. Where is he staying?"

"Find that out from him. I wish I could see my way to the end of his business," exclaimed Austin, wearily.

When the doctor had introduced himself to Mr. Drummond, he took care to ignore all knowledge of the anonymous letter; and Drummond, not liking to acknowledge that he had been made a fool of, was silent also on the subject.

As he was about to take his leave, after having fully discussed Austin's illness, the doctor said, casually:

"I think of calling to take him for a drive to-morrow. The weather is fine, the barometer keeps steady. I think he may improve, and then he suggests joining you at your hotel. I think he has had enough of this place and nursing. A change of scene will do him good."

"Oh! I am glad of that. Yes, I quite agree with you, it will.

And a drive, too, a little fresh air, I am a great advocate for lots of that."

"Yes, so am I," said the doctor; "I wish I could offer you a seat to-morrow, but I am sorry to say I cannot."

"Ah! never mind me, I'll amuse myself. How long will it be before he can leave this for good? I should like to take him away somewhere for a total change. Where should you recommend, now?"

"My experience of Captain Austin during his illness has been, that he is a difficult man to deal with, and about the last one in the world I would ever propose to send anywhere, in case he should take it into his head to start off in the opposite direction. Any place will be a change when he leaves this; I should let him please himself."

"Yes, he is certainly a self-willed fellow when he likes. But this illness has pulled him down."

"Only for a time, I suspect."

Wishing him good-day, the doctor went in search of Hagar.

CHAPTER XV.

HAGAR RECEIVES A WEDDING GIFT.

"I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanly offer."

"How am I to see Hagar?" asked the doctor of Mrs. Sarah. "Is she up-stairs?"

"Yes, she is to hide up-stairs because of *he*," she answered, pointing towards the room in which Drummond sat. "I hope it ain't a-goin' to end badly for my gell?"

"Trust *me* for that. Up-stairs, you say; then I'll go up and see her—as a patient, of course, poor little girl. You need not follow."

"Oh, it's no trouble," said Mrs. Sarah, leading the way to the door of Hagar's "corner," where she left the doctor to knock and enter.

"My dear, I have come to say a few words to you," he began, returning her questioning, anxious look with a kind fatherly pressure of the hand that was meant to assure her his mission was a peaceful one.

Since her interview with Miss Gregory Hagar had grown to regard everyone in the light of a possible antagonist.

rive her of her promised happiness; and now, bidden as she l been by Austin to keep to her room, she dreaded every ment, which might bring about some disastrous result. At the ae time she resolutely braced herself to meet whatever disap- ntment there might be in store for her.

‘Unfortunate, is it not, my dear, his cousin coming upon him suddenly and unexpectedly? But he wishes me to tell you that will make no difference in his plans. He is most anxious and ermined to keep his promise to you, only we can’t carry out r programme as we had originally intended. The clergyman s to have come here, you know, to have married you, and m you were both to have driven off to Crawley. Now, how- er, we must manage differently. I shall send you to Crawley st. You must go alone, my dear. It is very hard, I admit,” id the doctor, seeing her face fall at this bit of news, “but it can’t helped. He wants to keep everything very quiet and secret m his cousin and the family for the present.”

As she remained silent, and offered no objection, he continued :

“Of course, Hagar, my dear, you know what he is doing? n are a good girl, and deserve all that he is doing for you, John Jameson would not be taking all this trouble, I can you. And he is a goood fellow to marry you. But at the e time, Hagar, you must always remember that his friends n’t like his marrying you; because, don’t you see, they don’t w you as well as we do. If they did, no doubt they would y you as much and be as glad to have you,” said the kind- rted man, trying to make her take a common-sense view of her ition.

‘Yes, yes, I know,” she cried, with tears in her eyes, “I w it all well enough. I am not. his equal, and I ought not e his wife. I don’t know what to do.”

‘Do your duty, my dear, and take the good that God has t you. It will all come right in the end—sure to; but you st be patient and put up with a thing or two you would not e to suffer were you marrying a man in your own rank of

. You must not resent his desire for secrecy at first. Always ember he is behaving well to you; he can’t do more than is doing. He is acting honourably, so don’t you vex him by ing out at any little sacrifice he may require from you until is in a position to make things public. Can you promise , ? ”

‘I have told him I am ready to do what he wishes,” she wered.

"Then you must listen to me attentively, and remember my instructions. Pack up what you want to take with you, as if you were going away for some time. Have everything ready, and addressed in my name, for Crawley. The carrier will call for them this evening. Then to-morrow you must dress yourself as if you were going for a walk. Say good-bye to your mother, then go to the 'Red Lion' in the Market Street, and ask for the carriage Dr. Jameson has sent. Get into it, and order the man to drive you to Crawley. When you get there, the landlady will show you to the rooms I have ordered for you. You need not give your name; simply mention my name, that will make everything straight. Then wait, my dear, until we come. We shall not be very long after you. Be sure you do not start later than twelve o'clock."

"Can't mother come with me?"

"No, my dear, certainly not; he does not wish it. Don't urge it. It is hard upon you, I know, my poor little girl; but, you see, this cousin coming has upset everything. But console yourself by remembering that you will be a wife."

"You have said that rather often. I would be that or nothing," she cried proudly. "What do you take me for?"

"Come, come, my dear, gently, don't get cross; what I meant was, that although you are compelled to act secretly, still you can look the whole world in the face as an honest woman and a lady, which you are, my dear," he said, shaking her once more warmly by the hand. "And you won't be so lonely as you imagine, for I shall drive him over to see you as often as I can. So cheer up and don't be frightened to be by yourself for a little. Can I trust you now to carry out our wishes?"

"Yes," she answered, this time firmly and gratefully. "But I am thinking of poor mother: shall I have to say good-bye to her to-morrow?"

"For the present, yes; but keep a good heart, it won't be always, you know. And now I must go, I am late as it is; I don't know what my other patients will think of me," he said, pulling out his watch; "and I have to settle with your mother."

In reconciling Mrs. Sarah to the course of events, the doctor found he had a more difficult card to play.

To Mrs. Sarah, as she expressed herself to him, "there was something uncanny in a gell havin' to go all by herself to be married and to bide alone by herself afterwards." It needed all the doctor's diplomacy, aided by the recollection of Austin's munificent cheque and the forcible fact that "he was marryin' her gell."

ah that she was doing right in allowing such an unnatural things to proceed without a protest, which meant walking and attacking the offending cousin on whose account all cautions were found necessary.

he doctor's tact was such that he succeeded at last in extracting a promise from her that she would allow things to go on, and would place no obstacles of any kind in their way.

"Well, it's *her* bis'ness, I suppose," was her final retort.

she don't mind bein' married as if she warn't a human as anyone might be proud to ring the bells of all the

to let all the world know; why, it's nothin' to me, and

hin' to say, I suppose, or if I had I mustn't a say it. But

or way of bein' made a lady on, to be taken away from one's

d shut up all the way, for all the world like a cat in a

isn't wanted to find it's way back again! But there, as

ttled it all between ye, so let it be. I only hope such bad

's won't have worse endin's. Belikes they will. But it

good my standin' here talkin'; if she's to go, go she must,

best go help her to put up her things as the carrier—

he might be marryin' Tom Hawkins, the butcher, after

ion—is to call for," said Mrs. Sarah, with a grunt of

action at the whole thing.

don't forget," hinted the doctor, "if your neighbours want what has become of Hagar, tell them that she has gone a little change by my orders."

I the neighbours just as little or as much as I think it good

to know," retorted Mrs. Sarah; "and others, too, for the

f that. It ain't much anyone gets out of Sarah Mullocks,

ven't a mind to tell 'em!"

the doctor had parted from Hagar, she sat down for a few

before beginning to pack, that she might gather her

senses together and realise her position.

had known from Austin that to-morrow was to be her

day, and she had left all the arrangements to his good-will

sure. But now it had come as a shock to hear that she

alone to her wedding, and alone she must stand, without

or voice of her mother, or any other woman, to support her

ok or word of sympathy in this the most trying and

moment of a woman's life. It required all her fortitude

to meet the idea without rebelling. How she would have the

to carry it out she hardly knew. It was only her great love

and the fear of distressing him, that helped her in her

determination to meet the coming trial. For a "trial" she felt it would be. Her very consciousness of the purpose for which she was setting out would make it all the more difficult to bear.

"Dreamin', are ye, and well ye may, my poor gell," said Mrs. Sarah, coming in in the midst of her meditations. "Eh! but I can't abide it. The doctor he told me, and I do think it a shame, that it is without yer poor mother you are to go. Altho' I have heard as how a mother at a weddin' ain't the best of luck; so maybe it is as well I am not to be lookin' on at ye. The only thing that reconciles me is that ye are to be a real married lady—I have the doctor's word for it—and none can flout ye then, my deary!" she cried, applying the corner of her apron to her eyes, for it was an affecting moment for both of them. Hagar was looking at her with her soft pathetic eyes blind with large round tears, that fell down heavily one after another upon her cheeks.

"Oh, mother! you've been so good to me, I can't bear the thought that I am leaving you like this," sobbed Hagar, breaking out into a fit of weeping.

"Eh! but, deary, ye've been the best of gells, that I will say," said Mrs. Sarah, in a broken voice. "But I am ready to give ye up. It's yer right place in the world. Ye ain't fit for a poor lot, nor to be a poor man's wife. The Almighty—He makes the soil for the plant as suits it best—and it is the Almighty as knows best who wants transplantin'. So don't mind old Sarah Mullocks no more. What 'ud she be in a fine drawin'-room, as was born for workin', but just for all the world like a dustpan among the ornaments. The dustpan's handy, and so is the ornaments, so long as they is kept separate. Eh! don't cry so, lovey. So that's how it is with you and me—I'm for the kitchen, and you for the parlour; and so, my pretty, ye've nothing to thank 'em for, ye're only gettin' yer own as belongs to ye—always mind that. But when ye can come and see yer old mother, come; and write to me and let me know how it is ye are; and if ever ye are in the leastest bit of trouble, only say the word, and I am here to help ye."

"Ah! mother, mother, I can't bear to leave you," she continued to sob, as she threw her arms round her mother's neck. "I wish now I had been a better girl to you, I 've been so cross sometimes. Forgive me for my tempers, and if I 'ave ever grieved you."

"Chut, child, stop!" cried Mrs. Sarah, ~~smothering~~ the necessity for any forgiveness. "May the Almighty give ye as good a child as ye've been to me, and then ye'll be well off and needn't complain. But now dry yer eyes, or a fine

's blessin' to light upon. Come, now, let us set to work hings. What is it ye're goin' to wear? Yer Sunday grey merino; and I've a bit of old lace as I'll give ye k and sleeves; and one other thing as I always meant ave for yer weddin' gift, it's something as ye must just s, for the sake of yer poor mother," said Sarah, lowering earnestness. "Bide a bit, and I'll fetch it for ye."

urned in a few minutes, holding in her hand the lace l cross, richly chased, and set with a few pearls, on the e of which were engraved the letters, S.M.

ny deary, it's the only bit of gold I've got, barrin' my g, and ye must wear it, just always."

ill, mother. Put it on for me, and no one shall ever take d Hagar, as Mrs. Sarah clasped the chain, to which the ttached, around her neck.

his afternoon, my deary, I'll go down and buy ye the t of a bonnet I can find. Ye can carry it in yer hand, ye as Polly next door shan't go talkin'; for her eye is that ot a new bonnet, there ain't no holding her."

other, you need buy me nothing, for he is giving me e heart of a woman can desire in the way of fine

ow I shall love to see ye in them, to be sure! Ah, he's unded as a prince, I will say that for him. There never e of him for knowin' how to give. And now let us see box. The carrier is to call for it this evening. I'll at one of mine," said Mrs. Sarah, going into the next returning with the article in question, which she placed re of Hagar's corner, ready to be filled.

give me what ye mean to put in. Don't bother yerself many things, as I'll keep everything here, clean and ready, so that if ye came back ye'd feel ye never left ow to begin."

ut my books in first, mother," said Hagar, offering her ur of the old brown volumes.

ow! Well, I never did see the likes of ye!" cried Mrs. king at the girl in astonishment, "Is that the company ' to ask to yer weddin'. Perhaps I'd better go down- fetch up the old bellows, so as they shouldn't be sepa- e it was in the same lot they was bought at the

! I am to be alone for days and days, I shall want some shall I not? I'd rather these than any other. I shall

not be dull with them; they will keep me happy and contented—the old bellows would not—so pack them up.”

“What, all your books!”

“No, only these. Never mind the prizes,”

“Well, you’re a funny gell as ever I did see.”

“Now, at any rate, I shan’t be lonely.”

“Why, where’s yer cross” asked Mrs. Sarah, who missed it from Hagar’s neck.

“Hidden in here,” she answered, opening the top of her dress, and showing the cross lying on her fair white bosom.

“What is that for? It’s a pretty thing. Why won’t ye show it?”

“It is a feeling I have. If anyone you loved had been hanged, do you think you could wear a golden gallows round your neck as an ornament? And what was this but a gallows? That’s the real meaning of it. It stands for sorrow, sin, and suffering, and it is a good thing to wear it; but where no one can see it, and only our hearts can feel it. Then in all ‘times of our tribulation’ we can remember that, if our trouble is great, there was once a greater that was divinely borne; and that will help us.”

Mrs. Sarah offered no reply to this. There were times when Hagar’s thoughts soared beyond her. “She was a rare hand,” she used to say, “at ‘meanin’s,’” and Mrs. Sarah never tried to sound them. But she knew now that her wedding gift was well appreciated, and would never be laid aside for a gayer jewel.

CHAPTER XVI.

A MARRIAGE—NOT “A LA MODE.”

“So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!”

HAGAR was compelled to remain in her room all that day. Dr. Drummond never left his cousin until late, promising to come again early the next morning and take care of him, until the doctor called to drive him out.

Austin chafed under this enforced bondage, and allowed his irritability to become so apparent that Dr. Drummond was inclined to redouble his care, thinking that possibly his illness had left a sore loose somewhere that wanted looking after.

He loved Austin better than anyone or anything in the world. He delighted in him as a master does in his favorite slave.

verted to his opinions. He was proud of him also ; feeling that had helped to make him what he was—a splendid fellow, a good sportsman, and a man of the world, to say nothing of his being the climax of all three, a fine soldier. That had been Austin's craze. He need not have gone into the army, or into anything, so far as needing a profession went ; for he had inherited his father's property, and was well off in point of means. But if this had not been the case, Drummond loved him well enough to have supported him, and his house was always Austin's home whenever he came to stay there.

It had been his aim to keep Austin from marrying as long as he lived, chiefly because he loved him so well and women so little, and did not care to let any woman have a share of Austin's affections. His sermons were always anti-matrimonial ; and so well he succeeded in inculcating his prejudices, that marriage was the last fear he now entertained for his apt pupil.

It was a glorious morning, that Monday morning, late in October, when Hagar, after kissing her mother, and shedding a few tears at parting, stole out of No. 7 to be married.

Austin had sent her, by Mrs. Sarah, a long and passionately-impelled letter, asking her, for his sake, not to lose courage or to desert him ; that he loved her beyond the power of words to express ; that she had, indeed, become his very life, and that she held in her hand all that he knew of faith and love in woman ; and would she send him a few words in answer, to help him to bear, not only the absence, but the tormenting anxiety that was transforming him from a sane being into something like a fiend, as Drummond was beginning to understand ?

So she wrote back : " Trust me to the end, I will never fail —Hagar."

Not a word of love in answer to all his passion ; because her grief lay deeper, and he knew it. Oddly enough, they pleased him better, those few words without one endearing expression, than if she had written pages like his own. To love such a woman was a positive luxury. It kept his mind constantly alive with expectation ; doubtful of favours, yet confident in her truth. He would always have to woo, knowing he would never be repulsed, never sure of how he would be received. His life would be full of surprises.

His letter consoled her for a great deal. It made everything endurable ; even that lonely walk through the town to the " Red Lion." There she found the carriage Dr. Jameson had ordered waiting for her.

What a long and dreary drive it was through the autumn-tinted country to Crawley! The year was nearing its twilight. Harvest was over; the leaves were saying good-bye to life, and everywhere nature was preparing for her winter's sleep. To Hagar every blade of grass had a voice, so passionately did she love every green thing born of the earth. But to-day she hid her face from them all. Perhaps, had she turned to them for sympathy, they would have whispered some consoling message. But she sat far back in the carriage, keeping her eyes closed, and striving to be calm. Her mind was dazed with sadness and emotion, not unmixed with awe, at the solemnity of the step she was about to take.

What a mystery it was! A few spoken words, registering vows that mean—what? Yielding up body, soul, and spirit, for good or for evil, to the will of another.

That was her idea of it. For a few seconds her heart sank at the bare contemplation. Was it possible to do this and retain the perfection of love? She hardly knew how to explain her mind to herself, but it seemed to her that there might be times when the self-will of another might demand an obedience which love could not give without loss—loss to the one who, out of the fulness of love, is willing to obey, because obedience, clashing against better sense, robs love of its freedom—loss to the one who demands, since all that is not freely rendered is so much taken from the finer essence, the immortal part of love.

Sobs of anxiety and distress became more frequent as her mind questioned the future. Not even his love could cast out the dread of the unknown world she was about to enter. Putting her hand to her bosom to force back her emotions, if possible, by some physical effort, she could feel her cross. It brought her consolation in her loneliness, as nothing else could have done at that moment. It reminded her that she was not really alone—never could be alone; and then, as if her thought grew audible, she could hear it tell her that in doing her duty, in the face of all obstacles, she should find her strength and her happiness.

Sad thoughts, these, for a bride, to whom all nature should have sung an epithalamion.

But she was a lonely bride, going to a lonely bridal. What had she to do with "garlands greene," or any other joyful evidence of Hymen. And yet no bride ever was more worthy of the poet's song:—

"But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
(Warrnick with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more, then, would ye wonder at that sight."

With a timid heart and faltering step, she descended from the carriage. The landlady, a dapper, fussy little woman, came out to meet her, and took her at once to the rooms Dr. Jameson had ordered.

He had not told her that it was for a young married couple, nor had he hinted anything of a wedding service being performed in her best parlour. So she accepted Hagar as a married lady, whose husband would follow at his leisure.

It was a positive relief to Hagar to hear the sound of a woman's voice, and she was sorry when she found herself alone in the old-fashioned parlour of the country inn. She sat for a long time staring vacantly about her, fascinated by the exceeding ugliness of a huge sampler that hung over the mantel-piece, representing Adam and Eve before the fall. Eve was standing beside the tree of life, which grew out of a very red flower-pot, Adam guarded the tree of knowledge on the opposite side, similarly potted. Between them ranged the alphabet, in letters large and small, with numbers up to ten, which, as the bases of all learning, they guarded after the manner of sentinels.

In the centre of the room was a round table, covered with a gaudy velvet cloth. On the horse-hair sofa, where she sat, was a very large antimacassar, representing a peacock with expanded plumage, in crochet. There were books, bound volumes of the *Family Herald*; but reading was out of the question. She got up and stood irresolute what to do, until a sensation of chilliness reminded her of the bright fire. Then she went to the window, that looked more bridal than anything she had seen that day, decked and draped as it was with snowy muslin curtains.

Presently the landlady came in to know if she would have anything before the gentlemen came. The doctor had ordered luncheon at a quarter to three; perhaps she would find that long to wait—it was one o'clock now.

But Hagar would take nothing: she preferred waiting.

And there we must leave her, to return to Austin. What was he doing? A great deal that he had never expected to do, and yet what the exigencies of the case impelled him to do.

He had risen earlier than usual that morning, and was pacing up and down the small sitting-room like a caged animal, when Drummond, his faithful Drummond, arrived to pass the day with him.

Austin held Hagar's little note clenched in his hand. It had inspired him with a resolution he had been slowly maturing while aimlessly pacing up and fro.

"Leave her! Impossible! All alone in that country inn, surrounded by strangers. The idea was horrible, and, cost what it might, was not to be endured, much less entertained. His place was with his wife: he would not return with the doctor to drag out a miserable existence with Drummond, who evidently did not mean to leave him till they left together."

He had told Hagar in his letter that, so far as Drummond was concerned, he was feeling and behaving like a fiend. He looked very like one at this moment, when Drummond came into the room and said "Good morning," to which civility Austin barely responded.

"Why, Roland, my friend, you don't seem yourself. What's up?" asked Drummond, seating himself. "The sooner you get away somewhere for change the better, old boy. Let us make a move at once. What do you say?"

"I can't," he answered impatiently, still continuing his walk and maintaining his gloomily angry expression of face.

"Can't! That is something quite new," said Drummond, staring at Austin in astonishment, and noting his wild look and manner.

But this observation was lost upon Austin, who remained absorbed in his own reflections.

"You don't mean to tell me that anything is keeping you here beyond your health. You ought to tell me if there is. Have you got into any difficulty. If so, make a clean breast of it, my boy, you know I'll help you. Have you been betting heavily?" asked Drummond, anxiously, on whose mind it had now dawned for the first time that Austin's peculiarity of manner arose from some mental pressure that had brought on his illness very likely. Such things were not uncommon.

"Betting! Your ideas, Jasper, never rise above a card, a gun, or a horse."

"Not a bad limit."

"For selfish idiots, perhaps."

"Gently, boy, gently. I can stand a great deal from your impetuous tongue, but don't go too far ahead. Say what you please, I am certain now that there is something on your mind. Why can't you tell me what it is at once?"

"You are right. There is a good deal on my mind."

"Well, what is it?"

"You are on my mind, and all the infernal teaching you have instilled into me ever since I was a boy."

"Come, Roland, this is going a little too far. Are you mad? What do you mean?"

"What I say; that your evil influence has landed me in the worst hole I ever found myself in in my life. Who but you have taught me to despise women until I hated to face one?"

"Whew—a woman!" exclaimed Drummond, giving a long, low sound with his lips. "They are always at the bottom of every devilment."

"And all salvation," cried Austin, confronting his cousin fiercely. "Not a word more, Jasper, on that point. I have suffered enough."

"And so have I," returned Drummond, slowly and bitterly.

"You!"

"Yes, I."

"Then you have revenged yourself nobly, that is all I can say."

"But not without reason. Ah! Roland, my boy, let me warn you. If it is some woman that has bewitched you, take care; she will wring your heart yet. Look at me. What would you call me?"

"A cynical old fellow, Jasper, that might have been a jolly one if you had only known how to set about it."

"But a woman, don't you see, put a stop to my learning the lesson. There was a time when I was fool enough, as you call it, to think as you do now."

"Impossible!" cried Austin, with a bitter laugh. They understood each other, these two men, and were as unsparing in their speech as in their friendship.

"Impossible, do you say? But I tell you I was. I was once very hard hit—so hard hit, indeed, that I have cursed every woman since, because of the one who broke my heart."

"Jasper!"

"It is a fact."

For a moment Austin stood before his cousin, wondering if this were indeed the same man. The recollection of a time that had been had softened Drummond's voice and the expression of his usually stern face. Austin felt inclined to offer him some expression of sympathy, only it was not their custom to be affectionately demonstrative. A look or gesture was enough, and Drummond knew from Austin's face that he was not callous to his story. All he said was, and that reproachfully:

"And because you could not enter Paradise, was that any reason you should have tried to close the door for me, who believed in you?"

"I supposed some day you would fall into the snare, and I was anxious to arm you against the trouble that must follow. Women

are constitutionally false; they don't understand the meaning of truth. It is their nature to deceive. While they are kissing you on one cheek, they are holding out their hands behind your back to someone else and betraying you. I know this but too well."

"You must have got into very bad company, Jasper, and in that case it seems to me you only got what you deserved."

"No, she was well-born."

"What has that to do with it?" asked Austin, with savage warmth.

"That from gentle blood one naturally expects the virtues of gentle breeding."

"Which you didn't get, it seems. So much for gentle blood. Let us score one for the commoner sort. But what happened, old boy? She jilted you, did she? Who was she? Anyone I know?"

"I can't speak of it any more, old fellow," cried Drummond; "it is a subject I don't like to bring out of the grave into which I hurled it with a thousand curses years ago. All I know is that she ourdled all my existence then, and I have never been the same man since."

"Because the curses you heaped fell upon yourself."

"I am not so sure of that. I suspect, from all accounts, she had not a path of roses for her pains. It served her right," he muttered, with a savage smile.

"All very fine, Jasper; but now listen to me," interrupted Austin. "You know that I have always looked up to you, ever since I could remember, as the best of fellows, and a hero, but I'll be hanged if I can stand your philosophy on this subject any more. I no longer believe in it. It is as unnatural as it is base."

"I wouldn't trust one of them," persisted Jasper, doggedly.

"Well, I would; and there's the difference between us."

"Does that mean that you are seriously entangled? Well, you must just buy your experience. Who is she?"

"That is my affair."

"Ah! a *sub rosa* business," said Drummond, ~~collected~~.

"If you like," answered Austin evasively, turning ~~his head~~ him as he spoke.

"Ah! then it is nothing very serious. I was ~~glad~~ that you were contemplating matrimony."

Roland made no answer, he had not the ~~courage~~ to avow the truth. Taken by surprise, he was glad of the unexpected construction which Drummond put upon his words, and determined to turn it to account to cover the real ~~fact~~.

Mrs. Sarah that she was doing right in allowing such an unnatural state of things to proceed without a protest, which meant walking up-stairs and attacking the offending cousin on whose account all these precautions were found necessary.

But the doctor's tact was such that he succeeded at last in extracting a promise from her that she would allow things to go smoothly, and would place no obstacles of any kind in their way.

"Well, it's *her* bis'ness, I suppose," was her final retort. "And if she don't mind bein' married as if she warn't a human creature, as anyone might be proud to ring the bells of all the churches to let all the world know; why, it's nothin' to me, and I've nothin' to say, I suppose, or if I had I mustn't a say it. But it's a poor way of bein' made a lady on, to be taken away from one's home and shut up all the way, for all the world like a cat in a basket as isn't wanted to find it's way back again! But there, as ye've settled it all between ye, so let it be. I only hope such bad beginnin's won't have worse endin's. Belikes they will. But it ain't no good my standin' here talkin'; if she's to go, go she must, and I'd best go help her to put up her things as the carrier—Lord! she might be marryin' Tom Hawkins, the butcher, after this fashion—is to call for," said Mrs. Sarah, with a grunt of dissatisfaction at the whole thing.

"And don't forget," hinted the doctor, "if your neighbours want to know what has become of Hagar, tell them that she has gone away for a little change by my orders."

"I tell the neighbours just as little or as much as I think it good for 'em to know," retorted Mrs. Sarah; "and others, too, for the matter of that. It ain't much anyone gets out of Sarah Mullocks, if she haven't a mind to tell 'em!"

After the doctor had parted from Hagar, she sat down for a few minutes before beginning to pack, that she might gather her scattered senses together and realise her position.

She had known from Austin that to-morrow was to be her wedding-day, and she had left all the arrangements to his good-will and pleasure. But now it had come as a shock to hear that she must go alone to her wedding, and alone she must stand, without the face or voice of her mother, or any other woman, to support her by a look or word of sympathy in this the most trying and important moment of a woman's life. It required all her fortitude to support the idea without rebelling. How she would have the courage to carry it out she hardly knew. It was only her great love for Austin, and the fear of distressing him, that helped her in her

be. She had never yet called him by his name; and now, in her trembling agitation, she murmured it:

"Roland."

"My love, my darling, why are you hidden away in here? I have been looking for you," he cried, coming into the room at that moment, and kissing her passionately.

O the relief, after the long hours of loneliness and absence, to see, to feel, to hear him once more, and to know that he was hers and she was his! It was too much for her, and she burst into tears.

Man though he was, he seemed to realize the ordeal she had gone through, and his tenderness was perfect and consoling.

When she was a little calmer he whispered, "Come love, let me dry your tears and take you out. They are waiting, and everything is ready. I am not going to leave you any more."

"How are you, my dear?" said the doctor, admiringly, as he came in leaning on Austin's arm, presenting her at the same time to the clergyman.

Very sweet and gentle she looked; too anxious and frightened to be positively beautiful. Simple as was her dress, embellished only by the bit of real lace at her throat and wrists, she looked a thorough-bred lady. So thought the doctor and the clergy-

They took their places before the clergyman, who, in a low voice, read the marriage service, which soon united them for good or ill, for weal or woe, until death should divide them.

CHAPTER XVII.

HER NEW HOME.

"Only faithful—have you not repented?
Only faithful—is your heart contented?"

THE evening was cold and foggy. The gas lamps dimly in the long street they failed to light. The evening muffin-boy was tinkling his bell as he walked past the houses which, when clearly distinguished, stood like a line of soldiers facing each other, as if ever ready to advance, yet ever waiting for the word of command. A piano-organ was celebrating the last musical success. A wretched woman, with a child in her arms and another hanging to her skirts, was stricking out a miserable wail or ballad to rival the organ, and establish her claim to notice.

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To music-loving Hagar the piano-organ in the street was a welcome diversion, and she was frequently serenaded by the organ-boys, who liked to play to the beautiful lady who rewarded them so liberally.

She is standing now by the window, listening, trying as she does so to realise her life and some things she finds it hard to believe: that she is in London; that she is married; and that, notwithstanding the perfection of her home, and the love that fills her life, she is somewhat sad.

It is nearly dinner-time and she is waiting for Austin, who has not yet come home. Her dress is a dark silk richly made, and open at the neck. To hide this opening she has tied a scarf of soft lace round her throat, and the ends fall over her beautiful neck, which, for some reason, she wishes to cover, much to the vexation of her maid, who cannot understand her mistress's whim. But Hagar knows why she does it, and it explains her sadness.

Since the day that Mrs. Sarah had hung the cross around her neck, she had never ceased to wear it; but now it had become a cross to her in a double sense, for Austin was jealous of it!

Jealous of this poor little trifle! The only cloud that had ever come between them since their marriage had come through it. He had noticed it immediately, and questioned her. When she told him how it came to be hers, he could not hide his aversion. He begged her to leave off wearing it, promising to replace it by one in diamonds if she would obey him. But she had resisted. It was a relic of her old life, she told him, given by her mother as a parting memento, and she wore it in loving memory of all her mother's goodness and affection.

That she should refuse to lay aside this trinket, given to her by the very woman whom he abhorred, whose existence was odious to him, and whom he had inwardly vowed she should never see again, was a serious grievance to Austin. But as these were early days for disputing, he yielded the point, though none the less was determined to gain his end. And Hagar never willingly displayed either her neck or her cross again. His power over her was very great; she could not bear to grieve or disobey him. But to leave off wearing her cross would have been to her sensitive conscience very like denying her mother; so she compromised the matter by hiding it as usual.

We left her waiting for Austin to return. He had told her that in all probability he should bring his cousin, Jasper Drummond, back with him to dinner, and had ordered everything to be prepared accordingly.

Not that Hagar had had anything to do with that; for Austin, fearful at first that she would betray herself to her servants, had assumed the management of their domestic affairs, even to ordering dinner and giving directions about everything. Hagar was nothing more than a petted visitor in her own home. She, whose life had been spent in serving, was now to exist as if she were short of every faculty but the one of asking. Although submissive, she chafed occasionally; but where it involved no sacrifice of loyalty she was ready to obey her husband even to his slightest whim.

The piano-organ having ceased, she was left alone to her meditations and her dog, a gentleman by no means to be overlooked in this study of life; for Mr. Blossom was a pug who could appreciate a pretty face as much as a biscuit, and dearly loved the luxury of lying on a silken lap. He was Austin's first present to Hagar after their marriage, and the only friend at present of her married life beyond her husband—her one companion, in fact.

A loud knock now made Blossom start and give a welcome bark.

"Yes, there is your master at last, Bloss," cried Hagar, starting up and going to the drawing-room door. She did not venture beyond, or follow Bloss down-stairs, which she would like to have done, as Austin had told her always to wait until he came up. He wanted no wifely affection before servants, and she was to be kept apart from vulgar observation as much as possible. He had even limited his new establishment wholly to women-servants, undergoing some personal inconvenience in consequence in order to secure the utmost privacy.

Proud and sensitive to a fault, and ever conscious that he had married out of his set, Austin was always on tenter-hooks, at first, in case Hagar should betray by word or deed, in the simple truth and honesty of her nature, that he had raised her to his own position. So day by day he had instilled some little lesson of conventionality into her, on which she acted with loving obedience to please him. What were they, after all, but trifles? and it was her duty to observe them. But alas for both of them should the day ever arrive when he would exact an obedience in defiance of her conscience. Now she believed in him too devoutly to suppose that possible.

As Bloss continued to bark and growl long after the door had been answered, Hagar knew that he had not come alone. His cousin was with him.

"Come in here," said Austin, showing Drummond into a small

library at the back of the dining-room. "We'll go up-stairs presently. I want a word or two first."

"You have a snug retreat," remarked Drummond, seating himself, and looking round. "I shall expect something very first-rate to exact such an establishment."

Austin did not reply. He had not yet told Drummond of his marriage. It was cowardly, he knew, to withhold the truth. He cursed himself for his weakness. He felt like a traitor towards his sweet young wife, but he had no power over himself to act differently at the moment. He trusted to things being made easier for him when he should see the effect that Hagar would produce upon his cousin.

"By the way, how am I to address the lady up-stairs," asked Drummond suddenly, when they were ready to go.

"As Mrs. Austin, of course," returned Austin savagely, feeling at the same time a certain relief in telling the truth. "For God's sake, Jasper, mind what you are about; leave all your evil thoughts of women down-stairs, and be amiable," he added, "or you don't follow me."

"Why, have we stumbled into a nest of all the virtues?" asked Drummond, ironically.

"Think what you please, but treat the lady I am going to introduce you to as—if—she were my wife, or it will be the worse for our good will. None of your surliness mind, for she is not one of the vulgar."

"I did not suppose her beauty or her manners would be at fault if your taste was at their choosing, so proceed."

Hagar was waiting for them; Austin went up and kissed her after the day's absence, Drummond notwithstanding. Her beauty and calmness always soothed him; and to-night there was a sort of triumph in his affection as he presented her to Drummond as if he had said, "Am I not justified?"

What he did say was: "This is my cousin Jasper, of whom you have heard me speak so often."

She looked up in Drummond's face with a smile of welcome so kind and genuine, that he had no words ready in reply. He looked at her as if he were staring at a ghost. What scared him—that he could not speak, this boastfully cynical man, who now stood there as bashful as a school-boy, utterly unconscious how he had taken her hand and shaken it?

Austin, looking on, was satisfied. He saw that an impression of no ordinary kind had been made on his rough cross-grained cousin, and he considered the omen favourable.

Bloss, too, was satisfied, as he looked up and saw what was going on, determined at last to put in his claim to general attention. But Drummond could not take his eyes off Hagar, and stood staring at her.

Austin did not resent this, as he felt that now it would be quite easy to tell him everything. He even smiled, as he walked down behind them to dinner, to notice how nervous and clumsy old Jasper was in offering his arm, and how Hagar lost all her shyness in trying to make her guest feel at home. She acted hostess so naturally, so charmingly, that Austin, in the pride of his heart, wished that not only Jasper but all his family were his guests. But her very success, and his confidence in her, made him determine, more than ever, to shield her from all impertinent scrutiny; she was so fit to be courted, not only as his wife, but for herself alone, that courted she should be, or remain unseen.

Hagar was in good spirits; instinctively she felt that her husband was pleased, if not proud of her this evening, and this gave her ease in Jasper's company; and Jasper's cynical manner had not once been exhibited. Indeed, Jasper Drummond was not himself. He appeared to be under an influence he could not shake off; accordingly his answers were at random, as if his mind were in an opposite direction. With a visible effort he would bring himself back to his subject, then fix his eyes on Hagar in perplexity and wander off again. But when he spoke to her there was a certain gentleness in his tone that Austin, who knew him well, could not account for. It was so unlike him; what did it mean?

When the pleasant little dinner was over—for Austin set a high value on his comforts, and knew how to be well served—Hagar and Blossom went up-stairs, leaving the gentlemen to their wine.

Jasper's manner had aroused Austin's curiosity to the point of impatience. To be alone with his cousin and hear his praises of Hagar was the wine he most wanted; but it seemed he would be kept waiting long for that refreshment, as Jasper showed no inclination to speak after Hagar had gone.

He sat with his face down, his eyes fixed on his plate; most provoking to Austin, who was in the best of spirits and all impatience to hear his opinion of his wife. Pushing the cigarettes across to him, Austin broke the silence by asking him to have one.

Jasper put out his hand and took it without a word.

The next pause was broken by Austin offering a light, and again they relapsed into silence.

It was too bad ; but, impatient as he was, Austin's pride would have kept him dumb for ever had not Jasper spoken first.

"He ought to say something ; why didn't he ? What would it be ?" thought Austin.

Gradually the fine edge of Austin's present good temper was being turned by suspense into nervous irritability. His cousin's gloomy silence gave way at last. Taking his cigarette from his lips with provoking slowness, and removing his eyes from their glued position on his plate towards Austin's face, he asked the question point blank :

"Roland, who is she ?"

"That is my affair," stammered Austin, nervously. This was the last question he had hoped for, and he was angry that it had been put. "Why, have you any fault to find ?" he asked shortly.

"None, except that she is too good for the position."

"What position ?" cried Austin hotly, as he discerned his cousin's meaning and determined to remove the false impression. "Have no fear for that, her position is secure ; she is my wife !"

"What ! really !" exclaimed Jasper, his whole attention aroused and startled.

"Yes, really," echoed Austin ; "and now I'll tell you the whole truth and make a clean breast of it, Jasper. I've married her, and she is worth it ; and it was just because I could not stand your opposition or the hard conventional opinions of our family that I did it secretly ; and now I can't help it if you don't like it, and I am sorry for you if you are fool enough not to see that she is fit to be the wife of a ten times better man than I am. I tell you what ; she is the most——"

"Yes, yes, I know all that," said Jasper, interrupting him as he was about to expatiate on Hagar's virtues and beauty. "The question I want you to answer is the one I first put : who is she ? If you have brought her into the family and want me to receive her, which I suppose you do, then surely we have a right to ask where she comes from."

"It is of no consequence who she is or where she comes from," answered Austin, with warmth ; "you have only to accept her now as my wife. If you can do this, well and good ; if not—then Jasper, you know what it says, 'A man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife' ; and I never want to see you again. On this point I dictate my own terms. You are the man I love best in the world, and it is in your power to make the step I have taken easy or difficult."

"And for that very reason, then, I think it is due to me that I should know all particulars," returned Jasper, hardly.

"If that be your only price, I can't pay it, and I won't. It is enough that I found her; found also in her what I never supposed possible, from your infernal notions of women—a woman as good as she is beautiful. Do you suppose I thought it necessary, then, to summon a family council to ask if I should marry such a woman? No. So I married her, and there are both facts for you to make what you like of: that she is what she is, and that I have married her. In doing so, I have secured her. Her past has no place in her existence; all that is cut off as completely as I knock off the ash from my cigarette. So why, then, should I give you particulars that can never be of any possible consequence to you?"

"But I suppose she had a name and parents—which, as a county man, you must make known to the world."

"Yes, no doubt; but not at present. That is one reason why our marriage must be a secret one for years. I could not exist under the torture of seeing her just tolerated only by the women of our family and society at large, simply because she cannot produce a name. . . . Ah! confound the whole thing; don't let us talk about it," cried Austin, who resembled a shying horse whenever this subject of his wife's origin came up in his mind, much less in conversation.

He had betrayed enough to arouse the gravest fears in Jasper Drummond's mind. If he could not tell *who* she was, and shrank from the enquiry, things were bad indeed.

"Then what do you propose doing?"

"Doing! What you see me doing. I want nothing better than to live quietly, and enjoy the only real happiness I have ever known, Jasper, old fellow," said Austin, with some emotion, produced by tenderness for his wife and irritation against his family. "I have got six months' leave, I am going to try for an exchange. I have taken this house on a lease. It is to be her home. I shall leave her here when I join my regiment, if I can't exchange. I am in a difficult position, I know. It would have been better had I not married at all, or, if I must have done so, to have sold myself to Dora Ascott. But my wife has taught me one thing, Jasper, which, by heavens! I don't see understood by you or many of the men of our world. I sometimes begin to believe there is a God, and that there is something more real than money and position, although I value these well enough; but they are never given me the happiness I have known since I first saw

my wife. You may smile and call me a sentimental fool if you please, but I know I am speaking the truth."

"Why not turn street preacher at once, and set up a tub opposite your Club?" said Drummond, with a cynical laugh, but yet not unkindly.

He saw that nothing further was to be gained by pressing the enquiry upon Austin. His curiosity, however, was all the keener, and, for reasons known only to himself, he determined to find out what Austin was so careful to hide.

"Set up as tub preacher before the Club,' did you say? No, Jasper; I'll begin with you, the most hardened sinner of the lot," said Austin, laughing: "if I can soften you, none need despair. And now, how do we stand; will you keep my secret and will you accept my wife as your cousin? Are we to be firmer friends than ever, or are you and I to say good-bye to-night and for ever? I am not forgiving, you know."

Austin put the question with evident anxiety.

Drummond hesitated before replying; then he said deliberately and without warmth:

"Yes, I think I can promise you all you ask, although you don't deserve it for stealing such a march upon me."

The two men shook hands over their new friendship; and of the two Jasper was secretly the best pleased, for he wanted to see Hagar again.

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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The Battle-fields of Germany.

BY COLONEL G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I.

VIII.—FEHRBELLIN.

TRADITION points to the Swabian Count, Thassilo of Zolre,* or Zollern, as founder of the princely house of Hohenzollern. Thassilo flourished about the ninth century. He built the castle of Zollern, and left, it is said, four sons, Denkmar, Eribald, Frederic, and Gottbold. Of these but little is known. We come first upon their descendants in the year 1064, when two Counts of Zollern, Burchard and Wezel of Zolre, are returned in the record of those killed in one of the many battles which marked the minority of the Emperor Henry IV. From the first of these two descended Frederic I. of Zolre (who died about 1120); from the second Count Adalbert of Zolre. This Adalbert was, about 1095, co-founder of the Monastery of Alpirsbach,† whilst Frederic I. was its governor. From Adalbert descended the collateral line of Hargieloch, which was extinguished so early as the twelfth century. Of the six sons of Frederic I. only two were founders of dynasties, viz. Frederic II., ancestor of the first Zollern Burgraves of Nuremberg; and Burchhard, ancestor

* The castle of Zolre, or Zollern, is situated in the principality now known as the principality of Hoch-Hechingen. It rises about a mile and a quarter from Hechingen, on an elevation of two thousand eight hundred and forty feet, called the Zoderberg. The castle was destroyed in 1423, rebuilt in 1454, and again restored during the present century. It became Prussian in 1849.

† Alpirsbach is a town in the Black Forest district, in the valley of the Upper Kinzig, not far from the boundary of Baden. The Benedictine monastery, founded by Count Adalbert in 1095, is still in good repair.

of the Zollern Counts of Hohenberg, whose main line was, however, extinguished in 1387, and its collateral line in 1486. Count Frederick III. of Zolre, son of Frederic II., was one of the trusted councillors of the Emperors Frederic I. and Henry VI. He is mentioned in the parchments of the time as being Burgrave of Nuremberg (11th July 1192). As such he assumed the title of Frederic I. Through his wife Sophia, heiress of Conrad, the last of the Burgraves of Nuremberg of the Austrian family of Rutz, he came into possession of the Franconian and Austrian freehold estates of that family. His two sons, Frederic II., who died in 1218, and Conrad I., who followed his brother twelve years later, were both alike designated Counts of Zolre and Burgraves of Nuremberg. According to the custom of those times, the two brothers administered their possessions in equal partnership; so much so that, when Frederic died, his son, of the same name, continued the administration on equal terms with his uncle. This lasted till 1226, when a division took place, Conrad taking the Nuremberg Burgraviate and the rich possessions more recently acquired; Frederic obtaining the old estates appertaining to the family of the Zollerns. This division of the family into Franconian and Swabian branches has descended unbroken to the present day. I propose in this paper to trace briefly the fortunes of the Franconian line up to the time of the decisive battles which established its claim to the regal rank.

Of the Franconian branch—in point of fact the younger—Conrad I. died in 1230, just after the division had been marked out. His son, Conrad II., is therefore historically regarded as its first representative. Conrad II. was one of the wisest and most influential men of his time. He administered his possessions with great care and prudence. From a fortune-marriage with Clementia, Countess of Habsburg, he had two sons, Frederic and Conrad. On his death in 1260 his possessions were divided between these two; Frederic, known as Frederic III., obtaining the Burgraviate, and Conrad, called Conrad III. "the pious," a portion of the Franconian estates, with the title of Count of Abenberg. Frederic married Elisabeth, one of the heiresses of the freehold possessions of the last Count of Meran and on the death of the latter a considerable portion of those possessions, including Baireuth, came to his share. From Rudolph of Habsburg, to whose election to the empire he had powerfully contributed, Frederic obtained an imperial investiture of a large number of lands and prerogatives. A portion

which had been purchased into the family by means of a wise economy, the remainder by the product of the very rich mines in the territory of which Baireuth was the capital. Frederic III. was succeeded by his sons by his second marriage with Helene, daughter of Albert I. of Saxony—John I., who died in 1299, and Frederic IV., who survived his brother thirty-four years. The last-named was a very capable prince. Following in the steps of his father, he acquired for his House several castles and estates, and purchased from the Count of Oettingen the city of Ansbach. He left (1332) four sons, of whom the two elder, John, called the second, and Conrad, called the fourth, succeeded him in joint possession. Conrad died in 1334. The third son, Frederic, having entered the Church,* the fourth, Albert, then succeeded to the joint inheritance with John II. The two brothers could not, however, agree; but, after many disputes, they came, in 1341, to an understanding noteworthy as constituting the oldest family statute of the Zollerns. John II. died in 1357, and was succeeded in the joint inheritance by his son Frederic V., who, on the death of his uncle, Albert IV., in 1361, became sole ruler. Frederic V. inherited all the acquisitive instincts of his race. His great aim was to round off the borders of his territories by filling up the gaps with fresh lands. His success in this policy procured for him the title of "The Conqueror." The height of his ambition was attained when, on the 15th April 1368, he was raised by the Emperor Charles IV. to the rank and dignity of a Prince of the Empire. Shortly before his death in 1397, he abdicated, and made over his possessions conjointly to his two sons, John III. and Frederic VI. Five years later (1403) these two princes agreed to a division of territory on the principle that John should obtain the lands above the mountains and the principality of Baireuth; Frederic the lands below the mountains and the principality of Ansbach. After the division had been made, both princes proceeded to enlarge their borders in opposite directions. On the death of John, without spring, in 1410, the severed portions were re-united under the rule of Frederic VI., and this prince shortly afterwards obtained other steps on the ladder of greatness. In 1411 the Emperor Sigismund bestowed upon him the possession in mortgage,† and

He was made Bishop of Ratisbon in 1341, and died in 1353.

The manuscript is dated "Oten, 8th July 1411." It appoints Frederick VI., of the House of Hohenzollern, Burgrave of Nuremberg, to be "a fully-empowered general, administrator, and chiefest captain" (*zu einem vollmächtigen gemeinen Verweser und obersten Hauptmann*), in the territories of Brandenburg, and endows him with the Margraviate, the electoral dignity excepted. In the

four years later the electoral hat of Brandenburg. Solemnly invested, two years later, at the Council of Constance, with the Electoral hat and the hereditary office of Lord High Chamberlain to the Emperor, the new Elector assumed the designation of Frederic I. His eleventh successor in that dignity, the Elector Frederic III., was the first King of Prussia, and as such is known likewise to posterity as Frederic I.*

Nominated in 1411 to be "the fully-empowered administrator and chiefest captain" in Brandenburg, Frederic, then only Burgrave of Nuremberg, attempted to enter upon his duties the year following. But the rude nobles of the Margraviate received his pretensions with scorn, and, in reference to the even then world-wide trade of Nuremberg, mocked at him as the "Nuremberg toy." But Frederic soon proved to them that, granting the correctness of the nickname, the toy was worthy of the high reputation of the city whence it came. One by one he subdued the opposition of the nobles, and forced them at length (1414) to recognise the validity of the laws which he imposed to ensure the tranquillity of the country. It is to him, and his son and successor, Frederic II., that the Margraviate of Brandenburg is indebted for the first glimpses of returning prosperity. The rule of the second was but a continuation, in all respects, of the rule of the first. It extended, in the person of the first Elector, from 1411 to 1440, and in that of his son to 1471. The internal policy of that period of sixty years may be condensed in a few

same rescript Sigismund bound the Margrave of the day to spend one hundred thousand golden guilder on the lands of the Margraviate, to enable him "to reduce those lands from the warlike and destructive usage to which they had long been subjected" (*damit er diese aus solchem Kriegerischen und verderblichen Wesen, darin sie lange Zeit beklagenwerthe Weise gelegen, desto besser bringen möge*). By this rescript, in fact, the lands of the Margraviate were really pledged to the Burgrave—not in consideration of the loan which he made, under a different arrangement, to Sigismund, but as a set-off for the money and trouble which he engaged to devote for the restoration to a prosperous condition of those devastated lands. By another rescript given at Constance (known then as *Kostnitz*) the 28th April 1415, the Electoral hat of Brandenburg, and the hereditary office of Lord High Chamberlain, with the reservation of redeeming them by purchase, were bestowed upon the Burgrave; and on the 18th April, two years later, he was solemnly invested, at the Council of Constance, with these dignities, without any question being raised of the right of redemption by purchase. From that date Frederic styled himself Frederic I, Elector of Brandenburg, and thence it began the real rise and development of that Margraviate.

* It will be seen from the foregoing narrative that there were four Frederics of the Franconian branch of the Zollerns: the first, Frederic I., Count of Zollern, who died about 1120; the second, Frederic I., Burgrave of Nuremberg; the third, Frederic I., Elector of Brandenburg; and the fourth, Frederic I., King of Prussia.

words. After the establishment of internal tranquillity, accomplished in 1414, every effort was made to repair the havoc which the extravagance of previous rulers had made, to re-people the districts which had been depopulated, to restore the industries which had been destroyed. Whilst, then, the two princes extended in succession the borders of the Margraviate by re-uniting to it the greater part of the northern portion of its ancient limits, known as the Ukermark,* which, in the time of trouble, had been secured first by the Dukes of Mecklenburg, and then by the Dukes of Pomerania;—whilst they took, likewise, from the former seven districts of Priegnitz—the debatable land between Brandenburg on one side, and Hanover,† Mecklenburg, and Magdeburg on the other (1442); whilst, two years later, they secured, first as a pledge from the knights of the Teutonic Order, and a year later by purchase, Neumark, the long narrow strip of land watered by the Oder and the Warthe, and bounded on the north by Pomerania, on the east by Prussia and Poland, on the west by Ukermark, and on the south by Silesia and the Lower Lausitz, and which contains the important towns of Cüstrin, Soldin, and Königsberg; they planned likewise—with the view to bring new strength and blood and capital to the exhausted districts of Brandenburg proper—and partly carried out, a large scheme of emigration from Anhalt, the sober, steady, and persevering character of the people of which country—and who were known as the Askanier—promised much for the objects they had in view. Nor did their expectations remain unfulfilled. Brandenburg owes much of the prosperity it now enjoys to the infusion of the pure German blood of the Askanier.

It is not to be supposed that all these measures of aggrandisement were favourably regarded by the sometimes jealous, sometimes suspicious, eyes of the emperors of the period. Albert II., son and successor of Sigismund, compelled the second Frederic to restore all that he had taken from the Lausitz—the small districts of Lübben and Kottbus excepted. Similarly he forced him to renounce his designs upon Pomeranian Stettin. But, for all that, the two first Electors accomplished great things. They implanted law and order, introduced a system of equal

* The Ukermark, the northernmost division of the Margraviate Brandenburg, is bordered on the south by Mid-Brandenburg; on the west partly by the same, partly by Mecklenburg-Strelitz; on the north and east by Pomerania and the Neumark. It is indicated now by the districts Prenzlau, Templin, and Angermünde, in the division of Potsdam.

† These were Perleberg, Pritzwalk, Willstock, Kyritz, Havelberg, Lenzen, and Plattenburg.

justice between man and man ; restored industry ; re-populated, by the introduction of an outside German race, whole districts ; made themselves respected within and without : and recovered for the Margraviate more than its ancient borders. These were the material results of the transfer to Brandenburg of the "Nuremberg toy"—the outcome of sixty years of well-directed energy on the part of two energetic members of the noble house of Zollern. No one will deny that, regard being especially had to the century in which it was accomplished, it is a great record.

Albert Achilles, the successor of Frederic II. (1471), did not inherit the great qualities of his two illustrious predecessors. To the interests of the Margraviate he devoted little attention. Circumstances, however, forced him to action, and he then showed that the spirit of the race, if it lay dormant, was still strong within him. The Dukes of Pomerania had thought the occasion opportune to recover some of the territory which the two Frederics had forced them to relinquish. But Albert Achilles met them in the field, beat them, and forced them to acknowledge (1479) the feudal supremacy (*Lehns-oberhoheit*) of Brandenburg. The claim to that supremacy was, however, renounced (1493) by his son, John—who had succeeded his father in 1486—in favour of a compact whereby, under certain circumstances, the succession to Pomerania should devolve upon the Zollerns, or, as they came to be called, the Hohenzollerns. In other respects the reign of John was uneventful. His son and successor (1499), Joachim I., was a strong, in many respects a great, man. During his rule of nearly thirty-six years the great schism between the Church of Rome and her followers, of which Luther was the leader and the exponent, took place in Germany. A Catholic by conviction, Joachim detected in the movement the germs of that general revolt against supreme authority which broke out a century later and was the main cause of the Thirty Years' War. Loyal to the core to the Empire and the Emperor, he declared war against a creed which to him was not only a pestilential heresy but a canker-worm gnawing the base of the edifice of authority. He suppressed, then, as far as he could, all manifestations in favour of the new religion, and denounced conformity as a political crime. Not even to his own wife, Elisabeth of Denmark, who had embraced the faith of Luther, would he allow the practice which he sternly refused to others. And when she, strong in her faith, persisted, he proceeded to acts of violence which forced her to flee for refuge into Saxony.

In these proceedings he showed himself, rightly or wrongly, strong man; in others he was really great. He put down, at once and for ever, the high-handed practices in which his obduracy had been in the habit of indulging, and compelled them to respect the law; he founded (1506) an university at Frankfort on the Oder, and established at Berlin (1516) a supreme court of judicature. If he was stern and unbending, he was, according to his convictions, just to all, and during his reign Brandenburg made a remarkable advance in prosperity and power.

In one respect Joachim I. displayed a weakness in favour of his own family, when its interests came in contact with those of the country over which he ruled. The male line of Schleswig-Holstein died out, and his wife became heiress to that duchy. As well by the existing family law, laid down by his grandfather, Albert Achilles, known as *dispositio Achilles*, as by the Golden Bull of the Emperor Charles IV.,* the Elector of Brandenburg possessed the right, under such circumstances, to add that duchy to the actual territories of his House. But Joachim had two sons, and he could not resist the temptation to provide for the younger. In spite, then, of the law, he deliberately severed the Neumark† from the Electoral lands and transferred them to his second son, Hans of Cüstrin.

Joachim I. died in 1535. His sons, Joachim II. and Hans, embraced the Reformed religion; but whilst the former adhered very zealously to the League of Smalcald, and introduced the new faith into the Neumark, Joachim, in his reverence for and desire to live in good understanding with the Emperor, held aloof from the League. Not the less, however, did he promote the spread of the doctrines of Luther in his own dominions, and even introduced them into Courland. In other respects the Electoral House of Hohenzollern greatly prospered during his reign. It might be said, indeed, that the foundation-stone of its future greatness was laid. In the first place, he made a friendly compact with Frederic II., Duke of Liegnitz, in virtue of which, on the default of heirs male in that family, the principalities of Liegnitz, Brieg, and Wohlau were to devolve upon the representative of the Hohenzollerns‡; in the second, the Imperial

issued at the Diet of Nuremberg, 1552. Its provisions constituted the fundamental law of the German Empire.

* Vide page 417

† The Pfaltz family of the Dukes of Liegnitz died out in 1675. The compact entered into by them constituted the basis of the claim preferred to Silesia by Frederic II. of Prussia.

Diet assembled at Petrikau 1563 guaranteed to the Brandenburg Hohenzollerns the reversion of the duchy of Prussia in the event of the extinction of the then ruling family of Brandenburg—*Quoltzsch Ansbach*.

These dispositions promised well for the future, and Joachim II., on the eve of being gathered to his fathers in 1571, must have felt that he had laid a secure foundation of greatness that would come. Under his successor, John George, the young state made a considerable stride forward. That prince, bent on the development of his country and the extension of his dominions, reunited under the Electoral sway the severed provinces of the Neumark and Courland, and, suppressing the three bishoprics of Brandenburg, Havelberg, and Lebus, annexed the lands attaching to them. He maintained, at the same time, the claims of his son to the archbishopric of Magdeburg, a see which, since 1513, had been ever occupied by a member of the House of Brandenburg. Above all, he pushed the claims of his House to the Duchy of Prussia, and to the duchies of Cleve, Jülich, and Berg, the former secured to it, as I have shown, by the resolutions of the Diet of Petrikau—the reigning Duke, Albert Frederic, having no male heir; the latter, by the marriage of his grandson, John Sigismund, with Anna, only daughter of Eleonora,* wife of Albert Frederic, and sole heiress to those duchies. Death overtook John George (1598) before the claim upon these duchies had become due, but the same end was pursued with even more vigour by his son and successor, Joachim Frederic. This prince caused the investiture over Prussia to be renewed, and endeavoured by all means to win the suffrages of the nobles in the three duchies. Besides this, he confirmed with his cousins the family compact made by their common ancestor, Albert Achilles (1603), and the year following he established the College of the Privy Council, as standing chief guardian of the fundamental rights of the family. He died (1608) before the occurrence of the event which would have gratified all his aspirations. His son, however, John Sigismund, husband of the heiress Anne, made good his claims (1614), after some hard fighting, to the possession of the three duchies, and, four years later, became, by the death of his father-in-law, ruler, under the overlordship

* Eleonora of Cleve was the sister of the last Duke of Jülich. Her only child, Anne, was, therefore, the heiress of the duchy of Prussia, and of the Jülich duchies, comprising the duchies of Jülich, Cleve, and Berg, and the counties Mark, Ravensberg, and Ravenstein. As stated in the text, Anne had married John Sigismund grandson of the then ruling Elector of Brandenburg.

of Poland, of the Duchy of Prussia. It will, I think, be convenient if I pause here to take a retrospective glance at the history of that duchy, from the period when it was first known to the time when it came, in the manner already shown, under the sway of the Hohenzollerns.

The lands on the shores of the Baltic, which afterwards constituted the kingdom of Prussia, are said to have been made known to the ancients by the famous Greek traveller Pytheas,* about three hundred and twenty years before Christ. Pytheas calls the lands washed by the Baltic "Mentenomon," their inhabitants Goths, and the neighbours of their inhabitants Tentons. In the course of time, the place of many of the adventurous Goths who had quitted these lands in search of other pastures was taken by Slavs, and these mingled with the Goths who had remained. The country west of the Weichsel—that part of the present West Prussia formerly known as Pomerellen,†—was occupied by the Pomeranians; but the lands to the east of that river had fallen to a branch of the mixed race I have referred to, and who, towards the close of the tenth century, began to be known as Borussi—thence Porussi and Prussi. The religion of these people was substantially a worship of Nature, their chief divinity being Perkunos, the god of light. Their solemn feasts were held at the change of the seasons. Forests and lakes were specially dedicated to the divinities. No other people of Slav origin held with such tenacity to the old faiths as did the Prussians. Traces of heathen customs and forms of worship were to be seen in the habits of the people even so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century. The first attempts at their conversion, undertaken in the thousandth century by Adalbert of Prague and Bruno of Magdeburg, were baffled by the savageness of the people. The breast of Adalbert was pierced to the death by a javelin cast by a heathen priest near Culm (997); Bruno, and eighteen of his followers, fell victims to an infuriated mob on the 14th February 1009. Up to this period the Prussi, or Prussians, had maintained their wild independence. Their priests, who exercised likewise the offices of judge and law-giver, had not been slow to point out to them that the abandonment of their old faith would be a sure precursor to the loss of the personal liberty which they enjoyed.

* *Ueber Pytheas von Massilien*, W. Bessel. Göttingen, 1858.

† Pomerellen (Pomerania parva) was formed of the strip of West Prussia which lay between the left bank of the Weichsel, Pomerania, the grand duchy of Posen, and the Baltic. Its principal towns were Schwetz, Königsberg, Stargard, and Dirschau.

They had not prepared them for the contrary process. It was that process, however, which prevailed. Six years after the death of Bruno, the Polish duke, Boleslaw Chobri, assumed an overlordship over East Prussia. For a long series of years this overlordship remained nominal, every attempt at subjection or conversion being fiercely repulsed. After the lapse of nearly a century and a half, his successor at a long interval, Boleslaw IV., succeeded indeed in procuring the absolute submission of the inhabitants of a small tract, but in attempting to push his conquests further he and his entire army were destroyed (1161). His successor, Casimir II., was for the moment more successful. During his reign of twenty-one years (1173-94) he managed to reduce the Prussians to obedience. But the success was only temporary. On his death the Prussians not only threw off the yoke, but, attacking in their turn the Polish possessions of Casimir's son Conrad, forced its inhabitants to pay them tribute!

Meanwhile, Christianity had been introduced into the lands west of the Weichsel. From these a Bernardine monk named Christian, a Pomeranian by birth, set forth at the beginning of the thirteenth century to convert his brethren in the eastern tracts. His efforts were crowned with success; many of the most influential of the Prussian population were baptised, and the commoner people followed their example. In consideration of these great services Pope Innocent III. nominated Christian first Bishop of Prussia (1214). Soon after, however, a reaction set in, the converts returned to their old faith; and their conduct, and that of the people generally, forced upon Christian the conviction that force—that is, the sword—was the only remedy. With the sanction of the Pope, then, he organised a crusade against the Prussians. The campaign opened. The Prussians offered but little opposition to the disciplined forces sent against them. Their appearance of submission seemed, then, to justify the withdrawal, after a three years' occupation, of the crusaders. No sooner, however, had they left the country, than the Prussians rose to a man (1222), re-asserted their independence, and resumed their old habits!

Baffled in his first remedy of force, the Prussian Bishop attempted now a second. Taking example from a measure of the same kind which had been tried successfully in Livonia, he founded (1225) an association of "Knights of Christ," called also—from the castle Dobrin, on the other side of the Kulmerland, which had been assigned them as a residence—the "Teutonic Knights."

of the Knight Brothers of Dobrin. These he sent forth on a new crusade. But they were, even at the outset, less successful than their predecessors. Joining Duke Conrad, they entered East Prussia, but were attacked, defeated, and nearly entirely destroyed (1225) by the warlike inhabitants at Strassburg* (on the Drewenz). Not content with their victory, the Prussian hordes spread over all the lands watered by the Weichsel, poured into Pomerellen, took Danzig, and destroyed the Cistercian monastery at Oliva. In terror at their devastations, Christian and Duke Conrad implored the German Order of Chivalry to come to their aid. Conrad was forced to add to his supplications substantial gifts, and it was only by the cession of the territories represented by Culm and Löbau that he induced the Grand Master of the Order, Hermann of Salza, to despatch a small number of knights to his assistance (1228). At their head came the gallant Hermann Balk. For the first year or two they avoided contact with the enemy, preferring to repair destroyed castles and to build others.† Gradually their number increased to a hundred, but it was not till the year 1233 that they ventured upon decisive operations against the enemy.

In that year the tide turned in their favour. Wearing a black cross on their white mantles, and aided by volunteers, knights, and warriors from all parts of Northern Germany, they gained a great battle on the Sirguna. This first success was the prelude to many others. The opposition, however, was fierce and resolute. The war lasted exactly fifty years, nor was it till 1283 that East Prussia was completely conquered and its people were subdued! By means of German colonists, who flocked to the conquered territory from all parts of the empire, especially from the lands watered by the Lower Rhine, a German character was gradually impressed upon it. To the peasantry was secured free administration of their communities; to the inhabitants of the town fixed privileges. Whilst the war was still progressing the victors had founded the city of Königsberg, in eternal memory of the conquest, after a hard-fought contest, of the district still known as the Samland,‡ under the splendid leading of Ottokar, King of Bohemia. Bishop Christian, who may be considered

* Strassburg lies forty miles south-east of Marienwerder.

† They repaired Culm, and built castles at Thorn, Marienwerder, and Elbing.

‡ The Samland is the territory bounded on the north by the Kurische-Haff—a lagoon or backwater of the Baltic—and the Baltic; on the east by the Deime; on the south by the Frische-Haff—a fresh-water sea separated from the Baltic by a tongue of land—and the Pregel. The whole forms a right-angled parallelogram, divided into two by a line running from Königsberg to Crantz.

the author of the war, died before it had been decided (1243). After the subjection of Prussia, the Knights turned their attention to Lithuania, and aided Margrave Waldemar of Brandenburg in the conquest of Pomerania, which then became his by purchase (1309).

The part which the German orders of chivalry had taken in the subjection of Prussia and the adjoining territories gave them naturally very great influence. Under their protection the towns and cities waxed rich, formed guilds, and became great centres of trade. But after a time the discipline of the knights relaxed. With that relaxation the sympathetic relations which had existed between them and the great towns gradually disappeared. The Knights had failed, after a war which lasted a century, to conquer Lithuania. In 1386 that province had been united to Poland, and, the war still continuing, the Knights suffered at Tannenberg a defeat (1410) so decisive as to compel them to accept at Thorn a peace (1411) in which they renounced their long-contested pretensions. From that moment their downfall became a question of time. The great towns of Prussia combined with the Poles to effect their overthrow. Gradually their fortunes decayed, and in a second Peace of Thorn (1466) they were compelled to assign to Poland, in complete sovereignty, the territories west of the Weichsel, and to accept for the eastern portion the overlordship (*Lehns-oberhoheit*) of the sovereign of that kingdom. The separation of East from West Prussia was a consequence of this treaty.

A period followed marked by the rule of weak Grandmasters who lived upon the recollections of the past, without attempting to remedy the actual present. At length it dawned upon the ruling minds of the community that deliverance from foreign yoke could only be attained by drawing closer the ties which bound the Order to the German Empire. In 1511 the Order elected as Grandmaster Margrave Albert of Brandenburg-Quolzbach (Ansbach)—grandson of the Elector Albert Achilles, to whom reference has already been made.* Trusting to the aid promised him by the Emperor, the new Grandmaster refused to take the oath of overlordship to the King of Poland. That sovereign asserted and sustained his rights by force of arms. The promised help never came to Albert. To obtain it the latter, after many defeats, proceeded to Germany to seek it in person. When it was even then denied him, he came to a heroic resolution. Already, in 1523, Luther had exhorted the

German Orders of Chivalry to renounce the vow which forbade them to marry. To Wittenberg, then, the Grandmaster Albert made his way, saw the great Reformer, and was advised by him to marry and to form Prussia into a hereditary principality. The Grandmaster consented, and, that nothing might be wanting to the success of the project, Poland agreed to cede Prussia to him as a hereditary principality on the condition of his acknowledging her King as his feudal sovereign. The delight with which this arrangement was accepted in Prussia was the main cause of the easy and rapid spread of the Reformed doctrines in that country.

Duke Albert left one child, Albert Frederic. He, however, died, without male issue, in 1618. To provide for the succession the Imperial Diet at Petrikau had arranged (1563) that in the event of the failure of the line of which he was the sole representative, Poland should agree to the reversion to the Electoral House of Brandenburg of the duchy over which he ruled. On the death, then, of Albert Frederic in 1618, the duchy of Prussia at once came into possession of the Hohenzollerns, represented at the time by the Elector John Sigismund. At this point I resume the thread of the story of the Hohenzollerns, which I had laid down to sketch the antecedents of the province thus devolving upon them, and which was to give its name and character to their increasing dominions.

John Sigismund did not long enjoy his new dignities. Very severe illness forced him to abdicate the following year (December 1619), and he died shortly afterwards. His son, George William, possessed neither the intellect nor the disposition necessary to enable a man to guide the destinies of a young country in very difficult times. The Thirty Years' War had just broken out. A foreign invader, professing to secure the religious rights of the German people, was landing in Pomerania, whilst, on the other side, the Emperor Ferdinand II. was taking measures to oppose with all the steadfastness of his nature a cause which he considered to be indissolubly allied with anarchy and revolution. At the outset, George William seemed inclined to cast in his lot with the Reformers. Falling, however, under the influence of his minister, Adam of Schwarzenberg, a Catholic in religion and an Austrian in politics, he drew back at the critical moment, and showed unmistakable leanings to his feudal lord. His covert hostility towards Gustavus Adolphus caused the terrible sacking of Magdeburg; and if, for a moment before the battle of Breitenfeld (Leipzig), he

came to terms with the Swedish invader, the apparent friendliness was of a very transitory character. When, after Lutzen, the fortunes of the Reformers seemed to be on the wane, the Elector of Saxony signed a separate peace with the Emperor (1635), and George William followed his example. The consequence was that Brandenburg, which had been before devastated by the Imperialists, now suffered terribly from the exactions of the Swedes. It was still so suffering when George William died (1640).

His son, Frederic William, known in history as the Great Elector, was only twenty years old when he succeeded his father. He found everything in disorder : his country desolate, his fortresses garrisoned by troops under a solemn order to obey only the mandates of the Emperor, his army to be counted almost on the fingers. His first care was to conclude a truce with the Swedes ; his second to secure his western borders by an alliance with Holland ; his third—not in order of action, for in that respect it took first place—to raise the nucleus of an army ; his fourth, to cause the evacuation of his fortresses. During the first year of his rule he raised a solid, well-trained force of three thousand men, and induced the commanders of the garrisons to quit the fortresses they held. To allay the wrath of the Emperor, he temporised until his armed force had attained the number of eight thousand. That force once under arms, he boldly asserted his position, and with so much effect that in the discussions preceding the Peace of Westphalia he could exercise a considerable influence. By the terms of that treaty, the part of Pomerania known as Hinter Pommern, the principalities of Magdeburg and Halberstadt, and the bishoprics of Minden and Kammin were ceded to Brandenburg. Frederic William tried hard to obtain the other part of Pomerania (Vor Pommern) as opening to him the coast of the Baltic, but in this he failed.

The Peace once signed, Frederic William set diligently to work to heal the disorders and to repair the mischief which the long war had caused in his dominions. To the development of trade and commerce, to the encouragement of agriculture, he contributed so largely by his measures, that during his reign subsequent to the war, of forty years, the income of the State more than quadrupled itself. Nor did ~~unwise~~ parsimony contribute in the slightest degree to this end. He specially cherished his army. We have seen its small beginning in 1640—6. Fifteen years later, in 1655, or seven

of the Peace of Westphalia, it amounted to twenty-five thousand men, well drilled and well disciplined, disposing of seventy-two pieces of cannon.

In the times in which he lived he had need of such an army. In 1654, Christina, the wayward and gifted daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, had abdicated. Her successor on the throne of Sweden was her cousin, Charles Gustavus, Duke of Zweibrücken, the same whom we have seen vainly endeavouring to triumph over the persistent gallantry of the citizens of Prague*. The right of Charles Gustavus to the succession was, however, contested by John Casimir, King of Poland. Vainly did the great Elector use all his efforts to induce both parties to agree to an accommodation. Those were the days—and they have not yet entirely died out—when possession was to the warrior who could most effectually wield the sword. War ensued. In that war the star of Charles Gustavus was in the ascendant, and the unfortunate John Casimir was forced to abandon his own dominions and to flee into Silesia. The vicinity of the two rivals to his own outlying territories was, however, too near not to render anxious Frederic William of Brandenburg. To protect Prussia, then held in fief from the King of Poland, he marched with eight thousand men to its borders. But even with such a force he was unable, or perhaps, more correctly, he was prudently unwilling, to resist the insistance put upon him at Königsberg by the victorious King of Sweden (1656) to transfer to him the feudal overlordship of that province. Great results followed from this compliance. Hardly had the treaty been signed, when John Casimir, returning from Silesia with an Imperial army at his back, drove the Swedes from Poland, and recovered his dominions. He did not evidently intend to stop there. Then it was that the opportunity arrived to the Great Elector. Earnestly solicited by the King of Sweden to aid him in a contest which had assumed dimensions so formidable, Frederic William consented, but only on the condition that he should receive the Polish palatinates (*Woiwodschaften*) of Posen and Kalisch as the price of a victorious campaign. He then joined the King with his army, met the enemy at Warsaw, fought with him close to that city a great battle, which lasted three days (28th to 30th July 1656), and which terminated in, thanks mainly to the pertinacity of the Brandenburgers—the complete defeat of the Poles. The victory gained, Frederic William withdrew his troops. He declined, on grounds of policy,

* Vide page 344.

to aid further in a course which would have resulted in greatly adding to the strength of a neighbour already sufficiently powerful. His withdrawal, in almost bringing the King of Sweden to destruction, was soon to give him an evidence of his own power, and of the direction in which it might be most advantageously employed. Again did John Casimir recover from his defeat; again, aided by the Imperialists, did he march to the front, reoccupy Warsaw, and take up a threatening position opposite to the Swedish camp. The King of Sweden beheld in this action on the part of his enemy the prelude to his own certain destruction, unless by any means he could induce the Elector of Brandenburg once more to save him. He sent, then, urgent messengers after him to beg him to return. The messengers found Frederic William at Labian.* There the Elector halted, and there, joined the next day, 20th November 1656, by King Charles Gustavus, he signed a treaty, by which, on condition of his material aid in the war, the latter renounced his feudal overlordship over Prussia, and agreed to acknowledge the Elector and his male descendants as sovereign dukes of that province. In the war which followed, the enemies of Sweden and Brandenburg multiplied on every side. The Danes and Lithuanians espoused the cause of John Casimir. Its issue seemed to Frederic William more than doubtful. He asked himself, then, whether—the new enemies who had arisen being the enemies of Sweden and not of himself—he had not more to gain by sharing in the victories of the Poles than in the defeats of the Swedes. Replying to himself affirmatively, he concluded, 29th September 1657, through the intermediation of the Emperor, with the Poles, at Whelau, a treaty whereby the dukedom of Prussia was ceded in absolute sovereignty to the Elector of Brandenburg and his male issue, with reversion to Poland in case of the extinction of the family of the Franconian Hohenzollerns; in return, Frederic William engaged himself to support the Poles in their war against Sweden with a corps of four thousand men.

But before this convention could be acted upon, ~~Sweden~~ had again smiled upon Charles Gustavus. Turning in the height of winter against the Danes, the King of Sweden had defeated them in the open field, pursued them across the frozen waters of the Belt to Fünen and Seeland, and had imposed upon their

* A town on the Deine, twenty-five miles to the south-east of Königsberg.

† A town at the confluence of the Alle and Elbe, twenty-eight miles east of Königsberg.

king the humiliating peace of Roeskilde (1658). He seemed inclined to proceed still further in the destruction of the ancient rival of his country, when a combined army of Poles and Brandenburgers suddenly poured through Mecklenburg into Holstein, drove thence the Swedes, and gave them no rest till they had evacuated likewise Schleswig and Jutland (1659). In a battle which took place shortly afterwards on the island of Fünen, at Nyborg, the Swedes suffered a defeat. This defeat made Charles Gustavus despair of success, and he had already begun to treat for peace, when death snatched him from the scene (January 1660). The negotiations which had begun, however, continued, and finally peace was signed on the 1st May 1660, in the monastery of Oliva, close to Danzig. This peace confirmed to the Elector of Brandenburg his sovereign rights over the duchy of Prussia. From this epoch dates the complete union of Brandenburg and Prussia—a union upon which a great man was able to lay the foundation of a powerful North German kingdom !

Frederic William possessed something more than a dim consciousness of the future in store for his country. To him, he felt, was assigned the task of preparing the way to greatness, of making the country over which he ruled thoroughly ready to make the next spring forward. How he had effected this in the past; how, from the crushed population in 1640–2, he had gradually formed an army, and how, by means of that army, he had rid himself of an overlordship which had fettered his ancestors and would equally have paralysed himself, has been told. But now, though the army was still to do much, there were internal reforms to be effected—grievances crying for removal, and which would have to be removed before the position of the Hohenzollerns, as rulers, would be secure.

The first of the evils which he felt must be repressed was the exorbitant power of the nobles, especially in the duchy of Prussia. Frederic William did not act until all his measures were ready. Then, and then only, he took the first step; he imposed a tax which particularly affected the well-born and wealthy. The nobles and the great commercial houses, ever up to that time exempted from all taxation, banded together to resist the new impost, refused to take the oath of fealty, and appealed for support to their ancient feudal lord, the King of Poland. Two men showed themselves specially active in fomenting this agitation: the one, Roth, chief magistrate of Königsberg, the representative of the city guilds; the other,

Colonel von Kalkstein, acting on behalf of the nobility. Frederic William, seeing the necessity of strong measures, caused these two men to be seized and cast into prison. He then forced the recusants (1668) to take the oath of fealty. But his troubles in this respect were not yet over. Roth died in captivity; Kalkstein, on the submission of the Orders, had been released. Instead of recognising the inevitable, this turbulent spirit crossed the border into Poland, and appealed to the Diet of Warsaw to resume its ancient overlordship over the duchy. In vain did Frederic William demand his expulsion. Resolved, however, to terminate an incident which caused an open sore to rankle in the heart of his own dominions, he contrived a crafty scheme to seize the inciter to rebellion. Succeeding in his purpose, he hurried him off to Memel, and there had him beheaded (1671) as a warning to others. From that moment the authority of the Hohenzollerns to tax all classes alike was unquestioned.

Hardly had Frederic William thus made himself master in his own dominions, when his attention was called to foreign affairs. In 1672 Louis XIV., more than ever desirous to incorporate the Netherlands in his own dominions, declared war with Holland. Never had his chances of success seemed so certain; for not only had he England, then ruled by Charles II., as an ally, but he had made a pact with the Emperor Leopold, whereby that prince engaged not to act seriously against him, although as head of the Empire he could not help sending an Imperial corps to guard the Rhenish provinces against invasion. In addition, the French King had subsidised Sweden, and bound its King to attack Brandenburg in case its Elector should make any active demonstration against France.

When the war broke out, Frederic William had marched with his contingent to join the confederated army of the Empire, commanded by Montecucculi, on the Upper Rhine. Montecucculi had secret instructions to avoid all occasion for a contest with France, to make merely a military promenade. In obedience to these instructions he spent the entire season in marching and counter-marching, always taking care to avoid the direction in which the enemy were to be found. Meanwhile the French, under Turenne, had invaded Westphalia. Tired of the purposeless marches of Montecucculi, and penetrating his designs, Frederic William insisted that the German army should march against Turenne. Montecucculi not only complied, but arranged, that in the first skirmishes which took place

two armies arrived within striking distance of each other the Germans should have all the advantage. The Elector of Brandenburg pressed Montecucculi to follow up these advantages, and for some time the expectation prevailed that a great battle would decide the campaign. But Turenne and Montecucculi understood each other thoroughly. The days passed in empty manœuvring. The Elector felt that he was beaten without having fought ("ohne Schlacht geschlagen"). The only consolation he had was that a considerable French army, which would have decided the campaign in the Netherlands, was kept for a time inactive in Westphalia. Weary at length of thus playing at soldiers, and unable, unsupported, to make head against France, Frederic William signed, very unwillingly, with France, the Treaty of Vossem, whereby, in consideration of the complete evacuation by the latter of the duchy of Cleves and its fortresses, he renounced his alliance with Holland (16th June 1673).

Frederic William signed the Treaty of Vossem under very hard compulsion. It went sorely against every feeling of his heart, every inner conviction, against his sympathies, to agree to its terms. He signed it with the determination to break it on the first convenient opportunity. To the States-General he excused himself by pointing to the difficulties of his own position, the soft-heartedness of his allies, and by assuring them that when the opportunity should arise he would not hold back.

That opportunity came more quickly than even he had expected. The Emperor Leopold had become at last alive to the danger of allowing free course to the ambition of Louis XIV. He appealed to Frederic William to come forward once more to the defence of the Fatherland. Vainly did Louis try by promises and blandishments to induce the Elector of Brandenburg to agree to remain neutral. On the 1st July 1674, the Elector signed with the Emperor, Spain, and the Netherlands a convention which was virtually a declaration of war against France. In the October following, at the head of twenty thousand well-armed and well-disciplined troops, he marched to Strasbourg and joined the Imperial army in Alsace.

The commander of the Imperialists was Bournonville, a man unfit to command under any circumstances, still less to make head against so perfect a master of the art of war as was Turenne. Bournonville had, however, for a long time the advantage in numbers. But he did not utilise them. The campaign is considered as Turenne's masterpiece. He out-manœuvred the

Imperial army; then beat it near Mulhausen (29th December); again at Türkheim (5th January 1675); and by the 11th had driven it entirely out of Alsace. "There is no longer any enemy in Alsace," he wrote, "except the prisoners I have taken!"

To Frederic William the campaign was full of disappointment and disaster. For its untoward result he blamed the Imperial commander. His incapacity he had detected long before the catastrophe arrived. But another misfortune had touched him even more nearly than the loss of Alsace. His eldest son, Charles Emilius, one of the most promising princes of the age, had been carried off at Strasbourg by fever during the campaign. He was still suffering under the deep affliction caused him by this loss, when information reached him (14th January) that the Swedes had invaded his dominions!

It was too true. The reader will recollect that, to hinder the co-operation of the princes of North Germany in the defence of the Fatherland, Louis XIV. had, by the promise of an annual subsidy,* bound the King of Sweden to attack any German Power which should ally itself with the Dutch. Brandenburg was naturally indicated in this contract; and now that the Elector was far away in Alsace, his troops severely handled by Turenne, the French King called upon Sweden to carry it out. It is due to the councillors of Charles XI., King of Sweden—who, the son and successor of the Charles Augustus whom we have already met, had but little more than two years before (December 1672) terminated his minority—to state that he very unwillingly complied. But the King of France insisted; Charles himself was young and weak; finally, then, in the month of January 1675, General Wrangel led a Swedish army, twenty thousand strong, and invaded the dominions of the Elector.

The cautious proceedings of the invaders at the outset seemed to indicate that their main object was, by a diversion, to free the Elector to withdraw his troops from the army of the Empire. Soon, however, the love of gain, the sight of a defenceless country, changed their design. Throwing aside their caution, the Swedes marched boldly forward, plundering and burning as they advanced, until, in the month of May, they entered Havelland,† the granary of Berlin, and carried their devastations up

* This subsidy was to amount to six hundred thousand rix-dollars, equivalent to ninety thousand pounds sterling.

† Havelland comprises the country bordered by the Havel on one side, and by the low grounds watered by the overflowings of the Havel and the Dönnau. The Havel is a small river which, after running a course of sixty miles, joins the Havel (not six miles north-north-west of Brandenburg).

to the very gates of that capital. Whilst they occupied the line of the Havel from Havelberg to Brandenburg, they maintained their communications with Pomerania by occupying the bridge over the little river Rhin covering the passes of Fehrbellin, of Cremmen, and of Oranienburg. Wrangel intended to concentrate his troops and, crossing the Elbe, to press forward into the Altmark, there to effect a junction with the Duke of Hanover, who only wanted a pretext to declare in favour of the French. His preparations for that purpose had nearly been completed at the middle of June; the only point still remaining to be accomplished was the concentration of the army. It was still spread in a long line along the Havel, occupying as main points Havelberg, Rathenow, and Brandenburg. In point of fact, Wrangel felt himself perfectly assured against an attack. He believed the Elector and his army to be either in Franconia—where he had taken winter quarters—or on his march thence to the Rhine.

Wrangel was still living in the paradise of fools, when suddenly information was brought to him that his centre of his line—Rathenow—had been pierced; and his troops there killed, made prisoners, or put to flight!

It had happened in this manner. Frederic William had, we have seen, first learned the invasion of the Swedes as he himself was retreating from Alsace before Turenne. His first thought was a joyful one. During the negotiations preceding the Peace of Westphalia Frederic William had tried hard to obtain Pomerania. He had not prevailed. The claims of Sweden had been preferred to his claims. Now, without cause, Sweden was invading his territory. The longing for Pomerania, which had never left him, showed itself in the words which he exclaimed when he heard of the invasion: "I shall make them give me Pomerania." He was forced to give his army a few weeks' rest in and about Schweinfurt, in Franconia; but he was not idle there. He filled up the gaps made by the campaign, repaired the damages in horses, in clothing, in *matériel*; then, in the third week of May, everything being in readiness, he set out. He had kept his own counsel; not a syllable of his intentions had eked out; his generals even were ignorant of them. Giving out that he was about to occupy Magdeburg, he pressed on through the Thüringen Forest, and reached Magdeburg on the 11th June. Here he learned that the Swedes, unconscious of danger, still occupied their old quarters along the Havel. The weather was thick and rainy, the roads

were muddy and difficult; but, in spite of all, Frederic William and his Brandenburg horsemen pressed on with the greatest alacrity, leaving the infantry to follow as they best might. Those daring horsemen reached Rathenow in the early grey dawn of the 15th, seized by a stratagem the bridge over the Havel, surprised the garrison, cut down some, made prisoners of others, and forced the remainder to take refuge in flight!

Frederic William had thus gained a position similar to those, many in number, which the campaign of 1796—the most brilliant campaign in the world's history—was more completely to illustrate. With a force far inferior to the enemy's on the whole, he had pierced that enemy's centre, and cut off all communication between his right wing and his left. Each of those wings stood now ignorant even of the existence of the other, and tremblingly doubting whether it might or might not be possible to re-unite on a centre point in the rear of both. But Frederic William had foreseen their doubts and difficulties. Though his infantry was still behind, yet from the very hour of his victory at Rathenow he had begun to take measures to render retreat and combination alike impossible. One small party of picked men sent out on the instant had burnt the bridge at Fehrbellin; others, of larger dimensions, had occupied the passes of Cremen and Oranienburg.

More Frederic William could not do until his infantry should arrive. There still seemed to remain, then, one chance for Wrangel. That general was at Brandenburg with his left wing, which constituted the bulk of the army which remained to him, when he heard of the disaster at Rathenow. Had he marched with vigour against Rathenow and attacked, with superior forces, the Brandenburgers as they were lengthening their line towards Fehrbellin, he might with good leading have counted on success. Ignorant, however, of the fact that Frederic William had only cavalry, and to a certain extent demoralised by the rude awakening he had received, Wrangel thought of nothing but escape. Unable to take the main road by Rathenow, he resolved to follow the banks of the Beetz as far as Gross Behnitz, and to gain thence the main road at Nauen. He carried out this resolve, and pushing forward as fast as possible, reached Nauen on the afternoon of the 16th.

On the morning of the same day, the Brandenburg infantry had reached Frederic William at Rathenow. The high road led from that place to Gross Behnitz. Could he reach Gross Behnitz before Wrangel, the latter was doomed. He pushed

forward, then, with great vigour, reached Gross Behnitz at two o'clock, only to find that his enemy had quitted it an hour before. Again he started in pursuit, and caught the Swedes just as their vanguard was entering Nauen. A skirmish between the Brandenburg horsemen and the Swedish horsemen who formed the rearguard of Wrangel's force, terminated to the advantage of the former.

But the Swedes had gained Nauen—a great gain, for not only was the place very defensible, but it was within easy distance of Fehrbellin. It was still within Wrangel's power, by calling to himself his left wing, to oppose a superior force to Frederic William on a decisive point, and, beating him, to overwhelm the small detachments who occupied the passes. He had, in fact, reversed the conditions; for at Nauen he was between Frederic William and the rest of the Brandenburg army. But Wrangel, instead of calling to himself the force at Fehrbellin, preferred to fall back himself on that place. He evacuated Nauen, then, during the night of the 16th, and pushed forward in the direction of his right wing. He had already reached, at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, Linum, a village a little more than two miles from Fehrbellin, when the horsemen of the Brandenburg advanced guard, led by Landgrave Frederic of Hesse-Homburg, charged his rearguard with so much fury, that Wrangel was forced to halt his main column to repulse the attack. Few as were the Landgrave's number in comparison with those of the Swedes, he yet made such an impression, and gained so great an advantage, that Frederic William—whom the news of the attack had at first greatly displeased, as it interfered with his intention to make a flank movement to cut off the enemy's retreat—resolved to hurry forward with all his troops to his support.

At 8 o'clock in the morning Frederic William joined the Landgrave with all his cavalry—the infantry being still a long way in the rear. The united force counted five thousand cavalry, and six hundred dragoons or mounted infantry.* It had thirteen pieces of cannon. Wrangel, on the other hand, disposed of seven thousand infantry, four thousand cavalry, and thirty-eight guns. The difference in numbers was, however, more than compensated for by the higher spirit which animated the Brandenburgers by the superior skill of their leaders.

Amongst the latter was one man who deserves special mention. This was Dorflinger, who commanded the guns under

*The dragoons of these days were really mounted infantry and nothing more.

Frederic William. He had only thirteen pieces, but he took care to dispose of these in such a manner that when the battle began the Swedes found the position they had taken up, between the villages of Linum and Hakenberg, quite untenable. Wrangel fell back, then, into a new position out of range. But again did Dorflinger outwit him. A heavy mist hung over the battle-field. Under cover of this mist, Dorflinger took his thirteen guns to a height commanding the flank of the new Swedish line, and which Wrangel had neglected to occupy. This height, known as the Hill of Hakenberg, was, in point of fact, the key of the position. Dorflinger had conducted his movement with so much secrecy that it had not been detected by the Swedes, and he displayed a prudence equal to his skill when he resolved to defer the fire until the charge which the Brandenburg horsemen were preparing should be made. At last the critical moment arrived. The horsemen of Brandenburg dashed forward to a front attack. Then did Dorflinger open his fire, and by his sudden assault deprive the surprised enemy of all power of effective resistance.

It must be admitted in justice to Wrangel that his head remained cool, even under this terrible surprise. Recognising at once his error in having neglected to occupy the hill of Hakenberg, he wheeled his infantry to the right, led them up the height and attempted to storm the death-dealing batteries. So fierce was the rush of the Swedish veterans, that the greater number of the horsemen posted to guard the guns were overthrown and put to flight. But for the strenuous efforts of the Elector himself, the fate of the day might have been changed. But one Brandenburg regiment remained on the hill intact. As the Swedish veterans pressed on, its colonel, fighting in the front, was slain; a few seconds later, and the lieutenant-colonel was hurled, sorely wounded, from the saddle; the regiment reeled back: a minute later, and its defeat had been assured, the battle had been lost for the Brandenburgers, when, just at the critical moment, the Elector himself, leading his last reserves, rushed to the spot. Again the combat joined. With desperate energy the Swedes, strong in their prestige, pressed forward; with firm tenacity the Great Elector strove to repel them. The murderous nature of the conflict may be judged from the fact that the Master of the Horse of the Elector was killed by his side, that he himself, surrounded by Swedish horsemen, was being whirled away a prisoner, when nine daring Brandenburgers dashed forward and rescued him from their

grasp. It was a hand-to-hand fight, a *mêlée*, each man striking out for himself. There was no manœuvring; it was strength against strength, Swede against Brandenburger; the prize, the supremacy over North Germany!

In such a contest,—despite the darkness caused by the all-shrouding mist, despite the valour of the Swedes,—the strong Northmen of Germany, inspired by the love of the Fatherland, felt that they were making way, that gradually, though slowly, the foe was falling back before them. After two hours of a contest, resembling in its intensity those described as taking place before the walls of Troy, the mist suddenly lifted, the sun shone forth in all its brightness! Then the truth stood nakedly revealed. The right wing of the Swedes was crushed and broken; the centre and left wing were in full retreat towards Fehrbellin. The victors, utterly exhausted,—they had scarcely quitted their saddles for eleven days—were too worn out to pursue. It was not till the following morning that, refreshed and recovered, they followed the retreating foe to the borders of Mecklenburg.

Such was the battle of Fehrbellin—a battle which not only freed Brandenburg from a dangerous enemy and paved the way for the surrender of Pomerania to its Elector, but which broke for ever the spell of invincibility which for more than half a century had attached itself to Sweden—a spell which, gained at Leipzig, at Lützen, had indeed vanished for an instant at Nördlingen, but had been recovered and confirmed by the many splendid victories gained by Banner, by Torstenson, and by Wrangel. That spell was now vanished—vanished for ever. Henceforward, the Germans of North Germany were animated by the resolution to become masters on their own soil, proudly independent of their neighbours.

For the great Elector promptly followed up his victory till he had compelled the Swedes to evacuate all Pomerania. Three years later, when they once more crossed the border from Livonia, he forced them again to retreat; and although in the treaty signed at St. Germain in 1679 he was forced to renounce his Pomeranian conquests, he did not the less establish the ultimate right of the State of which he was the real founder to those lands on the Baltic for which he had so hardly struggled at the negotiations which preceded the peace of Westphalia. When he died (9th May 1688) he left the kingdom already made in a position of prosperity sufficient to justify his son and successor in assuming, thirteen years later, on the anniver-

sary of the victory of Fehrbellin, the title of King—a title which a descendant was to exchange, a hundred and seventy years later, for the higher dignity of Emperor!

The degree of importance attached by the Brandenburg-Prussian people to the victory of Fehrbellin is proved by the monuments which, from time to time, have been raised on the field of battle. In 1800 the canons of Rochow erected on a hill at Linum a monument bearing this inscription: "Here did the brave Brandenburgers lay the foundation of Prussia's greatness" (*Hier legten die braven Brandenburger den Grund zu Preussen's Grösse*). In 1857 the Warrior's Club (*Kriegerverein*) of the Havelland placed a second monument on the battle-field. And, lastly, on the 18th June 1875, the two hundredth anniversary of the victory, the present Crown Prince of the German Empire laid with his own hand the foundation stone of a third monument which has subsequently been erected on the hill of Hakenberg, the hill the opportune seizure of which by Dorflinger had given the gallant horsemen of Brandenburg the opportunity which their courage, directed by their great leader, had known how to make decisive.

The New American Cruisers.

AFTER many years of hesitation and agitation, the United States' Congress has definitely voted a sum of money for the building of new war-ships, and since August last three cruisers and a despatch vessel have been laid down at the yard of Mr. John Roach at Chester, Pennsylvania. The reconstruction of the American Navy may thus be considered to have fairly begun, albeit the beginning is but a modest one when compared with the ordinary operations of a first-class naval power. Full particulars of the new cruisers have been published by Mr. Bowles, the Secretary to the Advisory Board, which has been created for the purpose of supervising the construction of the vessels, and from this authoritative statement we shall draw most of the facts recited in the following pages.*

In an article published in the *Army and Navy Magazine* for 1882, a full account is given of the action taken up to that time by the Secretary of the American Navy, and those who sympathised with his view of the inefficiency of the naval forces of the country. It is needless to repeat the story there told; and it will suffice here to say that nothing was done towards remedying the admittedly unsatisfactory condition of affairs until May of last year. Tenders were then invited from several firms of ship-builders, and in August last the whole of the work was assigned to Mr. Roach, whose offer was considerably below that of any other firm.

The aggregate sum to be expended on the four vessels, exclusive of armament, masts, rigging, boats, stores, &c., is rather over half a million sterling—or less than the cost of the hull of a single first-class modern armoured ship. Yet the decision to incur this expenditure has been so widely advertised and made the subject of so many comments, that it is surprising to find on examination

* Mr. Bowles' paper is published in the *Proceedings* of the United States Naval Institute for 1888.

how little has been done. It is natural, however, to find Americans impressed by even this small step in advance, after so many years of stagnation. On the other hand it is obvious that as yet the United States is making no serious effort to regain the position amongst naval powers which had been attained twenty years ago and has since been sacrificed.

Some of the notices which have appeared in English publications have held up these cruisers to the admiration of naval men, and recommended their imitation in the Royal Navy. While admitting the great ability and ingenuity of American shipbuilders, and recognising the many successes they have achieved, it scarcely seems probable that they should, at a bound, surpass all that has been done in Europe under the stress of a competition so keen and continuous as that which has been in force for twenty years, during which the constructors and engineers of the United States have practically had no demands made upon them. Anyone who will take the trouble to study the facts will see that such wholesale laudation as has been indulged in is quite out of place; and the most competent American authorities fully admit that the new vessels, instead of being patterns which might be copied advantageously in Europe, are really based upon European models. They are far from being slavish reproductions, and they contain some novel features; but after admitting to the full the meritorious features of the designs, we cannot agree that they will influence European practice to any sensible extent.

The largest of the three cruisers is to be named the *Chicago*. She is really a slight variation from the design of the *Leander* class of the Royal Navy, which were begun nearly four years ago. The *Leander* is 300 feet long, 46 feet beam, and about 3,800 tons displacement; the *Chicago* is to be 315 feet long, 48 feet broad, and of 4,500 tons displacement. In the *Chicago*, as in the *Leander*, a protective deck of steel, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, shelters the engines and boilers, and the magazines are also protected by thick plating. Both vessels have steel hulls; both have twin-screws, and a fairly good sail-spread. The structural arrangements and coal-stowage of the *Leander* are copied in the *Chicago*. Among the principal points of difference between the two vessels may be mentioned the armament and the fitting of a spar deck in the *Chicago*. The *Leander* has a long poop and forecastle; her armament is all carried on the upper deck, and consists of ten 6-inch breech-loading guns, four of which are mounted on projecting "sponsons," and made capable of firing parallel to the hull, and gifted with a large horizontal arc of elevation.

complete spar-deck, covering not merely the ends but the central portion also of the upper deck. On this spar deck, and at a considerable height above water, four 8-inch breech-loading guns are to be carried on projecting galleries, and to be made capable of training through large arcs, so as to be used as bow or stern chase guns, or as broadside guns. On the upper deck, and completely sheltered by the spar-deck, are carried eight 6-inch guns and ten 5-inch guns. The latter are fought at recessed ports at the stern; and two of the 6-inch guns are similarly fought at recessed bow-ports. The remaining 6-inch guns are carried at broadside ports. Besides these guns, the *Chicago* is to carry six Hotchkiss guns; this light armament comparing with eight Nordenfelt guns carried by the *Leander*.

In armament, therefore, the *Chicago* is decidedly superior to the *Leander*, as she ought to be, seeing that she is about 20 per cent. greater in displacement. The 8-inch guns are placed in a very commanding position, and with proper mountings, as well as a suitable service of ammunition, they ought to be of great value. But when it is remembered that the proposed 8-inch guns are to have a projectile of 250 lbs. weight, and a powder charge of about 120 lbs., it is obvious that careful arrangements are needed if the guns are to be rapidly and easily worked by a moderate number of men. In fact, the manufacture of the guns and the design of the gun mountings constitute the greatest difficulty which the designers of the *Chicago* have to face. So far as we are informed up to the present time one experimental 6-inch gun of modern type has been made and tried in the United States. This is said to have been fairly successful. But it is a considerable step onward to the 8-inch gun and its mountings; and that step must be taken soon if the *Chicago* is not to share the fate of many modern war-ships, and find her progress arrested while questions relating to her armament are being answered. The United States Government are naturally anxious to have the guns and mountings made at home; and they have despatched some of their best officers to this country and to the Continent to gain information in order to facilitate the development of home-manufactures. But it is certain that if the *Chicago* and the other cruisers are to be rapidly completed, they would do wisely to seek abroad for help in the preparation of the armaments.

Even when the production of guns and mountings is left out of account, much remains to be done of an entirely novel character. It appears that steel of the quality desired is scarcely a marketable article in the United States; but it no doubt will become so

if the demand for it increases. The structural arrangements of the *Chicago*, although familiar enough to English builders, are novel to Americans; and it is not too much to say that the *Chicago* and her consorts are, to a considerable extent, experimental vessels, notwithstanding their close resemblance in many particulars to European models. We are disposed to think that this view of the matter has not been sufficiently recognised by the Advisory Board, who have rendered the constructions still more experimental by introducing certain novelties of a questionable character into the propelling apparatus of the *Chicago*.

The boilers of that ship are to be fourteen in number, and to be "externally fired," a single furnace being built below each boiler and lined with fire-brick. It is claimed for these boilers that they are efficient steam generators, are no heavier than ordinary cylindrical marine-boilers, occupy a less space in the vessel, raise steam more quickly, and are cheaper to construct and keep in repair. Experience will show whether or not these views will be justified; but the weight of opinion amongst English engineers is decidedly against the departure from ordinary practice.

A still more startling novelty in the *Chicago* is the employment of beam-engines to drive the twin-screws. Beam-engines have been very largely and successfully used in paddle-steamers, and in a few instances similar engines have been used in screw steamers. The *Chicago* is, however, the first high-speed twin-screw vessel in which such an engine has been fitted, and its performance will be watched with interest. Here again English engineers do not consider the departure from modern practice a wise one; and certainly, in view of the serious failures in the machinery of the *Wasp* class of cruisers, the Advisory Board would have followed a safer course had they been content to copy the later arrangements of machinery in vessels like the *Iris* or *Leander*, reserving the experiment for less important vessels of smaller power and less speed. However, we will not anticipate failure, and we certainly do not desire it; on the contrary, if the views of English engineers should be shown to be ill-founded by the actual performance of the *Chicago*, a very valuable piece of information will have been gained by the profession.*

As regards speed, the official chronicler is emphatically cautious. The "sea-speed" of the *Chicago* is set down at fourteen knots the indicated horse-power of the engines at 3,000. Further, it is

* Since the above remarks were written statements have been published in America to the effect that it is in contemplation to abandon these novel features in the *Chicago*, and to use established types of machinery.

stated that "if the machinery proves efficient, and the screws suitable, it will not be a surprise if the *Chicago* makes nearly sixteen knots on the measured mile." This is modest as well as cautious. The total weight of the propelling-apparatus is put down at 937 tons, for which weight an English marine engineer would guarantee at least 6,000 horse-power without the use of forced draught in the stoke-holes; and with this power the *Chicago* ought to sensibly exceed sixteen knots on the measured mile. But it is well, under the circumstances, to keep something in hand; and the Advisory Board has recognised the fact in their estimates.

A large coal-supply has been aimed at in the *Chicago*, as in the *Leander*, in order to increase the sea-keeping qualities. Ordinarily, 800 tons will be carried by the *Chicago*, but bunkers will be provided for 940 tons, and it is said that "300 tons additional can be easily and safely stowed on the berth-deck." We do not question the last statement, but it is rather a novel method of describing the coal-carrying capacity of a modern war-ship. If it is to be generally adopted, all statements of coal-endurance hitherto given in descriptions of such ships will be open to revision; and differences of opinion are likely to arise between rival designers as to the amounts which may be "easily and safely carried" on the decks of ships. It would have been better had the official statement taken cognisance only of bunker-capacity. Even when thus limited the *Chicago* would possess exceptionally large coal-endurance, provided that she maintained moderate speed only—eight to nine knots—under ordinary conditions, as war-ships universally do. Their ordinary service requires no greater speed, and they are rarely required to go at full speed.

Mr. Bowles draws attention, very properly, to the manner in which American engineers have been handicapped hitherto in consequence of the practice of burning anthracite coal only in the United States Navy, except when the vessels are on foreign stations. All designs of boilers have been based upon the use of anthracite, and about 50 per cent. greater grate area has been provided than is usual with soft coal. Anthracite has been preferred because of its smokeless quality; but the price paid for its superiority in this respect is clearly too heavy, if it be correctly stated that "the weight saved on the machinery of the *Chicago* by designing on the basis of soft coal amounts to more than the whole weight of armament, or to two days' coal-supply at full power." The weight for the protective deck was thus provided in the actual design.

The *Chicago* is to have appliances fitted for forcing the draught in the stoke-holes, downcast air-shafts and powerful fans being

provided. Her arrangement of boilers is not well-adapted, however, for this system; and the gain in power and speed will not be so large as with other arrangements now commonly adopted in the Royal Navy and elsewhere, even if the novel type of boiler gives no trouble under the condition of forced draught.

Summing up the foregoing description, it may be said that the *Chicago* is an enlarged *Leander*, with practically the same protection, a more powerful armament, about equal speed (if her machinery proves successful), and with about the same proportionate sail-spread. She is about 20 per cent. heavier, and about 25 to 30 per cent. more costly than the *Leander*. As a sea-going vessel she ought to be most popular, and she will undoubtedly be a valuable addition to the United States Navy if the intentions of the design are realised. The design itself is a substantial advance upon that put forward by the first Advisory Board, as will be seen by reference to the article mentioned above. But it is a notable circumstance that whereas no more *Leanders* are being ordered for the Royal Navy, the United States are content to begin a vessel of very similar type, and to accept a design which is now four or five years old. In that interval great strides have been made in the production of "protected cruisers." The Elswick Company has built some swift, heavily-armed and well-protected vessels for the Italian and other Governments; and the Admiralty has laid down the *Mersey* class as the successor of or substitute for the *Leander* class. It is true, no doubt, that the *Chicago* or *Leander*, with their good sail-spread, would be capable of accomplishing many services which the later type, with little or no sail-spread, could not perform. On the other hand, when fighting capabilities are considered, either as against unarmoured warships or armed merchant ships, the later type is seen to be vastly superior to the *Leander* type.

Possibly the *Mersey* type would never have been accepted in the United States, seeing that officers of high rank like Admiral Porter condemn the *Chicago* as too lightly rigged, and maintain that all American cruisers should be capable of keeping the sea for long periods under sail alone. This view is supported by the argument that special coaling stations are entirely wanting to the United States Navy, and that in time of war "all the coaling stations of the world would be closed against" American cruisers. The special conditions of their service necessarily affect the designs of such cruisers; but it would appear that Admiral Porter, and those who think with him, scarcely realise the very small expenditure of coal which suffices to maintain a modern

oving at speeds of six to eight knots. Nor can it be admitted at sea-keeping capability is to be put before fighting efficiency vessels of which the very *raison d'être* is their power to engage an enemy's ships or to destroy his commerce. The balance of opinion among naval men is decidedly in favour of the practical abandonment of sailing-power except in the smallest classes of armed ships; and the minds of naval architects have long been made up on this point.

The two smaller cruisers are to be named the *Boston* and *Atalanta*. They are to be steel-built, like the *Chicago*, with a protective steel deck ($1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch) over engines and boilers. Their dimensions and displacements are almost the same as the *Volage* class of the Royal Navy, and, like those vessels, the *Boston* and *Atalanta* will have single-screws. The length is 270 feet, extreme breadth 42 feet, displacement 3,000 tons to a mean draught of nearly 17 feet. A sail-spread of about 10,000 square feet is to be carried (brig-fashion) on two masts. The indicated horse-power is to be 3,500, and sea-speed 13 knots. The upper deck is about 9 feet above water, and at the bow and stern this is the height of free-board. Amidships there is a central superstructure, or deck-house, covered by a light hurricane-deck; within this superstructure the armament is carried. It consists of two 8-inch guns, six 6-inch guns, and eight Hotchkiss guns. One of the 8-inch guns is mounted as a bow-chase, with a horizontal range of about 250° , firing over the glacis formed by the low end of the upper deck. The other is similarly mounted as a stern-chase gun. Four of the 6-inch guns are carried at broadside ports. One can be fought as a bow-chase, or transported to a broadside port; and the remaining 6-inch gun can be fought and transported similarly at the stern. The general idea of the central superstructure and armament is evidently borrowed from the cruisers built by Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co. for the Chinese and other Governments: only in these vessels the bow and stern-chase guns were 10-inch 25-ton as against the 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton guns of the *Boston*. In the latter the provision for transporting two of the 6-inch guns to bow and stern ports respectively may prove advantageous if any break-down occurs to the 8-inch guns.

In these vessels the propelling apparatus contains no doubtful qualities; boilers and engines are of approved patterns. Forced draught appliances are to be fitted to the stoke-holes; but here also the arrangement of boilers is not well adapted to forced draught. Coal-bunkers are to have a capacity sufficient to stow 580 tons;

and here again we have the "sliding scale" of deck stowage introduced to the extent of 200 tons, but it is unnecessary to criticise it. On the whole, the design of these vessels offers less field for criticism than that of the *Chicago*; but it is as true of them as of her that the design is a step in the rear of recent construction in this country. Ships are now approaching completion of about the same dimensions and displacement as the *Boston*, but superior to her in protection, speed, and armament. They are only inferior in the matter of sail-spread. The cost of the *Boston* and *Atalanta*, excluding masts, spars, rigging, armament, sails, boats, &c., is about £130,000 per ship: English builders would be glad to accept orders for a large number of the class at that price.

The last of the new vessels requires only a brief notice. She is to be a despatch-vessel 240 feet long, of about 1,500 tons displacement, 2,300 horse-power, and 15 knots speed. She is constructed similarly to ordinary merchant-ships, very lightly rigged, and carries only one 6-inch gun and four Hotchkiss guns. Her intended service is thus described: "She is to be capable of furnishing rapid communication from the seat of government to any point on the coast or the West India Islands; or, in the event of the existence of a United States squadron, to act as fleet despatch-boat or flag-ship." There is no reason whatever why these intentions should not be realised.

So far as we have been able to discover, the times for the completion of these new vessels have not been definitely fixed. We can well understand the reasons which may have prompted this reticence. Mr. Roach has not been without experience of contracts made with the Naval Department; and it is well known that in some cases years have passed while partly-completed vessels have remained in the yards of their builders, waiting for the final requisite to complete them, or for a decision as to the manner in which the work should be done. Possibly no such delays will be permitted in the new vessels, the vote of Congress and the action of the Advisory Board being special incentives to progress. But even when all now contemplated has been accomplished, the United States Navy will remain so weak as to be a reproach, if not a disgrace, to the nation; and if it is not to disappear some special and comprehensive scheme for its reconstruction must speedily be framed.

Pepys as an Official.

By GEORGE F. HOOPER.

“The harvestings of truth’s stray ears
Singly gleaned, and in one sheaf
Bound together for belief.”—*R. Browning.*

I.

THE name of Samuel Pepys has, for the last sixty years, been a household word among readers of all classes, and his famous diary has served the double purpose of being a mine from which the historian of the post-Restoration period may extract ample and valuable material for throwing light on the habits, manners, and customs of the time, and also as being, in return, an object worthy of careful comment and illustration drawn from contemporary and other sources of information. The latter method of using the diary has been taken advantage of to a large extent. We know Pepys well as the play-goer, the musician, and the book-lover; we follow him at the Court and in the tavern; we see him walking in London streets or “taking oars” at one of the river-stairs; and we can enter, without difficulty, into his domestic life, and sit among the circle of his acquaintances. Yet all has not been done. The reaper has left much for the gleaner; and the subject of Pepys’s official life at the Navy Office, with which the diary literally teems, and also of his later career when promoted to the Admiralty, still requires elucidation on many a point of real historic value.

The reason of this is not far to seek. A sheer want of interest is shown by the majority of our naval historians; and this, together with the acknowledged difficulty of access to much of the original documentary matter of the period, has caused the second half of the seventeenth century, as far as its naval history is concerned, to appear as almost a blank, some half a dozen sea-fights, or rather *mêlées*, alone figuring with any prominence. A vague statement is, perhaps, ventured on that Pepys was Secretary of the Admiralty

for some years, and that he was an able official, who was badly treated on the whole, and ill-rewarded for his zeal and exertion on behalf of the public interest. Further than this it would have been risky to go.

In the following articles, however, an attempt will be made briefly to investigate some of the points which have been overlooked, and to examine the position which Pepys held with regard to naval affairs, in order to ascertain the extent of his influence, as an ever-ripening experience and much painstaking industry gave him increased ability and skill in administration. At the same time it will be both necessary and profitable to take a rapid survey of the navy itself, to show that gradual and silent changes were taking place, destined, before the century ended, to place the service on a strictly modern basis, as regards its elements both of *personnel and matériel*.

At the outset of the diary, in January 1660, we find Pepys living in a house in Axe Yard, Westminster, a turning out of Whitehall, occupying the site of the present Downing Street. He then held a clerkship in the Exchequer connected with the pay of the army; and he and his young wife were in such strait circumstances that they were forced to take up their abode in the garret. Very soon afterwards, his patron and cousin, Sir Edward Montagu, was elected a General of the Fleet, and through his interest Pepys obtained the post of Secretary to the Fleet. He succeeded John Creed (whose name occurs in the diary), and doubtless found his experience of the life afloat, short though it was, useful to him when he became a principal officer of the navy. Several of the secretaries of the Admiralty, who succeeded him, in like manner served afloat as secretaries—some to admirals in the home fleets, and others to those commanding squadrons sent on foreign service.

He received his warrant, dated the 20th March, on the 22nd, from Robert Blackburne, the Secretary to the Admiralty Committee of the Council of State.* The next day saw him leaving with Montagu for the *Swiftsure* in Long Reach. They embarked in barges at the Tower; and immediately upon his arrival on board Pepys was busily at work writing orders and letters. When the wind served the ships, they fell down the river to Tilbury Hope, a little below Gravesend, and the General shifted his flag into the

* Robert Blackburne or Blackborne, whose name is familiar to readers of the diary, was Secretary to the Admiralty Commissioners from December 1659 to the end of June 1660. He assisted Pepys greatly by his advice and experience. He had been in 1650 Secretary to the Commissioners of Customs, and a few years after he became Secretary to the East India Company, and continued in that office nearly thirty years.

Naseby, a first-rate of 80 guns, which was a favourite ship of his. In this same vessel Montagu had commanded a fleet sent in 1657 to the Sound, and Pepys had accompanied him on that occasion. With a strong squadron of thirty sail he had been able to prevent the Dutch, then at war with Denmark, from deriving too great an advantage over the latter, and so turning their formidable naval power into an instrument for usurping their neighbour's rights.

For the first three months of 1660 the country was in a state of great uncertainty as to what was actually going on among those who had both power and influence in their hands. The writer of a private letter,* dated in March, says, "We are in a mist, and must wait till the sun grow so high as to disperse it." Pepys, however, found out, before many days had elapsed, that Montagu was determined to bring back the King, and he gives us an interesting account of the careful way in which the feelings of the various commanders in the fleet were ascertained, and of the guarded language in which all instructions and orders were couched. The General told him plainly that his desire in bringing back Charles was, not for his own advantage, but for the service of the country in keeping things quiet. When, at length, the design had been accomplished, Montagu was not afraid to own that he certainly did look for honour as the reward of his labour.

All men were heartily sick of the state of virtual anarchy that had prevailed for the eighteen months since Oliver's death, and fresh proofs of the general joy at the anticipated "happy return" were announced daily. At Dunkirk the soldiers were drinking the King's health in the streets, while in London the King's arms were being set up in houses and churches, and his statue erected in the Royal Exchange. The loyal townsfolk of Deal, in spite of the threats of the soldiers in the castle hard by, were hoisting the royal standard on a may-pole, and drinking His Majesty's health on their knees in the streets, amid much "giving of guns."

Upon receipt of the Declaration of Breda, on the morning of the 3rd May, a great council of war was held in the coach† of the flag-ship, to which all the captains of the fleet were summoned. An unanimous vote of agreement was passed, and on an adjournment being made to the quarter-deck the papers were read out and the seamen all shouted "God bless King Charles." Pepys then went, full of importance and eager with delight, to every ship in the fleet

* *Verney MSS.* Seventh Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission.

† "A sort of chamber or apartment in a large ship-of-war just before the great cabin. It is generally the habitation of the flag-captain."—*Smyth's Sailor's Word-Book.*

with the proclamation, and the proceedings ended in the evening with a grand firing of guns and hissing of bullets. He expresses great surprise on learning the plain and simple style of the royal answer to Montagu, and also of the Duke of York's offer "to learn the seaman's trade of him, in such familiar words as if Jack Cole and I had writ them."

Pepys had had plenty of correspondence to get through up to this time. Indeed, on one Sunday, he tells us, after hearing a good sermon in the morning (he is generally careful to give his opinion of the sermons he hears), they were engaged with such pressing work that "it was four o'clock before we could begin sermon again." He now finds leisure to write the following letter to a friend in London, enclosing at the same time a copy of the vote passed at the council of war:—

SIR,

He that can fancy a fleet (like ours) in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud "Vive le Roys" echoed from one ship's company to another, he, and he only, can apprehend the joy this inclosed vote was received with, or the blessing he thought possessed of that bore it, and is

Your humble Servant.

Pepys had a great liking for pageantry and show, and he would have thoroughly agreed with the renowned Captain John Smith that "there cannot be a braver sight than a ship in her bravery." When he had thus given expression to his conscious glow of loyal pride, he was directed by Montagu to make arrangements for the fleet to be supplied with silk standards, ensigns, and jacks. A quantity of scarlet kersey waist-cloths, and a richly-decorated barge, thirty-three feet long, with a standard, were also demanded. The General's cabin was to be newly glazed with expensive square glass, and the King's arms were to be put up in the different vessels, either carved or painted on cloth. Carvers, painters, and glaziers were to be obtained, and, above all, a set of fiddlers and "a choice noise of trumpets." By this last quaint Miltonic phrase, which must be accepted in its obsolete sense, is meant a set or company of trumpeters.

All preparations being thus made, the fleet sailed from the Downs and anchored on the 14th before the sand-hills of Scheveningen. Pepys obtained leave to go ashore the same day to gratify his curiosity, which was very great, and, though he found the landing rough work, he was much pleased with the Hague. He afterwards went to the "most sweet town" of Delft and to Leyden. After ten days the royal party embarked amid much firing of guns and drinking of healths. Pepys nearly lost his

sion, for in firing the gun over against his cabin he held his head too much over the gun; but we do not find the bad state of his eyes in later years in any way attributed to this event.

The fleet of thirty-one ships weighed anchor in the afternoon of the 23rd, and set sail for England with a fair breeze and splendid weather, hardly bearing out Dryden's lines—

The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew:
Or out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straighten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge,*

which must certainly be taken as a poetic conceit expressing merely a loyal yearning for the advent of the restored monarch. During the passage Charles recounted his adventures in escaping from Worcester, how in a green coat and country breeches, up to his knees in mud, with feet sore from the rough and clumsy shoes he was forced to wear, he managed at last to get to the sea-coast.

The next evening the white cliffs of Dover were sighted, and accordingly everyone was ready to land in the morning. On Friday the 25th May, soon after noon, the procession of boats left for the shore, and the King landed on the beach by the pier, welcomed by the cheering of the great crowds of people assembled, and by the salutes from the guns of the castle and of the ships. Pepys witnessed the stirring sight, and spent the next few days partly ashore, and when on board the flag-ship joined the games of nine-pins, which appear to have formed a great source of recreation for the officers and men.

We miss a description of the gorgeous and imposing ceremony which attended the King's entry into the city, and which, had Pepys been a spectator, would have been jotted down in careful detail, such as we find in his account of the Coronation Day at Westminster. He spends the time in finding out what he is worth, and reckons that he is a decided gainer by his short service with the fleet. The King promised gratuities with a lavish hand. The ships which had escorted him from Schevening were to receive, according to their rates and complements, from £800 to £35 apiece for distribution, thus making a total sum of over £5,800. Even this did not include all the expenses for the navy, as we find in a later account rendered by the Navy Board that the whole amount paid in gratuities and allowances to celebrate the Restoration came to £10,990. A grand re-naming of twenty-eight of the vessels belonging to the Navy Royal also took place, the *Resolution* being

* *Astræa Redux.*

called the *Prince*, the *Naseby* the *Charles*,* while the names of *Dunbar*, *Marston Moor*, *Worcester*, and *Winsby*, all recalling painful memories, were exchanged for the more propitious ones of the *Henry*, *York*, *Dunkirk*, and *Happy Return*.

On the 8th June Pepys packed up his baggage and left for London with Sir Edward Montagu, who was full of hope for himself, having just been made a Knight of the Garter, and who promised Pepys the full use of his influence, adding, "We must have a little patience and we will rise together; in the meantime I will do yet all the good jobs I can." Montagu's position as General at Sea made him look out for the approaching vacancies in the Navy Office, with the hope of obtaining the post of Clerk of the Acts for his *protégé*. This was not a difficult matter. Pepys received his warrant for the office on the 29th June from the Duke of York, who had been appointed by the King his Lord High Admiral, with the full and ancient powers formerly belonging to that great officer of State. He at the same time obtained a warrant for his patron to be raised to the peerage as Earl of Portsmouth (afterwards changed to Sandwich) and Viscount Montagu of Hinchinbroke. Pepys's patent, however, gave him some little trouble before the necessary formalities were gone through. He was terribly afraid of rival claimants for the post, and was also much tempted by the offer of £1,000 in a lump sum if he should surrender it to a Mr. Man, the swordbearer of the city. He heard that Thomas Barlow, "an old consumptive man and well conditioned," who had held the post of Clerk of the Acts for four years previous to the Civil War, was coming up, which put him into a despair and he went to bed very sad. A few days after they met and an arrangement was made between them, by which Pepys agreed to give Barlow £100 out of his salary of £350 a year to satisfy him and keep him quiet.

Before the unhappy Civil War broke out the navy was managed by four principal officers, the Treasurer, the Comptroller, the Surveyor, and the Clerk of the Acts. The latter officer was also known as the Clerk of the Navy or Clerk of the Ships, and his fee or salary was £33 6s. 8d. a year, to which were attached allowances of £6 per annum for boat-hire, and 3s. 4d. per diem for "riding cost," or travelling expenses. But now the salary was fixed at £350 a year, which included the old fee paid out of the Exchequer. This was done by the Duke of York's order, dated the 16th of July 1660. The four principal officers were now re-constituted the governing body of the navy, and to them were added three con-

* The *Naseby*, now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in *Charles* his name.

missioners, two of whom were in London, and the third resided at Chatham to superintend the dockyard there, at that time the most important establishment of the navy. The King on thus exchanging the Parliamentary system of Admiralty and Navy Committees (the former dealing chiefly with the *personnel* of the navy and its movements, and the latter almost wholly with the stores and *matériel*), which acted under the Council of State, for the old system of principal officers and commissioners which had worked on the same lines, more or less, since Henry the VIII.'s time, consulted Sir William Penn. Penn is best known as the father of the celebrated Quaker, but he was an experienced seaman who had served twenty years in the navy. Though he had commanded in many important expeditions for Cromwell, he is said to have been never thoroughly trusted by him. Like Montagu, he gained the royal favour at the Restoration, and was knighted by Charles at Schevening on board the *Charles*. He now presented to the King proposals on the future "Form for Government of the Navy," and from his experience as an Admiralty Commissioner and knowledge of the navy, drew up the duties of the various officers as laid down in the instructions of the celebrated Duke of Buckingham (about 1627), and the later ones of the Earl of Northumberland issued in 1640, but suggested the advantage of a joint body of commissioners with equal powers. The duty of the Clerk of the Acts, or Clerk of Records, is given as being "to prepare and set business for signing and recording of proceedings; he ought to be an excellent accountant, well versed in naval affairs and in subordinate officers' duties, otherwise many gross errors will come."

On Monday, 2nd July, the old body of Commissioners appointed by the Parliament held their last meeting, Penn having been one of them, and on the same day the principal officers of the navy met for the first time to arrange for an Order in Council to enable them to act before their respective patents were passed. A week afterwards they assembled in the Navy Office at Crutched Friars, and in the afternoon transacted business for the first time. The officers were Sir George Carteret, Treasurer of the Navy, Sir Robert Bunsby, the Comptroller (whose appointment was rather later than those of his colleagues), Sir William Batten, Surveyor; Samuel Pepys, Esquire, Clerk of the Acts; with the three Commissioners, Lord Berkeley, Sir William Penn, and Peter Pett.

Carteret had been "bred a sea-boy," and had served in his early days against "the Turk," which term in those days included Algerine and Tunisian pirates, and other tributaries of the Grand Signior. He was a staunch adherent to the royal cause, and organised a

successful privateering squadron for the defence of the Channel Islands, of which his uncle, Sir Philip Carteret, had been a lieutenant-governor. For these services he received knighthood in 1646. He married his cousin Elizabeth Cartaret. He was joint Comptroller of the Navy for a short time under Charles I., and now obtained the lucrative office of Treasurer of the Navy, at the same time being the King's Vice-Chamberlain and a Privy Councillor. He held the Treasurership for seven years, and then resigning obtained the place of Deputy-Treasurer of Ireland. Pepys dines with him, and on one occasion speaks with great contempt of his ignorance, when in the Duke of York's chamber he asked what was the meaning of the letters S.P.Q.R. on the tapestry representing a Roman scene, "which ignorance is not to be borne in a Privy Counsellor, methinks, what a schoolboy should be whipt for not knowing." He bore the character of being a thoroughly good seaman, and an able man of business.

Sir Robert Slingsby, the Comptroller, did not enter the Navy Office till the middle of August, when we find him styled Colonel Robert Slingsby. He does not appear many times in the diary, as he died in September 1661; but Pepys, on hearing of his death, records an expression of much sorrow: "All night I could not sleep, he being a man that loved me, and had many qualities that made me to love him above all the officers and commissioners in the navy."

Sir William Batten (one of the two Sir Williams who are so often together in the diary) was another old Royalist naval commander, and had held the offices of Surveyor of the Navy and of Vice-Admiral of England under Charles I. We learn that he was short and corpulent in his person, and Pepys does not lead us to form a high estimate of his dealings in general.

John, Lord Berkeley of Stratton (in Cornwall), the first of the three commissioners, was an old Royalist army officer who played a not inconspicuous part in the Civil War, and who faithfully followed the royal family during their time of exile. He took the entire management of the affairs of the Duke of York, and was elevated to the peerage in 1658 by a title which commemorated the victory won in Cornwall by the King's forces, in which he had taken part. He was now appointed by the Duke of York to be the steward of his household, and was sworn a privy councillor. He served in the Navy Office for nine years, and then became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Sir William Penn was of necessity thrown much together with Pepys, as he took a prominent part at the Restoration.

on naval affairs, and appears to have been much trusted both by the King and the Duke of York. Pepys is invariably very civil with him, and sometimes even friendly; but he never thoroughly trusts him, and a strong feeling of jealousy is always apparent in speaking of him. He is mentioned as being "a conceited man, and one that would put the best side outward, and his pretence of sanctity brought him into play." This leads to a story being told of the manner in which, during the Commonwealth time, the Admiralty Commissioners chose the officers for the ships they commissioned; how when enquiring of such and such men they would, with a sigh, and casting up the eyes, exclaim: "Such a man fears the Lord," or "I hope such a man hath the Spirit of God."

Peter Pett was the Commissioner appointed to reside at Chatham. He was a son of the well-known shipwright Phineas Pett, who lived during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. The Petts of Chatham were a numerous family, in which the art of ship-building was transmitted successively from father to son for several generations; and we find this mentioned by quaint old Fuller, who adds, "May this mystery of ship-making in England never be lost, till this floating world be arrived at its own haven, the end and dissolution thereof." Pett's name appears later on in an unenviable notoriety, when in 1667 the Dutch sailed up the Medway as far as Chatham, and he suffered for his misconduct.

We find that Pepys was the youngest officer at the Office, and had the least experience of them all; but he was slightly older than the Lord High Admiral, the Duke of York. James had, however, had a variety of experiences during the period of exile, having at first held command over the Royalist ships and afterwards served in the land-service under Turenne, and again under the standard of Spain in the Low Countries. His secretary always held a great deal of communication with the navy officers, and he was a very capable man, who had spent several years at Paris when the court of Charles was held there. Most of his contemporaries praise Sir William Coventry, and Evelyn calls him "a wise and witty gentleman." Pepys had a great liking for him, and names him repeatedly with great respect.

These were the men who controlled the navy, the Duke and his secretary transacting their business at Whitehall, while the principal officers met at the Navy Office, Crutched Friars.

We learn that at the time when the Earl of Northumberland*

* Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland (1602-1668), commanded the fleet on more than one occasion under Charles I., and was made Lord High Admiral.

was Lord High Admiral "there was a House called the Office, but so small receipt that there was seldom more than one, and never but two officers residing in it."* This inconvenience led to each officer taking and keeping his books at his own house, and a loose system of accounts and business was the result. The Earl of Northumberland, a careful Lord Admiral, tried to put a stop to this by requiring the officers to reside as close to the Navy Office as was practicable. But still the office was used only as a place of meeting. "Cromwell purchased the first standing office that ever was yet provided for the navy of England, viz. that in Seething Lane." So Pepys himself tells us, but we learn from another source that it was only part of a house, the remaining portion being in private hands. At the Restoration the necessity of a larger office was laid before the Duke of York, with the recommendation of the remainder of the house then occupied being either purchased or rented, when the united building would be capacious enough. A representation was also made of the gain and economy that would result from the body of clerks being separated and placed under their respective chiefs, instead of all working together as had hitherto been the custom.

The Navy Office, in Pepys's time, lay between Crutched Friars and Seething Lane, with an entrance into each of these. A garden stood at the back, much frequented by the navy officers, who played at bowls and talked and drank there after their work was done. Pepys occupied a house facing Seething Lane, and Batten appears to have lived in the next house but one, while Penn's was on the north side of the garden. Close by was the Church of St. Olive's, Hart Street, where they attended service, and where Pepys and his wife lie buried.†

Pepys dines for the first time at his house in Seething Lane on July 18th, and he had already engaged as his clerk Tom Hater, or Hayter. Hayter was still a clerk in the Navy Office when Pepys received his appointment as Secretary of the Admiralty, and he held

This office he held from 1633 to 1642, when he gave himself up to the popular party; and, supporting the extreme measures of Parliament, equipped the fleet under their orders, and placed it under the command of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, the Admiral of the Long Parliament. He then quietly resigned his commission to the King, and took an active part in the Parliament as a commissioner in several treaties with the Royalists.

* Sir Robert Slingsby's *Discourse touching the Past and Present State of the Navy*, 1660.

† It is doubtful whether we have any drawing of the Navy Office at this time still extant. A fire occurred there in 1672 (as will be mentioned hereafter), and the office was rebuilt. The drawings in the British Museum (King's MS. 41, and Frammark K., 25.5) probably represent the later building.

the good fortune to become joint-Clerk of the Acts with John Pepys. At the time of the Great Fire he was living on Fish Street Hill, and was thus among those burnt out of their homes. He eventually succeeded his former master as Secretary of the Admiralty, and held the post for a year. He then came back to the Navy Office and died early in 1691.*

During the first half-year of his office we do not find anything recorded which is particularly worthy of notice. The Navy officers are constantly at Whitehall in attendance on the Duke of York, and much regular business is transacted. We do not hear, as yet, of any extra pressure or worry, such as happened during the Dutch Wars, or of any dissatisfaction openly shown by the seamen, in spite of the want of money to pay them off. A time of peace was a godsend to the land, and the reign of contentment (although short) was the inevitable sequence to the long period of fiery turbulence and anarchical fanaticism. The navy was deeply in debt, but it was difficult to effect retrenchments when the necessary money for discharging seamen was utterly wanting. Yet many difficulties had been removed, and not the least of them was effected by an Order in Council, dated the 3rd August, for "Cessation of hostilities with Spain, as well on this side as beyond the Line."

The worthy Clerk of the Acts showed the general feeling of contentment, and we find this, whether in his furnishing of his dining-room with green serge hanging and gilt leather, "which is very handsome," or in his frequent dinners with one or more of his colleagues, or in his retrospective view of the Restoration year when he writes: "Myself in constant good health, and in a most handsome and thriving condition. Blessed be Almighty God for it."

* This I have found from the grant of a pension to his widow Rebecca of £300 a year, commencing from Lady-day 1691.—(*Commons' Journals*, xv. 426.)

(*To be continued.*)

Holmes's Indian Mutiny.*

BY MORGAN FENWOLF.

THE argument of Mr. Mill, contained in the preface to his *History of India*,—that the task of writing the history of a distant country, the conquest of which by his own countrymen was one of the marvels of the age, would be better fulfilled by one who had never visited that country than by a man who, spending in it the best years of his life, would be, in spite of himself, influenced by the prejudices, the cliquism, the tone of the people amongst whom he had lived; possibly also by the fact that he himself had borne his part in the contest, sometimes military, sometimes political, always raging,—must be familiar to every reader of that admirable work. There is no doubt but that the argument contains a vast amount of truth. In no part of the world do social passions and prejudices play a greater part than in India. Nowhere is cliquism so rampant. Heroes of coteries abound in every large station. It is true that, promoted to higher duties on the strength of their local reputation, these heroes often prove to be men stuffed with straw; yet the fact that they exist, that they do for a time impose upon their fellows, must, one would think, be an obstacle to the satisfactory treatment by one of their comrades of a subject in which they are all comprehended. If that comrade should write his work before the weakness of the false hero should be discovered, what a distortion of facts might we not see presented to the public as real history!

Take, for instance, the case of Lord Dalhousie. During his tenure of office the entire official mind, with few exceptions, lay prostrate before that nobleman. A sketch of the history of his

* *A History of the Indian Mutiny, and of the Disturbances which accompanied it among the Civil Population.* By T. R. E. Holmes. With two maps and six plates. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

administration was shortly afterwards given to the public by one of the most gifted of those whose minds had been carried away by the glamour of his high-handed rule, Mr. W. S. Seton-Karr, in the pages of the *Calcutta Review*. It is a magnificent sketch of a very eminent career. It reflected the sentiments of all the Anglo-Indians, with a few, very few, exceptions, who had served under Lord Dalhousie. We lately re-perused that article, and were more than ever struck by its grasp, its vigour, its mastery of detail. Yet we will be bound to say that if the documents which formed its basis were given to an accomplished writer who had not visited India, to a Froude or to a Gardiner, with the view that upon them, and upon his knowledge of the results of the acts therein treated of, he should write an essay upon the rule of Lord Dalhousie, the public would regard that statesman in a very different light to that in which he is presented to us in the glowing pages of the *Calcutta Review*.

Believing then, as we do believe, in the truth of the argument which would invest a gentleman who had not visited India, but who possessed the ability, the cool and impartial mind, the power to resist sentiment, and the intelligence, necessary for that purpose, with higher qualifications to write a true history of the facts of a given period than one, not so endowed, who had merely taken part in the events of that period, we hailed the announcement that a new history of the Indian Mutiny was to appear from the pen of an accomplished member of the educational department. We were prepared to hope, at least, that the public would now have the results of the examination by a new mind, unprejudiced by residence in India, of subjects which had been hotly contested. We had had Kaye and we had had Malleon. But both Kaye and Malleon were Anglo-Indians. It is true they had written from different stand-points. Kaye had been for many years an India Office official, and had helped to guide the policy of which the India Office had been the exponent. Malleon had been all his life an enthusiast, a champion of the oppressed, according to some a *frondeur*, ever inclined, by the turn of his mind, to cast in his lot with the weaker cause. Starting thus from different points the two Anglo-Indian writers had arrived at conclusions not very dissimilar regarding many points which are still disputed. They had both concurred in denouncing Halliday, and in affirming the claims of William Tayler to be regarded as the real saviour of Behar. If Kaye had defended the action of Lord Canning from the very outset, Malleon had drawn a marked distinction between his conduct before and after he had gained the local experience without which, in India,

a man must needs be a puppet in the hands of his advisers. On the subject of Durand they had differed. Whilst Kaye had damned that high-minded statesman with faint praise, Malleon had proved from documentary evidence the falseness of the insinuations made against him. Regarding Hodson they had been of one mind. Generally it may be stated that whilst Kaye is anxious to convey the impression that the men in authority were the men who ought to have been in authority, and that the men who received rewards were the very men who ought to have received them, Malleon denounces with an unsparing hand the shortcomings of all whose conduct he deems worthy of censure, indicates, generally by omission of all mention of their names, the men who climbed into honours on the shoulders of their fellows, and points to others whose deserts are incontestable, but who have never received their due.

These differences existing—and more still, the differences between the two historians and a portion of the public on such matters as Halliday and Tayler, Hodson, and others—the public were prepared to welcome Mr. Holmes's book, not only as likely to throw new lights on many subjects, but as enabling them by the help of a mind which had not been subjected to Indian influences, to arrive at a definite conclusion on contested points.

The book has now been before them for certainly two months, and the public have had time to form their opinion. They find that in a handsome volume, comprising nearly six hundred pages, the story of the great Indian Mutiny is told, clearly and perspicuously, in a style that rivets the attention and enlists the sympathy of the reader. In every page there is abundant proof that Mr. Holmes has gone to original sources for his information. He has taken nothing for granted. He has been essentially a searcher after truth, and he has exhausted every evidence it was possible to get at before recording his opinion. On one or two points we are sure he is wrong. But it was in the very nature of things that this should be so. A historian cannot be right on every minute point. Mr. Holmes is right on so many that to fail in one or, perhaps, two instances—and these are all we have noted—might ordinarily be held excusable. In one of these instances we regret that the deviation is not excusable, because it is evident as we shall show, that originally Mr. Holmes was on the right track, and that he only changed his ground—we cannot help thinking for sentimental reasons—at the last moment.

One great merit of the book is its completeness. It is more than a history of the Indian Mutiny. The sketch of the

which form the first introductions, gives a very clear and a very succinct account of the history of India from the conquest of Bengal by Clive to the close of the reign of Lord Dalhousie. The second chapter contains a most graphic account of the rise, origin, and progress of the sepoy army up to the time of the outbreak of the revolt. These two chapters clear the way, very pleasantly, for the record of the great drama. Perusing them, the reader starts with the knowledge which it is absolutely necessary he should have, which renders the subsequent pages not only intelligible but easy of comprehension. In them Mr. Holmes has succeeded in a very difficult task, that of condensing in the clearest manner possible in a few pages the story of events the full narration of which has filled volumes, and the abbreviation of which in the hands of a dullard could not have been otherwise than misleading.

Mr. Holmes then plunges *in medias res*. Painting in a clear light the misfortune of Lord Canning, in finding on his arrival as his colleagues in council men "who had either failed to notice the symptoms that indicated the existence of a mutinous spirit in the Bengal army, or did not realise what appalling consequences must follow if that spirit were not instantly and sternly crushed as soon as it should manifest itself in overt acts," Mr. Holmes proceeds to narrate very clearly and impartially the story of the grievances of the sepoys, of the greased cartridges, of the first acts of mutiny at Berhampore, and of the events which followed at Barrackpore, at Lucknow, and in the North-west. We notice with pleasure that in dealing with the sad occurrences at Barrackpore Mr. Holmes, whilst recording how Lord Canning acted, devotes a paragraph (pp. 90-91) to show how he should have acted—how he would have acted had he had the real statesmen of India, the Duranda, or the Nicholsons, at his elbow!

The mutiny then breaks out. In a spirited manner Mr. Holmes deals with the stirring events of that eminently stirring period. He certainly is not one whit too severe in his estimate of Mr. John Colvin—throughout his career the hero of a coterie, but who always conspicuously failed whenever events required action—nor too hard in his judgment of Brigadier Polwhele. With a master hand he relates the outbreaks at the various civil and military stations of the north-west and in Rajpootana, doing justice, we are glad to see, to George Lawrence, Macpherson, Dunlop, Alex. Mackenzie, Spankie, Edmond Drummond, and many other gallant men, soldiers, civilians, and planters. Then returning to Calcutta, he shows how at that period Lord Canning had failed to realise the crisis; how, under the influence of incompetent councillors he

met the mutiny of an army by a press-gagging Act, and how Sir Patrick Grant deliberately threw away the most splendid opportunity ever offered to a soldier. "While Delhi was in the hands of triumphant mutineers, while from a hundred stations his countrywomen were uttering a despairing cry for help, he (Sir Patrick Grant) declared that he could best serve his country by taking up his abode in Government House, and there directing on paper the movements of the troops whose glory he refused to share." The author of the *Red Pamphlet* scarcely said more, and gave great offence for saying that much. Yet this is the deliberately recorded opinion of an unbiassed English gentleman! We are bound to add that it is the opinion of every unprejudiced man who has looked into the question. Yet it is to the school of officers founded by Sir P. Grant and his successors that India owes the miserable maladministration which forced the Staff Corps upon the Indian army!

Then we come to Patna. Mr. Holmes has studiously examined the evidence on both sides, and, like Kaye and Malleon before him, has decided very emphatically in favour of the much-wronged William Tayler. His arguments are conclusive. There can be no doubt but that Halliday will descend to posterity as an incompetent governor, who crushed the man who made for him the reputation on the strength of which he now sits in the Indian Council; that Tayler will be regarded as the hero who was ruined by his chief in order that that chief might appropriate his good deeds. But, meanwhile, in this callous world, the evil-doer sits in high place, and the defrauded man lies at the gate, vainly clamorous for his rights! Dives revels in purple and fine linen, whilst the souls of Lazarus appeal in vain to the influential and the mighty!

From Patna Mr. Holmes proceeds by an easy and natural transition to Benares, and the avenging force of the gallant Neill. To that officer and to the warm-hearted, cool-headed, and ever-ready Frederic Gubbins, he renders the justice which is their due. The description of the mutinies in the division then known as the Benares division, and in Allahabad, is full of fire. Whilst vigorous it has the still greater merit of being true.

The same praise must be awarded to the story of Cawnpore, often told before, but which can well bear the vivid repetition given in this volume, and the events in Oudh. The chapter containing these last, Chapter IX., is a little history in itself, and is extremely well written. We observe with pleasure that Holmes quotes amongst his authorities some articles which appeared at the time in the *Saturday Review*. Those articles were written by J. F. Johnson.

Crump, of the Madras Artillery, a most able and observant officer, whose subsequent death was felt as a personal loss by all his comrades in the force. All the authorities quoted are the very best and the most reliable.

In the chapter which follows we have another self-contained episode—the Punjaub and Delhi. The author takes us from the outbreak of the mutiny to the storming of the capital of the Moguls. The story is compressed into eighty pages, but, compressed though the narrative may be, no sense of omission forces itself upon the general reader. All is clear, vivid, and life-like, and we should be disposed to accord to this chapter absolute praise but for the sentimental weakness displayed by Mr. Holmes when he comes to deal with the notorious Hodson. This sentimental weakness is the more to be regretted because, whilst it does not help Hodson, it is a positive disfigurement to the whole book. Standing as it does, the passage has the appearance of a sudden interpolation to save, on the intercession of a bystander, one who, though a great warrior, was cursed with brutal instincts, from the consequences of his own acts; and it has the great demerit of being done in so clumsy a manner as to impose upon no one. The whole story offends alike the lovers of Hodson and the lover of historic truth. We proceed to deal with the subject more at length.

At pages 392-3 Holmes describes Hodson as Hodson really was—a daring soldier, who had been irrevocably dismissed from civil employment for misconduct, and sent back to his regiment, and who, in the mutiny, had found his opportunity. That opportunity found Hodson with his sense of honour corrupted, the truculence of his spirit unsoftened. He gave evidence of this by taking the life with his own hands of Bisharut Ali, a native officer who had befriended him, and to whom he was under a pecuniary obligation. Such was the Hodson as Mr. Holmes most clearly paints him, and yet Mr. Holmes refuses, in the face of the clearest evidence, to believe that Hodson, who slew his benefactor to escape an obligation, was influenced in his slaughter of the sons of the King of Delhi by motives other than those arising from apprehension that otherwise they would be rescued by the mob!

There is no story more clearly proved than that Hodson deliberately slew the Delhi princes from personal motives. His letters abound with expressions of regret that he had not killed the King. His instructions forbade him to commit that act; they left him free to deal with the princes.

Mr. Holmes deviates from his usual correctness in the desire to save Hodson from a crime which, great as it was, was not greater

than that of which in a previous page (398) he had accused him. It is not true that Hodson "saw a large crowd surging round the cart, and menacing the escort." To make his point Mr. Holmes has to have recourse to the lame device of inventing a second crowd. He had previously told us that the crowd, six thousand in number, had been disarmed. The poor cowed wretches who composed that crowd had, after delivering up their arms, followed, by twos and threes, the escort, whilst Hodson remained at the tomb collecting the arms of their fellows. Had these unarmed men wished to effect a rescue they would have attempted it during the two hours which elapsed whilst Hodson was still at the tomb, and not have waited until they were within a mile or so of Delhi, in the face of the English army occupying that city. Mr. Holmes, in stating that the "crowd could hardly have kept up with mounted men for five miles" (page 396, note), shows a strange want of appreciation of the situation. Those mounted men were escorting carts drawn by bullocks; they had to make the pace of their horses conform to the pace of the bullocks, and everyone who knows India could have told Mr. Holmes that the pace of the bullock does not equal the pace of the man. That objection, then, disappears. To meet the other—that the crowd whose movements Hodson feared was the cowed, abject crowd which Hodson had disarmed—Mr. Holmes deliberately invents a new crowd. "I am uncertain," he says, in the note already quoted from, "whether this was the same crowd that had collected at the tomb, reinforced as it advanced towards the city, or a different one." Here, again, Mr. Holmes displays a strange incapacity to comprehend the possibilities of the situation. Delhi had just been re-conquered; its people had been disarmed; the country in its immediate vicinity was a prey to the terror which invariably falls upon the conquered Asiatic; the last remnants of the adherents of the House of Timur had followed their princes to the Tomb; there they had been disarmed; the procession had returned to within a hundred yards of the gate of Delhi. Whence was it to be reinforced? Whence was the new crowd to come? Not from Delhi, certainly; not by the road by which Hodson was advancing; not from the villages which did not exist; not from beyond the unfordable Jumna! Whence then? Had Mr. Holmes known the country about Delhi he would have recognised that the contention was impossible. He has invented the crowd upon the existence of which his argument depends; but the second crowd has no vitality, no life, except in his own imagination. His story fails completely.

We object to the self-complacency of

his version. He says: "I have recorded the facts, and nothing but the facts." We deny this altogether. He has drawn his salient facts from his imagination, and from that source alone. Neither was the existence of the second crowd a fact, nor was the menacing of the escort a fact. The poor disarmed wretches who pressed on the escort were simply anxious to regain their homes in safety. If they had wished to attack, would they have waited for the return of Hodson? The whole contention bears absurdity on the face of it, and the adoption of it by Mr. Holmes forms a grievous disfigurement to his history.

The real truth, we believe to be, is that the princes had on their persons ornaments of value, and that Hodson was determined to possess those ornaments. We have heard that opinion expressed in the strongest manner by men of the highest character, men who knew Hodson well, and whose names are honoured, and ever will be honoured, by the soldiers and civilians of India.

Much has been made of Sir R. Montgomery's letter. But when Montgomery penned it he knew nothing of the details of the circumstances. He thought, as all India thought, as we, who were in India at the time, thought, that an armed following of the princes had turned upon Hodson and that he had slain them in self-defence. Under that thought all India praised the deed. When the truth was revealed in the naked hideousness of its deformity, not only all India but all the world condemned it!

We are glad to pass from this sickening episode, the only portion, we are glad to say, of Mr. Holmes' work deserving of emphatic condemnation, but which disfigures it, not only by its deviation from historic truth, but in displaying a sentimentality calculated greatly to impair his character as a historian, and proceed to notice the continuing portions of his narrative. The eleventh chapter is brimful of interest, containing as it does the operations immediately following the fall of Delhi, and the two first campaigns of Sir Colin Campbell. Throughout this narrative we notice but one error; and that is, it has again to be noted, when Holmes is endeavouring to correct Malleeson. It occurs at page 418, when describing the storming of the Secunderabagh. Colonel Malleeson had stated that after the stormers had jumped through the hole made by our guns in the wall of the Secunderabagh, no other officer had followed Cooper and Ewart in their rush along the path leading to the right. Mr. Holmes says, "This is a mistake," and then adds: "Captain Barrroughs of the 98rd entered the breach before Ewart, but turned to the left" (page 418, note). "Barrroughs, he, turned to the left," therefore he did not follow

Cooper and Ewart to the right. The fact is that, according to the best independent testimony, Cooper was in first; then, possibly, Burroughs; then, closely together, Lumsden (who did not belong to the 93rd, but was an officer of the Indian army acting as interpreter to that regiment) and Ewart. Burroughs received a sword-cut almost immediately after he got in, and went out again by the main gate; Lumsden was killed almost in the act of reaching the ground; and Cooper and Ewart were the only *officers* who ran along the path to the right. The truth of this was evidenced when, after the relief of the garrison of Lucknow, the 93rd were asked to name one of their own officers for the Victoria Cross, the only three for whom votes were given were Stewart (who had distinguished himself in another part of the field), Ewart, and Cooper. Not a single vote, not even his own, was recorded for Burroughs!

In an earnest and impressive style the author describes, in the twelfth chapter, the anarchy in Western Behar and the harassing military campaign against Kunwer Singh and his followers. We are glad to see that he gives prominence, though perhaps scarcely sufficient prominence, to the splendid victory of Lord Mark Kerr—one of the most brilliant actions on record, and which stands almost unique in history as an occasion when an officer, surprised by a superior force, not only beat back his enemy, but completely defeated him.

In the thirteenth chapter the reader finds himself in Bombay. The fate of India there depended upon two men, Lord Elphinstone and Mr. C. J. Forjett. The conduct of Lord Elphinstone has never yet received its sufficient meed of praise; and we are glad to observe that Mr. Holmes calls attention to his lofty character, his bold and enlightened statesmanship, and his power of winning the confidence of those who served under him. Lord Elphinstone, like many men accustomed to affairs, was a singularly good judge of character. In a time pregnant with peril, he had called to his side Forjett, then a police superintendent in the Southern Maratha country, and had placed in his hands the entire police arrangements of the island of Bombay. When the Mutiny broke out, Forjett demanded the fullest possible powers, the power even to disobey orders which might mar his plans. Knowing Forjett to the core, Elphinstone gave him those powers; and Forjett, by using them, saved Bombay. The immunity of that island from the horrors which overtook our countrymen at Cawnpore is due entirely to those two men, Lord Elphinstone and Mr. Forjett. Mr. Holmes tells the tale in his usual emphatic manner;

Seton-Karr, Le Grand Jacob, and the other prominent officers employed in the Southern Maratha country. He did not probably think it within his province to comment on the treatment meted out by the Home Government to their deserving officers in the Western Presidency. No such reticence shall hold our hand. The eminent services of Lord Elphinstone never received the recognition which was their due. A tardy acknowledgment was the only reward of the nobleman who did more to save Western and Central India from insurrection than any man of the time. Whilst, as for Forjett, the man who saved Bombay itself, he was cast aside like a sucked orange. He has seen hundreds of men who had not rendered one-hundredth part of his service decorated and provided for. He has lived to experience even a greater humiliation: he has lived to see his prayer for redress rejected with scorn and contumely by a man who, far from being capable of saving Bombay, has contributed the utmost of his very mediocre powers to the loosening of the British hold upon India. With the conceit habitual to him, the Kimberley frog has croaked "I know you not" as his reply to the prayer of the Forjett bull! Somehow, Englishmen suffer these things!

On the Indore episode and the character of the late Sir Henry Durand, Mr. Holmes takes the line which might have been expected. His version is, in our opinion, borne out by the facts of the case, and his estimate of the character of the principal English actor we believe to be eminently true. The chapter is an excellent specimen of the author's style, being terse, lucid, and explicit. He had to compress many matters within a small compass, and he has done so in a manner which secures to the reader a sufficient knowledge of every important thread.

Not less admirable are the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth chapters, dealing with Jhansi, the brilliant Central Indian Campaign of Sir Hugh Rose, the contrast to it—that of Sir Colin Campbell—the Tantia Topee pursuit, and the final end of all. It is difficult to overpraise the manner in which the story of these interesting events is told. Mr. Holmes has the true historical style, and carries the reader with him with an excitement as eager as if he were himself in pursuit of a Tantia Topee. With respect to the question raised by Mr. Holmes himself as to whether the sentence passed upon Tantia was just or unjust, we think that he has missed the true point. There can be no doubt that Tantia had authorised the murder of our countrymen and countrywomen at Cawnpore. That is an absolutely ascertained fact of which Mr. Lance, late of the Bengal Civil Service, obtained,

in his capacity of Magistrate of Cawnpore, abundant proof. It is unquestionable, therefore, that, viewing the matter in the abstract, Mr. Holmes is right when he says that hanging was too good for Tantia Topee. But not a tittle of that evidence was produced against him on his trial. Neither in his own eyes nor in the eyes of thousands of his countrymen was he, nor had he ever been, a British subject. Whether he was so legally is open to question. We believe that a jurisprudent perusing the proceedings of the court-martial would pronounce the sentence to be not justified by the facts produced before the court. Justice undoubtedly was meted out to Tantia; but it was the rough and ready-handed justice of the strong arm.

We have now concluded our review of a work which, with the one exception on which we have commented at length, that relating to Hodson, has given us unmixed delight. It possesses, with that exception, all the merits which a history of that exciting period ought to possess; for whilst the author has gone to every available original source for his facts, he has known how to range those facts in an order which brings the events clearly and vividly before the eye of the reader. The work is thorough, it is conscientious, and it is good. To the general reader it will be the history of the Mutiny. The objection to Kaye and Malleon is this, that no one who reads the first two volumes of Kaye and follows with the three volumes of Malleon, can fail to see that two minds, widely differing from each other, have been engaged in the labour. The result is a want of continuity of thought for which nothing can compensate. Had Kaye lived to finish his work, or had Malleon written his from the starting point, there might possibly have been no room for such a work as that which we have reviewed. As it is, not only is there abundant room for it, but it was peremptorily required. We can only rejoice that the compilation of it has devolved upon a writer so able, so painstaking, so fearless, we wish we could add as proof against sentimental impressions, as Mr. Holmes. For us, in reviewing it, we can only assure that author that we have applied to the consideration of his facts the same painstaking qualities, the same conscientiousness, and the same fearlessness which are so conspicuous in his work. And of this we are sure, that Mr. Holmes is not the man we take him to be if he allow any feeling of false pride, or of sentimentality, or of vanity, to prevent him from reconsidering in a second edition—and we are sure the book will run in many editions—the one blot in a work which is in all other respects admirable, and which must

brary of every cultivated Englishman. Mr. Holmes, we are will agree with us, that in a record of absolute facts, the "perhaps" is inadmissible. Between its admission and sion runs the broad line which separates history from romance. creditable to Mr. Holmes that in a work dealing with so many ted matters he should only upon one occasion have been ted to cross that broad line, and we are confident that if he is an we believe him to be, a man loving the truth above all s—ready, as genius ever is, to receive corrections from those have enjoyed special opportunities—he will not hesitate to d the glaring defect we have indicated. On his capacity to w impartially his own work will depend the place he himself ultimately take in literature. If he be the man we hope t, that place will be undoubtedly a high one. From such ce, if unhappily our estimate of his character be incorrect, he remain for ever excluded.

The Present State of the Army.

BY COLONEL JUDGE, LATE R.E.

It has been so much a matter of course for the soldiers of the English army—the Household Brigade excepted—to proceed on foreign service, that it never even occurs to them to feel surprised when ordered to go to Abyssinia, Ashantee, China, or Timbuctoo. In this respect the conditions of their service vary most widely from those of the continental armies. French troops have at various times, of course, served in China and elsewhere ; but foreign service, except in Algiers, does not come much within the routine of their ordinary duties.

Since an attempt has been made to create a reserve force in England, in imitation of the armies of Europe, the English army has adopted one of the conditions of service common to the organisation of all other European armies, and it seems to be but a question of time when we will be forced to consider whether it is possible to form a real reserve force in the way that has been attempted.

It is also open to question whether we shall be able to maintain a really effective force in England as well as one in India, or, in fact, in either place, under the present conditions of short service.

It would be amusing to the public, if it were not distressing, to hear the flat contradictions given to each other by distinguished generals and others, regarding the merits of the new system. But it is tolerably clear to any unbiassed person that there is something very rotten in the state of Denmark.

On the other hand the most casual observer must be struck with the physique and height of the policemen to be seen in every street of London. The writer of these remarks asked one of them what was the present standard of height for the police, and was told that it ranged from 5 feet 7 inches to 5 feet 9 inches ; but that at present there was such a superabundance of applicants, that new hands are engaged under a standard of 5 feet 7 inches.

The War Office are only too glad to obtain recruits at a standard of 5 feet 5 inches.

Why is this? The police are not pampered; they get small thanks and many kicks; they often risk their lives and limbs without hope of medals or stars, and altogether the Bobby is not treated in a very friendly spirit.

The reason why the police force is so easily recruited is probably because it has confidence in the powers that control it, and is not liable to be ordered abroad—to the Soudan!—like the Egyptian Bobby of the period. Hitherto, at least, the English army has been able to show some front to the enemy, and Bobby has not been thrown into the gap, to occupy a position he never bargained for. It is tolerably certain, however, that he would with much pleasure to himself collar and run in any foreign invader.

We are in a dilemma, and it may be worth while to consider if there is any simple and possible way out of it. It is not necessary here to inquire if the War Office recognise the dilemma or repudiate it, or if it is correct to say that the dilemma is due to the fact that the units composing the army, and the units they wish to attract to it, have neither faith nor confidence in its fair promises and past dealings. It is no exaggeration to say that hitherto the English soldier has cheerfully accepted the duty of going anywhere and doing anything under leaders such as the Great Duke; it is, nevertheless, strictly true that it is more specially the duty of a soldier, as it is, indeed, of every patriot, to die for his country when threatened or invaded; he may in so doing carry the war into the enemies country, but this he does to protect his own.

“Ubique” (everywhere where right and glory lead) is the proud motto of some of our regiments, and, in fact, applies to them all, as it may well do to soldiers of an empire on which the sun never sets. The motto is a good one, but no reasonable person would infer that the German army is less an army in the best sense of the word because its chief and only duty is to guard over and fight for its homes and altars.

Is not this, indeed, the position held by our own Corps of Guards? They are incorporated with the regular army; and if the conditions of their service are anomalous, as regards the rest of the British army, it is not anomalous as regards the armies of Europe.

It is worth noting that there is no difficulty in filling the ranks of the Guards or the Police, and this with men of physique far higher than are obtainable for general service.

It is surely logical to infer from these two facts that if an army for service in Great Britain, and wherever else required, *on active*

service only, were incorporated with our regular army, that g recruits in abundance would be procurable.

It may be asked whether, under such an organisation, tro and officers enlisted for general service are to be expected remain always on foreign service. Most certainly not; life in nineteenth century is not worth having under such terms.

After a soldier has served in India for eight years, or even it is better that he should return to England, if he wishes remain by profession a soldier. The ranks of the home a should be open to him; he would help to leaven it, and be all better for coming again under discipline, as maintained in Engla which is necessarily somewhat different to what is possible in gorgeous East.

And how about the officers? The lot of an officer at pres is not such a very happy one; but it is reassuring to know t in every way we may be proud of those now in the Service. Ne have they been better qualified for their duty, and they are, a rule, loyal officers and gentlemen—loyal in the best sense of word, loyal to their sense of duty and their Queen and count and themselves also. Gainsay it who may, the country has ev reason to be proud of its officers in all and every branch of Service.

The duty of an officer now-a-days is in many respects a try one. The best of them cannot but dislike to see their ra thinned from day to day by the loss of time-expired men, and t places tardily filled by raw recruits, most of whom will again le ere they have gained a medal, smelt powder, or in any sense of word are veteran soldiers.

The Militia, the Yeomanry, and the Volunteers have a status their own, which is well understood and appreciated; but it is that of men who have made a profession of soldiering; and question must at once be asked, how can the officers of the a be saved from perpetual exile, and how can those attached to portion of the regular army enlisted under the same conditi as the Guards maintain unimpaired their connection with army enlisted for foreign service, and derive the untold adv tages obtainable in this rougher and more practical school education?

Now, in days gone by it would have been considered an act treacherous folly to suggest any course that would weaken links that bind officers to the men of their regiment. At present time it is almost an indication of insincerity to assert assume that there are any such links, in the sense or degree t

hitherto was felt to make a regiment the home of everyone belonging to it.

A short-service army is a mere machine, without over-much sentimental feeling, and must be so considered and dealt with. It is for this reason that it is proposed that, while freedom of exchange should be most freely permitted between officers, that all the officers of the regular army should be, as at present, units of the whole army, and on the roster for general service. There is no dearth of applicants for commissions, and, in any case, it would be folly to enlist officers for short service or local service, either at home or abroad.

It may be asked how, under the organization proposed, it would be possible to maintain the strength of that portion of the force enlisted for foreign service. There need be no real difficulty about this. At Chatham there have always been one or two companies of Royal Engineers working with, and drilled together with, the other companies, but recruited for service in India. The reason for this is a special one; but somewhat the same system might be adopted in any other regiment, and extended to meet the new organization proposed. If such a plan is not considered advisable as a question of detail, there is no apparent reason why the present territorial system should be disturbed; and, in either case, it would simplify matters considerably if the actual strength of the home-service battalion as regards officers were a duplicate of that abroad—in other words, that every regiment on foreign service should be linked to a battalion on home service, but that the men of the battalion on home service should not be enlisted for service abroad. Attach to each regiment on home service as many *depôt* companies as may be necessary; but let it be clearly understood that these alone are recruited for general garrison routine service abroad.

It is manifest that, under the system now proposed, one battalion of each regiment will be permanently, in nearly all cases, on foreign service; and unless some check is put on the pretensions of the India Office to its claims to autonomy, there will be a tendency for the Indian Government to claim this portion of the Indian army as a local force.

The whole subject of the organization proposed must necessarily be looked at from a broad Imperial point of view, and it is for many reasons desirable that a decisive check should at once be put on the claims of the India Office to thwart and control questions concerning the Imperial forces. The Imperial forces must of necessity be employed in India, and India would, of course, be lost to England if they were not so employed; but it is beyond all

reason to permit the vestrymen at the Indian Council to dictate the terms under which they consent to employ Imperial troops, or to put obstacles in the way of any organization that the exigencies of the Imperial service may demand.

For years past there has been a feud between the War Office and the India Office, and it is high time that the claims of the India Office to control the details of the organization of Imperial troops should be finally decided, if need be, by a Parliamentary decision properly defining the powers they arrogate to themselves under the Act of Parliament which created the Indian Council.

It may, and probably will, be urged that if soldiers are enlisted in the manner proposed the number of recruits obtainable for foreign and general service will become, by degrees, fewer and beautifully less. Possibly this may be the case, but there is a depth of cussedness in human nature which has not yet been realised by the War Office and other red-tape authorities. Under the influence of this spirit of cussedness, the writer of this paper undertakes to prophesy that if a soldier be enlisted for service in the home army for six or eight years, on the active list, with the option of becoming by profession a soldier, in such a case, when he has become restless and unsatisfied with life in an English garrison town, he will voluntarily ask to be allowed to go abroad with one of the detachments which year by year are sent abroad from the foreign service companies of his regiment.

It might even, at some future day, be found to be advisable to permit the fullest freedom of exchange between soldiers of equal length of service in the home and general service companies, before the latter proceed on foreign service; but there would be an obvious objection to making such a concession in the first instance.

Beyond all things, let it be understood that it is not desired to create local armies, either for service in England, India, or elsewhere, *especially not for service in India*; Imperial interests must not be subordinated to the imaginary necessities of India, or the crotchets of the Indian Council—it is not, indeed, for the real and best interests of India that such should be the case. We believe that the time has come when it is absolutely necessary to insist on the formation of a *bonâ fide* army of Guards, or by whatever name they may be called, specially for service in England; but strictly within the terms of their contract they must be incorporated with and form part and parcel of the regular army of England; soldiers by profession and instinct and *esprit de corps*, officered by officers who have seen foreign and active service, and are animated by high professional qualifications and habits.

It may surprise some people to hear that many policemen are members of the reserve forces. Is this as it should be? The Police force itself is a reserve of force, and for many reasons should not in any way be at the beck and call of the War Office. It may seem to be hard to close the door against the men of the Reserve for employment in the Police, but it would be almost equally reasonable to enlist them in the Militia or the Yeomanry. In times of disturbance there should be no doubt as to the real muster of physical force available, and no man can fall into the ranks in two places at the same time, even although he may be borne on two separate rosters. Soldiers do not make the best of policemen, and it is much to be desired that such may always be the case.

Far-seeing statesmen could give many reasons why the Civil and Military forces at the disposal of the Government should be kept separate and distinct. "*Divide et impera*" is only one of them. There is a very uneasy feeling among military men of all ranks that we have no sufficient force available for employment in the field in case of emergency, and it is in the belief that an army for home service such as proposed would be popular beyond all expectation that these suggestions are offered. It may take ten years to convince the public, or the War Office, that so radical a change is required.

The writer is well aware that many, very many, difficult questions of detail must be solved before effect can be given to the scheme proposed; but the time has arrived to recognise the dilemma we are in, and it may be profitable to see if it is not possible to solve it in the manner proposed.

Sitting on the Safety-Valve.

BY H. G. KEENE, C.I.E.

CONSIDERING the attention that is now being paid to the housing of the poor, in London and other great cities, it seems odd that there should be nothing seriously done in the shape of State-emigration. The skilled labourer will not go; of that we may be well assured: he does not like to leave his Trades' Union, and his other protective and provident associations, in order to encounter the risks of an unknown market. So that there is no great disturbance of the rate of wages to be really apprehended from emigration stimulated and controlled by the State. But there is another class, large and ever on the increase, which has no ties to keep it here, and whose members are so badly off that almost any change in their conditions and environments must needs be for the better. Lord Salisbury has lately shown us that comfortable lodgings may be provided for those who can afford to pay a monthly rental of nearly a pound. But the problem still remains unsolved as regards the helpless multitudes, swollen by the constant depopulation of the rural districts, who cannot pay such a rental. The decay of tillage, and the conversion of arable land into pasture—a process which is going on daily, and is not within measurable distance of its end—drives the unskilled labourers to London and other towns. These hopeless, helpless herds of bucolic Whittingtons do not, we may be sure, find that the streets are paved with gold; but they greatly enhance all the evils of overcrowding, and threaten the towns with the not very remote danger of pestilence, perhaps of *émeute*.

In the foundation of the colony of Nova Scotia in the last century we have an example of what could be done in days when administrative machinery was less perfect, and when there was far less talk of philanthropy than is now the case. The settlement begun about the middle of the century, and continued until the

harshness towards the then settled French and Indians, has so prospered that over a million acres are now under cultivation, and the annual yield of the fisheries is valued at nearly a million and a half sterling. There are four large towns, and the colony sends twelve senators and twenty members of the Lower House to the Canadian Dominion Parliament.

If such progress could be made in such times, what might not be hoped for in South Africa and in Manitoba with the resources of modern civilisation? The latter, for instance (which is only a portion of Lord Selkirk's original settlement on the Red River), contains 150,000 square miles (larger than the whole kingdom of Italy), and the population is not much over one hundred thousand. The soil is "unsurpassed in fertility by any in the world." The ground has in some places been cropped for fifty years without diminution to its productiveness. The surface is for the most part cleared and ready for the plough. The province is intersected by the Canadian Pacific line of railroad, and has also railway communication with the United States on the south. All these facts, and more, are set forth in Professor Boyce's book on the subject, and in other equally accessible works. What is there to prevent the formation of a State bureau for the purpose of forming "plantations" in such places, as was done by our ancestors at a time when the pressure of population was comparatively unfelt—was, indeed, commonly regarded as a subject of congratulation?

Nothing can well be more astonishing, when one comes to think of it, than the apathy that allows of such neglect. Were the public once to realise the meaning of emigration, a Government which did not take up the subject in earnest would have short shrift. When Malthus emitted his startling formula—that, if food increased in arithmetical progression, population increased in geometrical progression—it was, perhaps, a sufficient consolation to reflect that he could only be speaking of a country that was isolated, like an undiscovered island. It might be true that something of the sort might happen there. Something like it has, indeed, since threatened to happen in France; and the threat has been of sufficient strength to terrify the French into that extraordinary suspension of fecundity which has for many years made their population practically stationary. In France the birth-rate and the death-rate have been brought into equilibrium. In England it has not been so. The rate of increase, it is true, shows a tendency to diminish; but the actual increase is enormous. In Malthus's time the population of England and Wales was about eight millions; in 1881 it was twenty-six, having tripled in eighty years. But in the

meantime free-trade had prevailed, wages had risen, and the proportion of emigrants to the population, though still very low, has nevertheless shown a constant increase, 97,763 persons, out of a total of twenty millions or so, were all that left our shores in 1862; in 1881 over two hundred and forty thousand went out of a total of twenty-five millions. The combined effect of these causes has prevented the operation of Malthus's law from being so sharply felt as must otherwise have been the case. But the fact that the poor-rate last year fell with an incidence of 10s. 8d. per head, is one among many indications that this country is far too full. That other parts of the Empire are far too empty is equally plain from such cases as that of Manitoba, already cited, and many other colonies. A country nearly as large as France, with the population of the county of Carnarvon, and the most fertile soil upon the planet, would appear to be expressly provided as a safety-valve for a population such as ours, which has increased in ten years at the rate of over 7 per cent. in the country, and nearly 20 per cent. in the urban districts. The present dribblets of emigration may be all that private enterprise can produce; but they are, obviously, not enough.

Man Proposes.

A NOVEL, BY MRS. A. PHILLIPS, AUTHOR OF "BENEDICTA."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LETTER FROM MRS. SARAH.

"I wonder if one died of joy
How long would be the dying,
'Twere better so than bliss should cloy,
And smiling turn to sighing."

THE Swedish Seer who, in mercy to our darkness, was permitted to reveal some features of the future life, tells us that one source of the happiness of heaven lies in the endless variety of its joys and occupations, which admits of no monotony, and makes dulness impossible. He shows us very clearly that a heaven of perpetual prayer and praise would be torment, and that the sweetest sweet must cloy at last if its perception and enjoyment be not brought out by contrast.

Hagar, an adored wife, in the prettiest of homes, with nothing required of her but to accept the blessings showered upon her in the form of worship, fine clothes, and unlimited idleness,—Hagar, after some months of these unvaried joys, was beginning to weary, unconsciously, in this her earthly paradise, simply from its monotony.

There was no question about her happiness. She was a woman to be envied, so she always told herself when the nameless pain attacked her, as it would sometimes when she was alone, making her feel, in spite of her happiness, that her hopes and energies were being sealed up, one by one, and that for her married happiness must have but one meaning—self-effacement.

"I wish you would read with me sometimes," she said to Austin during the first months of their married life, when, the novelty of their new existence having worn off, they began to settle down to its every-day occupation.

"Oh, don't bother me with books! It is an insult to ask me to look at one when I have something so much more interesting always near me," was his reply, accompanied by a smile of genuine

admiration. He was never tired of paying her pretty compliments she well deserved, for her beauty had developed wonderfully in this new atmosphere of luxury and repose.

"But don't you like reading?" The present seemed such a delightful opportunity, she thought, for something of the kind. The long winter evenings had set in, and with only their own society and conversation, and no past that they could discuss, the time was apt to pass slowly she found. How pleasant it would be if they could find some book, or pursuit, which they could enjoy together in this cosy little library where they always spent their evenings when alone, which, but for Jasper's visits, was constantly.

"Reading," he answered, lying at his ease full length on the sofa, while she sat on a low chair beside him with a book on her lap. "I got a sickener of reading and books of all kinds when cramming for the army. Her Majesty got no scholar in me, so my wife must not expect one in her husband. As soon as I got my commission I vowed that all the stuff they had crammed to make a good target of me, should forthwith be sent I need not say where. I suspect, if my books are getting the sentence I passed on them, they are scorching with their author's and the examiners in fires infernal!"

"How unlike what I feel! I love books, and I am always dreaming about the people who have written them."

"Ah! you never crammed for the army, my dear, or you would not be so enthusiastic. Besides, you are a bit of a visionary, a—a—cut altogether above me in that way," he said, with an upward movement of his hand. "You are a woman; you pray, and all that sort of thing—which I respect, because from you it is not humbug. Well, that's all good enough; but books, now, I believe you are better without them. Pretty women don't want them."

"But I could not live without them," she exclaimed.

"I suppose you mean when you are alone," for Austin would have been jealous of a book. "But for heaven's sake don't grow blue and bookish. If there is one thing more than another I should dislike, it would be that. And this reminds me you have a book before you now. What is it? A history, by George! of all awful subjects,—and by Carlyle! It gives one indigestion to look at it," he said, thrusting it under the couch. "You are never to read, do you hear, my darling, when you can talk to me. So mind I shall hold it as a grave offence if you take up a book in my presence, I have had enough of that. Do you remember how you used to pore over your books when nursing me. You owe me something for that torture. It is my turn now."

She offered no remonstrance; but the inner woman, that often held long colloquies with the outer, demurred at the sentence. It seemed dreadful to her that there should be any sealed subjects between her and the one companion and friend of her life—her husband. But she knew now that she could never look to him for help and sympathy in this one simple, darling pleasure, almost the only one she had.

"Ah! there is that piano-organ again," she exclaimed, starting up as some bright melody broke the thread of their conversation. "I must send out some money—they always play so much longer for me than for others," she said, ringing the bell.

"Norris, give him this," she said, handing a piece of silver to the maid who had answered the bell, "and tell him to play me all his tunes, I do enjoy them so much."

As soon as the door was closed Austin began:

"I hope you are careful never to say a word to your servants more than is necessary. Your manner just now was hardly dignified. There was no occasion to tell her that you enjoyed street music, as if you had never heard any other."

"Have I?" she asked plaintively.

"That is not the question now. I want you to be very careful to keep those sort of people at their distance. They are only tools to be used; that is all."

A hot flush rose to her cheek and tears to her eyes; for in her mind there was a far higher law and more dignified than the one he gave her to observe. But it was impossible to speak her mind to him, for, alas! she knew now he could not understand it. It was only for her to obey him outwardly in this as in everything else. It was her duty. Was she not his wife?

"What a pretty tune he is playing," she said presently. "Do you know the name of it?"

"I am not quite sure. It is out of one of the operas, I think."

"Operas?" she repeated. "Oh! do tell me something about them. You have no idea what I feel about music. There is nothing like it in the world. These operas, now, what are they?"

"Confounded noises for the most part. That is my experience of them. They sing out a play in a foreign language to scales and shakes. And the biggest swell is the one who can scream highest and hold on to a note longest."

"But the singing?"

"Screaming," I tell you.

"Ah, Roland, you surely don't mean that," she said, laughing.

"Well, you know what I mean."

He often left his better sentiments to her charitable interpretation.

"Now and then one hears a lovely little bit, like this tune for instance—I wish I could remember what it is out of—but, taken all round, the opera is an unmitigated row. The glare, the noise, the heat, or the draughts—what with all these, I have been as miserable at an opera as any place I was ever in."

It was evident he did not wish to inspire her with any desire to be taken.

"What kind of music do you like, then, or do you like music at all?"

"I daresay I might like it if my experience had been more fortunate, but the girls at home made me hate it. I never could make out why it took such a lot of scales to make a woman play a piece of music. I used to be driven wild with scales. And then what a fuss, after hours of this music, if they were asked to play. They always wanted their 'notes.' I took good care that they always did, for I used to hide them. If there is one situation worse than another it is having to sit on thorns while your relations, your wife or sisters, are supposed to be delighting the company. You listen in agony, wondering if they will pull through or break down. I am sure I have never pitied anyone so much as Ormond of ours. He has a musical wife—that is to say, a woman who fancies she can sing—they are always the worst—she thinks she is a crack singer; and her one idea is getting up charity concerts for the salvation of her vanity and the good of the poor. That woman was always in rows. I had a hut next hers at Aldershot, and I was nearly driven mad by her. She used to practise every day, and then when she saw me looking black the next time we met she'd say, 'I am afraid I disturb you, Captain Austin; but what can I do? I must keep up my singing.' 'My dear Madam, if you only knew how often I have longed to strangle you,' was my silent rejoinder. Thank Heaven you don't know music, Hagar. I could never have lived with a musical wife."

She heard him without a word, although her heart was full to the brim with disappointment. It had been her great desire to learn music, her dream in fact, one of the gates of heaven that were opened to ladies, and had made her long to be one. Lonely as she often was, it had struck her to ask him to let her take lessons. She was sure she could have mastered the difficulties quickly enough to make music an enjoyment, and her voice of some use and pleasure.

But now the subject was one that

She put it away, and tried only to think of her duty as a wife, which was to please her husband in all things without reference to herself.

"And what about your individuality as a human being? If you go on at this rate, what will you become?" whispered her inner self, which was inclined to revolt.

Such was the question which would thrust itself upon her as she sat alone in her pretty drawing-room on the afternoon following, thinking over their conversation of the previous evening. For another source of trouble was weighing upon her, the end of which she could not foresee—her mother. She saw how her husband avoided every mention of the woman to whom she owed so much, resenting almost as an injury to himself the very letters she wrote and received from Mrs. Sarah. That, also, had become a forbidden subject between them. And now, as she looked down her richly-dressed and jewelled person, and saw her luxurious room, she was inclined to hate these burdens as so many impediments to her freedom.

Going back in her mind to a certain morning, she recalled her mother's dream and the fancies it had evoked. One of these was the delight of being able to help others, should she ever be a lady, especially her mother. And now, what had she ever been able to do for her? In what single instance had the old woman benefited by her daughter's marriage? In trying to grasp all of her love and homage for himself, Austin was in danger of losing the most precious part. For love is like the Kingdom of Heaven; it is within us, a spiritual essence that is not to be bound by earthly weights. You may bind the person with chains of obligation, and yet find, when you have secured it, that the soul has fled.

Hagar's position towards Mrs. Sarah was a grave trouble that often occupied her now, as she remembered how impossible it was for her to carry out one inclination of her heart towards her mother. For what, after all, did she really possess that she could freely give away were she so disposed? Nothing. She was poor in the midst of her possessions in all that such a woman values most. The incongruity of her position, when looked at through her desires, made her smile sadly as she said half aloud:

"What am I? A rare fern under a glass, or a bird caged for its plumage?"

The question shocked her, coming thus from herself; and she started up from her seat to drive out, by some physical movement, ideas so profaning to her loyalty as a wife.

Then, like the certain, brought her a letter. Hagar saw at a

glance, from the laboured writing, that it was from her mother. A flush of pleasure and anxiety came into her face as she seized it eagerly, which did not escape the eye of the maid.

"She's had another of those letters which she had a fortnight back, and which set the master scowlin'," said Jenkins the parlour-maid to Norris the lady's-maid, who was at work in the servants'-room down-stairs.

"Has she?" answered Norris, interested; for her mistress was a puzzle to her.

"Yes. Have you been able to find out who it is that writes to her?"

"Not I. Never was there such a close lady. She locks up all her letters as she writes, and always posts them herself, for she has never asked me to post one."

"Nor me. It is funny, isn't it, now? And do you notice that since we've been here not a lady has been to call. I declare, if it wasn't for the wages I couldn't stay, it's that dull; so different to my last place. There we had no end of company and parties and visiting. That was something like; and the mistress had a visiting-book; and the letters we used to get, and the invitations, and the dinners! I don't believe in ladies and gentlemen who don't keep any company—do you?"

"How do you mean?" inquired Norris.

"Well, I mean there must be something wrong when the lady of the house never has no one but one single gentleman as a visitor at the house. There, that's what I mean, if you really want to know," said Jenkins mysteriously.

"Oh! but the mistress is all right, that I'll swear," said Norris, who really admired her mistress, although she was curious about her.

"Well, if you are so sure, I'm not," said Jenkins. "I know what's what, and these fine military gentlemen don't need to hide away their wives if they *are* their wives; and it's my belief, and it has been cook's too, for some time past, that she's not his wife, and we are both going to give warning. I've a character to take care of, and it won't be improved by staying here, that's certain; and if you take my advice you'll go too."

"I'll think about it," said Norris, secretly determined to remain firm by her mistress.

Hagar, innocent and ignorant of the judgment passed upon her below stairs, was reading her letter with mixed feelings of perplexity and distress. There is no need to give Mrs. Sarah's letter in all its poverty of composition and caligraphy. It is sufficient to know that Hagar gathered from it that her mistress

suffering from a grievance which her neighbours were doing their best to irritate into a wound.

There was neighbour Bunbury, who was always wanting to know every time she met Mrs. Sarah what had become of Hagar; and her curiosity not being appeased, as there was the seal of that handsome cheque on Mrs. Sarah's lips, she often flung out indiscreet words of suspicion which were more than Mrs. Sarah's temper could support. It did seem so hard to her that, with the enormous advantage of having a daughter married, lawfully married to a rich gentleman—a fact she gloried in and longed to proclaim—that she should be compelled to keep silence, and stand their questions and remarks without being able to enjoy the credit of the situation.

Her letter to Hagar said all this and more, to the effect that if Hagar was a woman "worth her salt," or "possessing an ounce of spirit," she would not be a hidden wife any longer; that it was all nonsense giving men—especially husbands—their own way too much. So she counselled her daughter not to "sit still and be walked upon."

The letter had been written in the heat of Mrs. Sarah's annoyance, aggravated by another idea which was gaining ground in her mind, that this want of spirit in Hagar might be owing to her feeling ashamed of her old mother.

"It was natural," thought poor Mrs. Sarah, who was shrewd in her perceptions, "that a fine gentleman should like to have his wife to himself, without having to be troubled with an ugly old woman always in the way and pointed at as his wife's mother. Oh no! that was the last thing she would expect."

But just in proportion as she knew, in her own mind, that she would never have been the one to intrude on them, did she resent the idea of their being ashamed of her. Hemmed in by secrecy, unable to gossip over her good fortune, reduced to inventing all sorts of stories to account for Hagar's absence, all these combined causes soured Mrs. Sarah's temper, and made her write with asperity.

In her letters to her mother Hagar had dwelt always on the bright side of her life, giving descriptions of her home, her servants, her dresses, everything that could magnify Austin's goodness and generosity; all of which Mrs. Sarah read with a taint of bitterness—for secrecy is a foul air to some minds, and breeds evil thoughts. "If Hagar was so well off she might have sent a token rarely, however small, to the old mother," was Mrs. Sarah's expression at what seemed her daughter's neglect.

"Oh, if she only knew the truth!" sighed Hagar, who, as a wife, wanted for nothing, but as a daughter, for everything.

She was Austin's wife, and all that he had was hers. At the same time she knew that she could no more have taken any of his money to send her mother a present, than she could have taken one of his coats to give to a stranger. Did she fancy anything for herself, she had but to buy it and tell Austin that she had done so; but she must keep it, not give it away afterwards! The luxury of giving anything from her own store was one she had not tasted since her marriage.

After having read her mother's letter, she sat with the hot tears of pain and worry falling on it. What should she do? What could she do but bear the inevitable? It was not to be done without a passionate struggle, for her heart was full of thoughts she dared not examine too closely.

Injustice, selfishness, these seemed the rulers of life she feared, and, like hungry demons, were never satisfied until they had crushed human hearts to the uttermost. Bursting into tears at last, she sat with her head hidden on the sofa, sobbing violently, when Austin returned and found her.

"Crying! Good — Hagar, what is the matter?" he exclaimed, standing amazed beside her.

She rose up, on hearing his voice, with an excuse upon her lip.

"Forgive me, I did not hear you come in," she said, drying her tears, and forcing a smile. "When did you return?"

But he was too concerned to answer her.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, taking her in his arms. "Won't you tell me?"

Tears — in this his paradise! Impossible! They were a reproach, and must be explained.

But what answer could she give him? She loved him, would have died for him, and yet their sympathies were far apart. And could she have unburdened her soul to him, she knew that it would only have called up the frown on his brow, and jealousy to his heart, so she parried the question.

"I am not very well, I think; I have not been feeling very well lately. But it is all over now; see, I am smiling. I was only hysterical."

He accepted her excuse, and thought it quite possible. He kissed her very tenderly; for never had he loved her more fervently, or found her looking more beautiful than now. His very love made him silent; for his heart was full of thoughts, thinking of what the future might have in store for them to crown his life with perfect happiness!

CHAPTER XIX.

A MAN'S PRIDE SHALL BRING HIM LOW.

"Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity."

AFTER some months of married life Austin had felt a longing to see his old corps now in India. For this reason he had not hurried himself about getting an exchange. It was quite on the cards that he would take a run out to the East before doing so, to see how the old regiment, every soldier's *alma mater*, was going on. But now he gave up the idea. To leave his wife was out of the question, so he got an exchange into a regiment stationed at Aldershot.

How happy he was the morning he brought her the news that the long-dreaded separation, temporary though it might be, was done away with.

"Fancy, only an hour's run from you instead of a month's!" he cried, gladly.

"How I wish I could be with you always."

"So do I; but you know, my darling, it is out of the question. To see you exposed to a life in camp would make me miserable."

"But I am not the hot-house plant you want to make of me," she pleaded, as she stood behind his chair bending over him with her arms folded about his neck.

He held her hands fast there, and looking up into her face, said:

"You are my hot-house plant, far too precious in my eyes for exposure of any kind."

"How shall I bear my life when you are away? Have you thought of that? I know no one!"

"You forget; there is Mrs. Wentworth, the clergyman's wife. She seems an amiable, motherly sort of woman, comical rather, but she will be just the friend for you to have. Before I leave I shall call formally, and enlist her good services for her most beautiful parishioner," he said, laughing.

"Do you know, Roland, it was quite a god-send that she called last week. If she had not, you would have been badly off for your dinner, as all the servants were going to leave. Do you know why? Can you guess?" she asked.

"No. Servants going to leave! What do you mean?"

"Because they had an idea that—that I was not married to you," she cried, laughing. "It was Norris who gave me the hint, that our quiet life was not to their liking, and they did not think it."

meant a moral one. But as soon as Mrs. Wentworth called, my respectability was established in the kitchen."

She narrated their social dilemma so comically that Austin's rising anger was turned into a laugh, and he treated as a joke what might have proved a serious annoyance but for the timely visit of the rector's wife. She had noticed Hagar in church, and when she found that the Austins were settled in the neighbourhood she had called.

A rumour had reached her, a rumour which had spread through the intelligences in the kitchen, that the beautiful lady at No. 58 was not married. But Mrs. Wentworth was not to be hindered where she took a fancy. And as the wife of the rector, the Reverend Noel Wentworth, her appearance at Hagar's front door had the same effect as if the page of the parish register, containing the certificate of her marriage, had been posted on the lintels. The destroying angel of scandal passed by a house at which exalted Mrs. Wentworth—known to be the most moral woman in the world—dropped a card, following up her visit by an invitation to dinner. It had come that morning, and Hagar had shown it to Austin before sending a reply.

"An invitation to dinner! Who are we likely to meet?" pondered Roland.

"How should I know? The question is, do you wish to accept it?"

"Well, yes. I like the idea of your going, and of your knowing Mrs. Wentworth," he said at last. "Write and accept it. She is just the woman for you to know. Yes, that will do; let it be settled. We'll go," he said rising, as if he had only arrived at his conclusion through successive stages of vanishing doubt.

"And when do you join your regiment, Roland?"

"In a fortnight's time. Fancy, six months has nearly gone since we were married! It seems like a dream."

"A dream indeed," echoed Hagar. "I hardly seem real yet."

"Has it been quite a happy one?" he asked, ~~immediately~~ his arm round her as she stood at his side.

"Yes," she answered, but the affirmative was ~~unintentionally~~ accompanied with an involuntary sigh.

"What does that mean?" he asked. "Why do you sigh?"

"It was only a very long breath, it was not a sigh," she answered smiling. "Let me answer ~~this~~ note. I am glad we are going. I am sure I shall like Mrs. Wentworth. Her husband preaches good sermons, does he not?"

"I am no judge. By the way, Jasper is coming to dine this evening."

"Is he?"

"You say that as if you were not too glad. Now I call that ungrateful, my wife; for if ever a man admired a woman, Jasper admires you. If I saw you were equally attracted I should be very growly, I can tell you. But it is a great joke to me to see the old boy, who has preached all his life to me about the deceitfulness of women and their wickedness generally, fall down and worship straight off, as he worships you."

"What nonsense you talk," cried Hagar, sitting down to write.

"Is it nonsense? I know every turn of Jasper by heart. He has been here steadily once every week since we came here. Thinks nothing of running up from his place to do so. Has taken rooms in town. 'All to be near me,' he says. But I know better. He would not have been so amiable if he had not approved of you. He is fascinated, evidently, and I don't grudge him his conversion. How I tease him! He takes it all so solemnly; and once, Hagar, what do you think! he had the coolness to take me to task and ask me if I did all I could to make you happy. I felt inclined then to tell him to mind his own business."

"Have you never told him who I am?"

"No. What has he to do with that. You are my wife. That is enough for everyone; and I forbid you ever to mention the subject to him."

"But if he asks me?"

"Once for all, Hagar, it is my wish; and remember, I demand it as a right that you repel every intrusion of that kind."

"Perhaps Miss Gregory will save me the trouble," said Hagar, with a flush of anger that her husband could not see as she bent down to write.

"What makes you think that? Stop writing and answer me."

"From something I have heard."

"From whom?"

"From my mother," she said in a low voice, dreading the effect of her words upon her husband. Then with a silent prayer for courage to plead her cause, and end, once for all, this bondage in which he held her spirit, she said:

"Don't frown upon me, Roland, when I speak my mother's name. Why may I not stand up boldly before you and claim that privilege. Am I less her child because I am your wife? I love you, God knows. But I should not be worthy of your love, or of any love, and I should despise myself, if, in the new life you

have given me, I could ever forget the old ; and that before I ever saw you I was hers, and that all that I am I owe to her—yes, to her, my poor old mother.”

Men of imperious, undisciplined natures, are like sleeping dogs, safe until roused. The mention of that skeleton in his cupboard, his wife's mother, had, from the day of his marriage, been sufficient to kindle a frenzy of disgust and hatred in Austin's mind. Every day had been adding to his impatience of her existence, until now the least allusion to her was akin to an insult in his eyes when it came from the woman he so adored and for whom he had sacrificed so much. That she should now stand up before him and declare her mind so bravely upon this detested subject, was a shock for which he was so wholly unprepared that it maddened him.

“My —— ! has it come to this ? ” he exclaimed, losing all self-control, “that you name your love for her in the same breath as your love, your duty to *me* ? ” his eyes dilating, his face bloodless with rage, as he put the question.

To stand on the same platform in his wife's heart with that odious Sarah Mullocks, was a degradation he utterly repudiated. He would settle that question now and for ever.

“Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.”

Do we ever realise the import of that prayer ? Unsheathed by its protection we are taken unawares, and plunged by our passions into deeds of which we thought ourselves incapable.

Into Austin's heart a cruel demon now leaped. “There shall be no compromise,” he thought, as he determined, with the suddenness of unintentional murder, to deal her a blow that should set the subject at rest for ever between them. He would offer her her choice, to choose between them.

Yes, that was the diabolical idea that now took possession of him. His pride, his jealousy, could brook no rival of any sort. Passion hurried him on. He declared his mind and demanded her reply.

Hagar rose from the writing-table when he told her to answer him, and now stood up pale and trembling. All the hidden worry of heart, her baffled longings to be of some use and comfort to the old mother who had always been so good to her, had found words at last, and the effort to declare for what was right, under a latent sense of wrong, gave her strength to master her powerful emotions.

One glance at the face that was dearest to her in all the world showed her how little she had to expect of many more such

that had sworn to shield her through life. She sickened to see how suddenly the veil was torn aside that ranged them in their true positions as enemies, opposed in their inmost affections to all that the other counts best and highest.

It was a terrible moment for both of them, that sudden, that startling revelation which had bared the heart of each to the other. Arising too, as it did, unexpectedly in the midst of their seeming calm, made the shock all the heavier.

As she did not answer him immediately, the devil prompted him to strengthen his cause by a fiendish argument, as he said at last in a cold, steady, pitiless voice :

"Are you aware that your mother *sold* you to me?" To do him justice he hated her enough to believe her capable of it. "Is that the woman you are going to put on the same footing of love and duty with myself?"

"Sold me!" echoed Hagar, astounded. "What do you mean?"

"What the unvarnished fact declares. I paid her a sum of money on the understanding that if I married you she was to give you up unconditionally ; that is, she was not to cross my path or yours again."

It was some seconds before Hagar could speak.

"Poor old mother! You won her, then, by a word she could not understand, and paid her well to believe it bore an honest meaning!" she said at last in a slow, surprised, half-scorning, half-incredulous manner; a smile of contempt overspreading her face as she recalled that scene in the kitchen long ago, and read at once how her poor mother had been duped.

Their eyes flashed, while words, keen as steel rapiers, wounded each other's hearts. It was a duel of minds; each longing, nay, determined to subdue. For, as someone has justly said, "it must be either sympathy or conquest in married life." Righteous scorn, an angel's weapon, was Hagar's defence; defiant rage was his, which her scorn only served to sharpen.

"In love and war all is fair," he answered mockingly. "I wanted you, I did not want her. I offered her terms which she accepted."

"I deny that she accepted them as you meant them. Ah! Roland, could I have thought you capable of such an action, of sittingly cheating a poor, ignorant, perhaps money-loving, yet honest-hearted woman, I would have recoiled from your love when you offered it as if a serpent had crossed my path."

"Do you know who you are speaking to?" he said, seizing her wrists, his eyes gleaming with fury that in another instant might make him use the coward's strength and fling her aside.

"Yes ; to the man I have sworn to love, honour, and obey, and who, to help me to love, honour, and obey him, tells me he has cheated my poor old mother, and bought me for a price !" she cried, in an ecstasy of scorn.

Then her tone changed to one of pitiful pleading, as she added : " Oh ! Roland, you yourself want to kill those first two vows by your cruel words, and then you will leave me only obedience."

" Yes, and obedience I am determined to have. As that is my right, you will understand that for the future your mother's name is never to be mentioned between us. I give you your choice. If you refuse, then" (in his rage and pride he seemed equal to his words), " then take the alternative. Choose now, once and for all," he cried, brutally clenching her wrists, " between that woman and your husband. If you remain with me, then I demand that never, by word or deed, do you hold any communication with her again while you are my wife and bear my name. I warned you that I was an obstinate, a determined man, that what I willed I carried out. It is for you now to decide the course of our lives. I have married you, remember. Before God your first duty is to *me*. But I will yield my place if I cannot be supreme in your mind. I want no partner in our matrimonial affairs, and I will not be tortured by feeling that you are hankering after a state of things other women would have been thankful to have escaped from at so slight a sacrifice."

" Stop !" she cried. " Do you call that a slight sacrifice that you are asking, that I shall forget the love that gave me life, that I shall pass it by for ever ? O God ! what are men," she sobbed, " that they ask of women such sacrifices ?"

" Men are men," he returned, " not led away by their enthusiasms to place themselves in ridiculous positions. I have given you a position in life which you are fully able to fill, and I don't choose to have it spoiled by always having it attached to a disagreeable necessity. However, I think I have made you understand my mind on this subject—if not, let me put it before you again. You are my wife, you are your mother's daughter. I don't choose that you shall enjoy both situations, and I leave you free to choose between us. If you take her, return to her. If you remain here, with me, you know on what conditions : neither by letter, nor by any intercourse whatever, are you to acknowledge her, your mother, again."

Had she heard aright ? Was it possible that this was the man she had so loved, so worshipped ? Surely not. Surely it was some evil spirit standing by, tempting her. He—was he her husband, the father of her unborn child ?

Suddenly a cry went up from her heart : “ No, no ; let me have no child, that may bring evil and sorrow, and lying, and misery into the world, and, perhaps, grow up to deny me. Oh ! what was that—there—a sudden vision—a terrible nameless vision of sin and suffering. Something that weighs on me, and will never declare itself. Ah ! now it is returning to envelope me ! Is it death ? O God, I am content ! I have seen enough of life. What is life ? ”

“ My God, I have killed her ! ” groaned Austin, as he heard her murmurs and saw her swoon away in his arms, her choice unmade.

For the present God had taken the answer into His own hands. The masterful pride and selfishness of the strong man was forced to stand aside when the Judge of right and wrong took up the cause, and, it would seem, heard the woman’s prayer.

That night the house was hushed. Servants were crying. Doctors doubtful if the ebbing life could be saved. And on his knees, shut away from all eyes, Austin, who knew no God but his own imperious will, was crying in his agony, “ God be merciful to me, and save my darling ! ”

CHAPTER XX.

FIVE YEARS AFTER.

“ Life is one, all along, little children,
From the first to the last it is known ;
There are tears shed on earth that are seeds sown for Heaven,
Ye reap not until ye have sown.”

It is the privilege of the novelist, and one that he shares in common with the angels, who, by the way, are the greatest novel-readers in the universe, since they are always reading the lives of human beings ; it is the privilege of the novelist to dispense with time and space, and to transport the reader to the next point with all the speed of imagination.

On these effacing wings five years have flown in the life of Hagar Austin. That they have done so shows that she had battled through the crisis that had threatened to end her existence five years before.

She still occupies her London home, which has gained in comfort what it has lost in freshness. For five years of London life means five years’ warfare with the demon Soot.

She is alone now in the little library, her favourite room. Always alone, it would seem ; and yet not always, as will presently be seen. Blossom is on the hearth-rug snoring. He has grown

in these five years to apoplectic dimensions ; but the expression on his face is one of philosophic acceptance of life as it is, an expression that may often be noticed on the faces of dogs that are accustomed to a life of ease and plenty. He has seen a few scenes. He is full of sympathy for his mistress, and always ready to welcome his master when he comes home on leave. But if Blossom were consulted privately you would find that it is his opinion that he is really the master of the house ; and there is a look in his eyes that would tell you, "*I never leave her, I am always near her ; my duty is to watch over her and her little girl, who is my great pet and play-fellow.*"

Is there any change in Hagar ?

Only the change that comes upon every woman when girlhood merges into motherhood. Her beauty has gained by the latter attribute, in the same proportion as a sketch gains by colour. There is some difference noticeable in her. She is not so handsomely dressed as when we last saw her. But for the jewels on her hands, the bracelets on her arms, and the gold-locket and necklet worn outside her dress—her cross still preserves its old place—she is not so well dressed as her maid, who has been expostulating with her for wearing such a shabby old dress to-day, when the master is expected home for his long leave.

It is a great worry this, to Norris, that her mistress, to whom she is devoted heart and soul, will never afford herself any new clothes. It is a whole year now since she bought herself anything. Norris is quite sure in her own mind that it is not for want of money, as the master is open-handed and generous to everyone.

But Hagar has only appropriated a certain sum for her own private use. This she begged her husband for when he was first about to leave her. It was to make her independent of him for dress and pin-money, and he was never to inquire how she laid it out. This concession he made. It was asked for at a time when he could hardly refuse it—when, in his gladness to see her once more his own, he was thankful to grant her the only favour she asked.

On the subject of her choice, no word had ever passed between them since that never-to-be-forgotten day, the memory of which had burnt itself into Hagar's mind, leaving a scar that would be long.

Although penitent for his harshness when he saw that the consequences were likely to rob him of his wife, Austin had by all means abandoned his position. He only regretted that he had been so premature and clumsy in making the demand.

sobbing on his knees that time in his despair, the thought arose that had he only waited and used more *finesse* he might have been spared his present anguish. But such is the remorse of the selfish. Had Hagar died, he would never have forgiven himself, still less old Mrs. Sarah, who, with all the inconsequence of prejudice and imperiousness, he charged in his mind as being the curse of his existence, and the sole cause of his threatened calamity.

Nothing could exceed his devoted tenderness to his wife during that crisis and the weary illness that followed. He never seemed to find nights of watching and days of anxiety too much. With as great care as she had ever given him did he now nurse her, striving with all the effort of intense will to give her back the life she had once cherished in him.

And his reward came ; for she recovered—recovered to fling her arms round him in passionate gratitude for all his tenderness ; so making her choice, as he knew, silently but surely.

But she read his heart none the less truly ; for she knew that even in that first burst of joy, and while her warm hands clasped his neck, had she just whispered "Let me see my mother," his heart would have hardened in an instant, and the worst might have happened in their separation.

She accepted her sorrow ; for a sorrow it was, and poor Mrs. Sarah's name never passed her lips to him again.

She wrote to her, however—that command she refused to obey—and told her how she was situated ; implored her to believe she was powerless to order it otherwise, as her duty was to her husband before anyone else in the world. She had sworn to obey him, and she would keep her vows. He had laid this command—a weary, hard one for her to bear—upon her, and she must do as he bade her. One thing alone she could promise. He had given her a sum of money for her own special use ; this, with the exception of a very small sum—just enough to keep her clothed—she would send to her mother, who was to accept it with the constant thought and love of her heart.

"I have a feeling, Mother," she wrote, "that love must overcome all things. If faith can remove mountains, love surely can melt stone. I will try. It may take years, but it must surely come at last, that the evil which has fallen so unexpectedly into my life shall be overcome by good ; and then, Mother, I may have the happiness of kissing your kind old face once more, and hearing you call me your child. It will help me to bear my sorrow, however, if I see that you accept all I can do for you—silently. I shall know then that your heart remains unchanged to me, that you do not

blame me. I could not live a happy hour, unless assured of that. Tell the neighbours—it matters little now—that I am married. Miss Gregory knows, also Mr. Drummond; so, at least, you can enjoy the pleasure of talking about me, and protecting yourself from the annoyance of the neighbours supposing I am not married. Yes, Mother, love, I am married indeed. I know now that nothing must ever part us—my husband and me—and that my life is bound up for ever with his. Oh, Mother, I hardly knew how I could bear the terrible blow it was to me when he told me that I must never see you again. I thought it would kill my love. But, Mother, you must forgive for my sake. Never was anyone so tender as he. How he has nursed me! I owe him now my life, and in my gratitude I find my love re-born.”

“Poor deary, poor deary!” moaned Mrs. Sarah, when she read this letter, and understood how and what had happened. It was a shock at first, to think she should never see her pretty Hagar again; but there was a comfort in being able to tell the neighbours that she had been lawfully married all along, and was living the life of a fair lady in London, where she had a houseful of servants to wait on her. And then—the whisper—that as for “letting,” she had no call to do that any more, so far as wanting for a bit of money to keep her, as Hagar was good, and kept her supplied.

This was a soothing view of the case, and made old Mrs. Sarah write tenderly to her daughter, accepting the situation without a murmur.

This explains the maid’s tribulation over her mistress’s wardrobe, and Hagar’s well-worn dress, which had done good service this last six months while Austin was away in Ireland, where his regiment was now quartered.

His brother-officers and all his friends, Jasper Drummond excepted, were still ignorant of his marriage. Austin admitted none to his confidence. That he had a house in town they knew, and some of them had met him on rare occasions with Hagar; but he was not a man to be trifled with or questioned. By thus protecting himself he had preserved his secret.

His mother and sisters knew of Hagar’s existence. A whisper of his having married had reached them; for Miss Gregory’s power of secrecy were of the weakest. A hint here, and an innuendo there, first to Lady Ascott, and then to another, the fact soon reached Mrs. Austin. But she repudiated the idea of a marriage.

“Roland is far too much a man of the world for that,” she exclaimed, and she cautioned her daughters to ask no questions and she asked none herself.

In this way Hagar had been allowed to enjoy undisturbed retirement. Her world was one of her own creating, and she found it sufficient. During her illness Mrs. Wentworth had been so kind that a warm friendship was established between them, and they were now on terms of close intimacy. Through Mrs. Wentworth a small circle of friends gathered round "that beautiful Mrs. Austin," as Hagar was called, which kept her from feeling either dull or lonely; and about four years previously her little girl was born.

"The very loveliest little creature ever sent into the world, I do believe," was Mrs. Wentworth's opinion of the baby-girl when first allowed to see it in its little bed of down and lace.

And who so proud, then, as Austin? The little creature in his eyes was his surety that his wife would never turn away from him with longing thoughts to her mother. Since that day no word had ever passed her lips of either murmur or reproach. Still he had never been wholly sure of her until now; and now he knew that he held a bond better than any the world could produce, that she would never leave him, not even in her thoughts.

With the birth of his little girl, Austin began to wish that his marriage could be made public, and he was strongly tempted to write to his mother, and invite her to come and see his wife and child. But he foresaw difficulties from such a step, and from these he shrank. Thus years passed without the opportunity he had hoped might come ever appearing, when he could give Hagar her true position, without encountering family opposition or raising a whirlwind of unpleasantness.

Jasper Drummond and Mrs. Wentworth had stood sponsors for his little girl, who at Jasper's request was called Sybil.

And this was the little fairy of four that now ran into the library, where Hagar was sitting, to be kissed before she went for her morning walk.

Blossom was on duty at once, as he always was whenever the tiny angel of the house crawled, or stumbled, or walked.

She was a very picture of a child, with sunny brown eyes, soft curly hair, and a smile suggestive of witchery.

To see Hagar at her best was to watch her with her child. How her face would light up with pride and delight when with her darling; and to-day she was giving her a little lesson, what she was to say to Papa when he came home to-night, which baby Sybil repeated graciously.

Shortly after baby had gone, with Blossom as body-guard, Mrs. Wentworth called.

She was a woman of middle age, medium height, with a pretty

figure, had she ever allowed it to be seen ; but as a rule she was always more or less wrapped up—in the house in shawls, out of doors in heavy or roomy cloaks. Her bonnet had generally a tendency to slip backwards on her head, and her caps always slid away from the perpendicular with her nose. Her complexion was fresh, and her features sufficiently regular not to be very striking. You never thought of her being good-looking, you only knew she could be kind and good, also very severe when she pleased. Her vitality took possession of you ; for she was a woman very much in earnest about everything, and very simple and straightforward in her earnestness. She had a certain shrewdness, and a way of settling a matter in her own mind that was characteristic. If—by the grace of God—she took an idea prayerfully to heart, she stuck to it through thick and thin. She measured people very justly, very dispassionately, and regardless of courtesy. If she found a person or subject inconvenient, she would think nothing of giving them to understand directly, or indirectly, that she did so. Her hospitality was as boundless as her good-nature. She spoke with a Scotch accent that was pleasant and hearty.

"Eh, now, I'll never believe it, that that pretty young woman isn't an angel of goodness—just," was her remark about Hagar years ago, after she had instituted inquiries about the rumour that she was not Austin's wife. "Not his wife, indeed! what would she come to church for if she wasn't, and so well as she behaves too? I declare I'm delighted with her, and I'll just call, Doctor."

Doctor was the name she always gave her husband, the Reverend Noel Wentworth, who was at once a savant, a philosopher, and a doctor of divinity ; a pillar of learning, and an ecclesiastical light. Mrs. Wentworth professed not to set much store by his book-wisdom and learning, but she was proud of his attainments in divinity, which had gained him his degree of doctor. "The wisdom of this world, what was it but foolishness with God?" was her argument. Her standard, therefore, was: "How far had anyone graduated in preparation for the Kingdom of Heaven?" and she valued them accordingly. That is why she preferred to call her husband "Doctor," always speaking of him as the Doctor.

The Doctor, however, was as much indebted to his head as to his heart for his divinity degree. He knew the history of the Church, and all the Churches, since they had been formed on earth, as a child knows its mother. The love of learning was his passion from boyhood ; before all things he was a savant. If you wanted to see the Doctor in his heaven

underground room which he had selected for its remoteness from noise. Here, surrounded by his books, clad in the shabbiest of dressing-gowns, smoking his calumet, you would find the Doctor; a tall, stout, handsome-looking man, between fifty and sixty. His hair was spare and grey, his beard long and nearly white; his eye shone with the fire of that mental energy which was never at a loss and never faltered. His voice was characteristic, and had a range from the lion's roar to a tender whisper. The roar, as a rule, was predominant; for the doctor was nothing if not combative in argument. And then sound lent force to logic, and stormed the opponent either out of the field entirely, or into abashed neutrality.

But divinity, metaphysics, and philosophy apart, the Doctor had his very human points. Before a pretty child, or an attractive woman, he was as wax before fire. They melted him utterly. And of all his lady friends and parishioners, Hagar and her little girl were his especial favourites.

"I say, my dear, we have not seen Mrs. Austin the last few days," was his remark at breakfast that morning.

"Yes, I know; I am going to look in this morning to see how she is getting on," said Mrs. Wentworth, pouring out the Doctor's coffee deliberately.

"When is her husband coming back? He has been away a long time now."

"Just what I was thinking. It's my private opinion, Doctor, that she is an angel of goodness to put up with such a man!"

CHAPTER XXI.

JASPER DRUMMOND'S OPINION.

"There's some ill planet reigns;
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable."

"WELL, my dear, and what has kept you away from us for so many days? The Doctor's quite uneasy," was Mrs. Wentworth's first question to Hagar when she called.

"I have been busy. I am expecting my husband this evening. He comes for his long leave."

"And you don't look too delighted, my dear."

"Hush! What are you saying?" cried Hagar, with a startled laugh.

"You're anxious; you're worried; there now, I know it. Tell

me, my dear, has anything gone wrong? Anything you are afraid of?"

"Nothing, dear Mrs. Wentworth."

"Umph! Well, it's my opinion then, my dear, that you ought to be worried. A man has no right to leave a pretty young woman to mope by herself for months at a time, while he takes the world easy."

Austin's frequent absence was a scandal to Mrs. Wentworth.

"Join his regiment, indeed! A married man, and a man of property, too; what business has he to be going about the world after a regiment, leaving his pretty young wife to the mercy of the world?"

This was her private view of the case. She thought it a shame that Hagar should lead the life of comparative widowhood which she had done for so many years.

"Don't tell me there are no temptations in it. Why, is not that Drummond there constantly? Cousins! Ah yes! all very fine; why, he is no relation at all! Old enough to be her father? Bah! I don't believe in those fatherly old men. Don't talk to me. I know what I think, and I'll say it now, and I'll say it again, Captain Austin has no right to leave his wife so much alone."

These fulminations were what Mrs. Wentworth used to pour into the Doctor's ear during their most private confabs.

She generally had a thrust at her grievance when she saw Hagar, who used to parry it as well as she could. Now she coloured up, and turned the conversation.

Fond as she was of Mrs. Wentworth, it was with a sigh of relief she saw her rise to go this morning. Although she had denied being troubled when her friend taxed her, there was something on her mind which made her anxious and nervous.

She took out her watch to look at the time. It wanted an hour and a half to luncheon. Drummond was coming to luncheon.

She tried to read, but it was useless. Her mind was so occupied with her worry—it was more than worry, it was positive suffering. Presently baby Sybil returned, chattering and playful, Blossom following lazily—he had grown stout, and exercised him.

Little Sybil was full of godpapa's coming. Her best sash was to be worn in his honour, and her place at table was by his side, for Jasper and his godchild were devoted to each other.

Human influences had been at work on this once hard man, and had changed him. It was baby Sybil's work—hers and Hagar's.

What the nature of the sting was in his life he had hinted in the

conversation which took place just before Austin's marriage. But bitterness or cynicism was not the man's real nature at heart. His hate was but the husk of deep and disappointed yearning. He had loved and been wronged by a woman, and his moral nature was not strong enough at the time to bear the blow without becoming deformed. It maimed his judgment. He saw in every woman the possible liar who had the power to crush all good in a man's heart by unfaithfulness to her word. The fairer the falser in his eyes. To have found one a traitor, was enough to make him declare war upon them all, and this he did successfully for years, converting Austin to his views. But when Austin defied him at last, and confessed his love for Hagar, Drummond envied him in his heart, while he railed on him with his lips.

From the hour of his introduction to Hagar, he had determined to befriend her. There was a reason for this.

Here was the atonement which for years he had been seeking in his better moments to make to the memory of a woman whom, although she had wronged him, he had cruelly revenged. Cut off from her family, and disowned by them for her bad treatment of himself, she went out into the world with the man she had married in preference. Three years afterwards he received a letter from her, imploring his forgiveness, and entreating him to intercede with her family on her behalf. She was in the deepest poverty. Her husband was unable to support her, and now starvation was impending. The tale was too pitiful. It was the old story of mistaken affection. She saw her fault. She prayed him for one kind word before she died, for she felt she had not the strength to battle long with a world so cruel to the unfortunate. She implored his mercy and pity for the sake of her child; would he hear her prayer? She wrote as a mother, on her knees pleading with him for all she loved best.

And his answer——

He cursed her in his heart and left her to suffer and to die, perhaps. He never knew. He had flung her letter into the fire with a bitter oath. The address was lost, and when his hour of remorse came there was no retrieving what he had done. The curse had fallen on his own heart, and hardened it, until the time when he had first known Hagar and her child.

One day he told her all his story, and his heart had melted in the telling.

Hagar had been left under his care by Austin. Regularly one day in every week he came up to town to see her and his god-child.

Hagar did not like him much at first. He was not a man to win any woman's regard. He has been described as tall, heavy-looking and surly; wearing always an expression of habitual discontent, varied with cynicism. But he had a smile for those he loved that altered his face, softened the hard expression of his mouth and set lips, and lifted the frown from his shaggy brows.

How surprised Hagar was when she first saw it!

It was the day baby was christened Sybil, at Drummond's request.

After they came from church, Austin, for fun, said that Drummond must hold his responsibilities, sins and all, in his arms, and the nurse gave him the baby.

He took her. He was in a moody state of abstraction at the time; but the frail weight of the sins he had undertaken to lead into ways of repentance and grace roused him.

"It is your little godchild Sybil," said Hagar, smiling; "for her sake you must promise to think better of her sex."

"Little Sybil," he said mechanically, as if he were trying the ring of it upon his ear. There was a short silence. He stared at the sleeping infant intently; then, looking up at Hagar, a smile broke over his face, a smile so unlike the surly Jasper Drummond she had known that she scarcely recognised him for the same man. Her sympathy was awakened. He was evidently not the cross-grained creature she had imagined. There was a fresh spot in his nature, if it could only be reached. Why had no one ever tried? Perhaps it would be baby's task. She wished nothing better for her child than that she should be the harbinger of renewed affection to a barren heart. She regarded it as a good omen for the child that, through her, the clouds had been cleft, and the sun had appeared for the first time in this hard man's heart: and her mother's dreams for the future of her child were happy ones, as she pictured this influence continuing through life.

"Let her do good and not evil all the days of her life," was her final prayer for her baby that day.

As Austin's dearest friend and her child's godfather, Drummond's position towards Hagar was that of a near and trusted relative. He was not a man to abuse such a trust. It became the interest and happiness of his life; and his one pleasure were those weekly visits to Austin's wife and child.

To Hagar they supplied the need without which her life would have been very lonely. How thoughtful he was of all that interested her! What charming books he brought her; how well he conversed about them; how cleverly he made her feel that

drawing out opinions she hardly knew she possessed until she heard herself delivering them boldly! How pleasantly he made the time pass! It seemed as if he had a word of sympathy for everything she liked. How colourless her life would have been but for his steady friendship, sanctioned as it was by her husband, who, whatever his jealousies, was never jealous of what, under other circumstances, might have proved his greatest danger!

But in this instance Jasper's very devotion to Hagar was Austin's justification to himself that he had done well to marry the woman he had, and it increased his love for Jasper, because it made life easier for himself. There was no difficulty now in joining his regiment. He could leave home perfectly satisfied that all would go on well during his absence.

To both husband and wife Jasper Drummond was a dear and invaluable friend.

Hagar was no stranger to the opera now, or to theatres or concerts, and she did not need to fall back upon the barrel-organs of the street for her amusements. Drummond was always bringing her boxes and stalls for everything that was worth going to see or hear; and, "dear old fellow," as she wrote of him, so careful was he of the conventionalities, that he always insisted upon her inviting one or two of her lady friends to accompany them.

All that her heart had wanted in Roland she had found in Jasper—so far as true friendship goes. Her husband loved her, loved her passionately; but as the majority of men love—selfishly. To find his own happiness in her, regardless of hers. The true quality of much that goes by the name of love is nothing more than this: the love of self in another.

How differently Drummond cared for her—his only thought was to give her happiness!

But Hagar never analysed the subject. She took it all as a matter of course; thankful that her life was now so calm that it really had no want but one. She always grieved silently whenever she thought of her poor old mother, on whom her eyes had never been allowed to rest since the morning of her marriage. And she thought that day that she was saying her last good-bye she could not have said it. But time is such an obliterator. Without ceasing to love or regret the old woman, Hagar had now taken root too firmly in her new home to dream of running counter to her husband's wishes in this respect. He was right when he thought that her child would be his best pledge that, so long as Sarah Mullock went, he had nothing more to fear.

Mrs. Sarah bore the enforced separation with apparent resignation, as a natural state of things—not to be altered. Still she nourished a secret spite against Austin that consoled her as she apostrophised to herself:

"Wouldn't let the poor girl see old Sarah no more, wouldn't ye? Well, maybe it 'ud have been better for ye if ye had. Old Sarah might have got the thorn out of yer flesh as is tormentin' ye, and making ye spree about the world after yer regiment, ashamed to own yer wife and child because ye thinks as how they was found on a dust-heap, and the devil's pride in ye don't like to tell anyone of the dust-heap ye took 'em from! Eh well! old Sarah's a match for ye, my fine-feathered bird, and she's failing fast, and ha'n't got many months, I'm thinkin,' to live; for she knows her complaint's a killin' one; for all Dr. Jameson's physic, it will carry her off, maybe sudden at the last. And then, when she's gone, she knows as what she takes with her; something as ye'd give yer eyes to have. But may the Almighty give her grace to keep it dark; and it's you He'll shame in the day o' judgment. For he knows what old Sarah Mullocks did; and if there's a low down corner somewhere in Heaven, maybe He'll give it to her for that day's work. And then, deary, I'll see ye again for sure—for ye'll be a pure lady among the angels, and won't have no call to thank the likes of he, with his dirty mean pride, for yer gentility, although he's thinkin' to himself, no doubt, as how it's he's made ye a lady."

Such was generally the tenor of Mrs. Sarah's monodies, half thought, half murmured, while she sat by her lonely fire-side. She had not done much business lately. Her health had failed, and Dr. Jameson had told her she must give up working. Polly Bunbury, next door, looked after her, and now and again went to Hagar for her.

It was one of Polly's letters, received that morning, which had caused the worry and anxiety Mrs. Wentworth had noticed on Hagar's face. Things had come to a climax, and she was now determined for the first time to open her trouble to Jasper, and ask his help.

That was his knock. How familiar and how welcome! How glad she was to see him—her friend in need and in deed!

He was changed. The new interest in his life had given him back some of his youth. He looked ten years younger than the cross old man who had stepped upon the scenes so inopportunistically before Austin's marriage.

"And the child, where is she?" was

she was not present to meet him. Of course there was a toy in his pocket for her: he never came without bringing her something. His meeting with Hagar was always quiet and undemonstrative; his deep feeling for her never had any other voice, it was only known by what he did. It consoled him, not a little, that he was able to supply that want in her life, which her loyalty would not allow her to bemoan in words. But he felt that if anything should occur to take him suddenly out of her life, then she would know and realize what he had been to her.

How few among us recognise this secret, that behind the external clothing of the flesh lives the real being, the internal or spiritual being which is the true man or woman. Externally people meet and are united in what are apparently the closest bonds of interest, friendship, or blood; and yet they may be strangers in reality to each other all the while, neither having learnt to know the true person that dwells behind the veil of the flesh. But once their spirits meet and assimilate, then, and then only, can they say with any truth, "I know you, and I love you."

A digression this in a chapter full of digressions; to be excused only on the plea that in studying character let us not forget to search for the causes which produce effects.

As soon as luncheon was over, and little Sybil had had her romp and was dismissed, Hagar drew Polly's letter from her pocket and held it in her hand without speaking.

She wanted Jasper's advice, yet she felt considerable shrinking from approaching a subject which her husband had forbidden her ever to mention to anyone. But the case had now become extreme. It was useless, she knew, appealing to Roland. To speak to him would be to poison all his visit, and send him off, perhaps, to spend his leave with his mother, which he had threatened once to do when, in some trifling matter, she had ventured to oppose his imperious will.

Her doubts and difficulties were written on her face, which Jasper had learnt to read clearly.

"What is worrying you?" he asked earnestly. He saw that it was connected with the letter which she held in her hand.

"My mother is ill, and I cannot go to her."

"Why not?"

"Why not?" she echoed: "can you not guess? Ah! Jasper, I am wrong to speak to you about this, for Roland has forbidden me, and I feel guilty to disobey him—but what can I do? It seems so unnatural—my own mother—ill—and perhaps dying, and I must not see her. Can you help me? Can you advise

me? Tell me, Jasper, can I do nothing to soften Roland's heart towards me in this?"

She rose from her seat as she made this appeal and stood holding out her hands entreatingly towards him, as if he could help her.

It moved him very much to see her distress: moved him more than he dared to show.

"If he only knew," she continued, "how I would have repaid him a thousandfold with all the love of which my heart is capable, had he only been generous and felt a little for me in this, and not all for himself."

Looking at her husband through this injustice, Hagar could never see him but in his true colours; pride, selfishness, and hard-heartedness of the worst form, disfigured the image she longed to cherish and worship above all things.

"Do you know I get frightened of myself sometimes when I think of what he has done. The cruelty, the wrong of it is so revolting to me, that when I think of it I am his enemy! I can't help it. When I look back upon my life—what has it been? A servitude far greater than the one I left. There the material part of me only was bound; my spirit, at least, was free to follow what my conscience told me was right. But now—my spirit is chained to the will of another; and it is killing my moral nature. Ah! it must be, or I would not have sunk so low as to speak as I am now speaking," she cried passionately.

"Hush," said Jasper, taking her hand and holding it, to calm her. He had never seen her so moved before. It surprised him as much as it startled herself. It was the outburst of a long-smouldering fire that could not be subdued until it had burnt itself out.

"Yes, you are right to tell me to hush," she said humbly; "I was forgetting. But it is so hard to think rightly under a strong sense of injustice and wrong."

"Is your mother in danger?"

"She has sent to tell me that she knows she cannot live very long; and she implores me to come and bring my child, that she may see us just once before she dies. She longs to see me, and my child. Believe me, Jasper, it is like death to me to treat such a summons with a refusal."

"Don't refuse."

"What! would you have me go?"

"Yes. If the worst comes, I'll take you myself."

"What! you! Oh no—I will never ~~now~~ disension between you and Roland."

"The only dissension will be sown by himself, if he makes you unhappy," said Jasper, sternly.

"Dear Jasper, what a true, good friend you are!" she cried; "how you help me! I feel as if I could let you see all my soul, and that you will help me to be strong and faithful. Your goodness to me makes me a better wife to Roland than I am—in my heart, I mean—for, oh! you cannot know how terrible it is for a woman to feel that her husband is not just or generous to her in what she values before everything, and that his love for her is only another form of worship for himself! Ah! forgive me, and don't quite despise me—that I have let you see what none but God has ever known, my heart's painful secret. Will the love ever come back to me, Jasper?" she asked plaintively and with streaming eyes. "I feel so hard, so cold. He is coming home this evening, and my lips will welcome him, but my heart feels frozen. The love is there, I know, for were he to be generous I feel it would thaw at once; but now it lies congealed. He has done it, he only can undo it; for God knows how truly, how devotedly I loved him. It surely cannot have left me. It is only buried: he might bring it back to life if he would. I pray, you cannot think how earnestly, that I may feel towards him all that I ought to feel—but no answer comes. Always there stands between us the cloud of this wrong and his want of sympathy for what I suffer, which seems all the harder to bear because of the sympathy I am so ready to give him in the slightest thing. He has had no worry or trouble since we married that I have not helped him to bear by sharing. I am ready to do my duty to the very utmost, but for this, and this I don't seem able to endure any longer," she cried, pressing the letter she held in her hand.

"Again I say to you don't bear it," was Jasper's firm reply. "Go—do your duty as a daughter as you have done it as a wife. There comes a time when it is a woman's duty to rebel."

"I don't want to do that. I only want to win from him what it seems so easy to give. Don't tell me to rebel—although I feel that my words have been rebellious enough, and that in speaking to you to-day I have done him some wrong and profaned the sacredness of my position as a wife, who should guard the privacy of her heart and home from all eyes. But I am so weak. I want help, human help, sometimes, that I can find nowhere—not even in you, when you tell me to rebel."

"You misunderstand my meaning. Has it never struck you that by giving way to the selfishness of a nature you are assisting it to become more so; and that instead of helping your husband

by your submission you are only making him more selfish than you found him? Mistaken love this, either in man or woman. Do what is right before everything, and don't be afraid! I am a queer sort of preacher, considering my bad influences over Roland at starting, which have gone far to make him what he is. But you see, when he rebelled against my influence he soon made it clear to me that he was right and I was wrong. He did me a positive service by running counter to my teaching, and the consequence is, I have blessed him ever since. When rebellion means resisting what you see to be wrong, then, I say again as I said before, there comes a time when it is one's duty to rebel."

She looked doubtful, as if the step were one she had no strength to take; for years of submission and self-effacement paralysed the courage necessary for opposition.

There was no time for her to make any further remark, as little Sybil came running into the room with a telegram in her hand, which the servant, following behind, had allowed her to carry to her mother.

"From Papa," lisped the child, who was accustomed to these dispatches coming from papa.

"Yes, pet; and Papa is not coming home to-day," said Hagar, reading it with an air of mingled relief and disappointment; then handing it to Drummond, who read:

"Don't expect me to-day. Summoned down to Riverdale. My mother ill. Nothing serious. May be absent a fortnight. Particulars by post."

(To be continued.)

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The Battle-fields of Germany.

BY COLONEL G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I.

IX.—VIENNA.

THE year 1526 saw an immense increase to the power of the House of Habsburg. The death of Louis II., King of Hungary and Bohemia, on the fatal field of Mohács, 29th August 1526, and the extinction by that death of the Hungarian branch of the Jagellons, had, in virtue of then existing treaties, brought the crowns of those kingdoms within reach of the Archduke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Charles V., subsequently to become King of the Romans and Emperor of Germany as Ferdinand I. Ferdinand stretched out his hand to take the fallen heritage. The 24th October 1526, at an assembly of the three orders (Landtag) held at Prague, at which the nobles, the knights, and the burghers were fully represented, he was unanimously elected King of Bohemia. Some weeks later, at a meeting of the Hungarian Diet held at Pressburg, Ferdinand was chosen by a majority King of Hungary. He was crowned at Stuhlweissenburg* a year later (3rd November 1527).

To examine the claims of Ferdinand to the crowns of the two kingdoms, it may be interesting to trace back for three or four generations the history of the family to whose extinction he owed his succession.

* The Roman Alba Regalis, or Alba Regia, a town on the road from Vienna to Ofen, a hundred and twenty-six miles from the former and sixty-four from the latter, where the Kings of Hungary were always crowned up to the time of Ferdinand inclusive.

George of Podébrand, the son of Victorin Bocek of Kunstadt, a Bohemian magnate, the intimate friend of Ziska, and brother-in-law of Ulric of Rosenberg, the first of the nobles and chief of the Catholic party in Bohemia, had succeeded, by force of character and by military skill, in so influencing the Diet and the Emperor (Frederic III.) that he was elected (April 1452) regent of that kingdom, to act in that capacity for Ladislas I., King of Hungary, and who had been also chosen King of Bohemia. On the death of Ladislas I. just as he was about to assume the government of Bohemia (29th November 1457), George of Podébrand, still Regent of Bohemia, marched with an army into Hungary to secure the crown of that kingdom for Mathias Corvinus, who lay in the prison to which he had been consigned by Ladislas. By his influence with his friends, Ujlak Voivode of Transylvania and the Hungarian Palatine Gara, Mathias Corvinus was elected. In return Corvinus promised an eternal gratitude to Podébrand, and married his daughter. In supporting the election of Corvinus, of an eminent Hungarian to rule over Hungary to the displacement of a prince of the House of Austria, George of Podébrand had really been fighting for his own hand. The example became contagious. The Bohemians caught the infection, and, the 2nd March 1458, their Diet unanimously elected George as their King.

This is not the place to record the history of his brilliant reign. It is, however, necessary to mention that the course of events impelled Corvinus, King of Hungary, who owed to him his crown, to turn against him. During a war in which the Bohemians had suffered many reverses, Podébrand succeeded (March 1469) in drawing the army commanded by Corvinus into a position in which it might be exterminated. He showed his signal generosity by allowing it to depart free and untrammelled. Corvinus, who in the hour of his danger had given his word of honour to cease from all hostility, avowed or secret, proceeded at once to repay Podébrand by intriguing to cause himself to be elected King of Bohemia. Two months after he had been spared, he was so elected by the chiefs of the Catholic League assembled at Olmütz. The news of this treachery changed the nature of George of Podébrand. He raised an army, and, to obtain the aid of the Poles, he assembled a diet, at which, solemnly renouncing for his own family the rights of succession, he caused its members to elect Ladislas Jagellon, son of King Casimir IV., King of Poland, who, on his mother's side, could

In the war which followed, complete success attended the armies of Podébrand. The success had effects which survived him. On his death (14th March 1471), Ladislav succeeded him in Bohemia, and on the death of Mathias Corvinus nineteen years later, Ladislav obtained also the throne of Hungary. The two crowns were thus united on the head of a Jagellon.

Ladislav, known in history as Ladislav II., ruled over the united kingdoms for twenty-five years. He was succeeded in both (18th March 1516), by his son, Louis II., then only ten years old. From that moment until the date on which he attained his majority, Louis was the centre point round which the ambitious nobles of Hungary intrigued and fought to gain personal power. If we look at the position of Edward VI. of England, and add to it a jealous enemy on the border eager to foment and to take advantage of the internal divisions of the country, we obtain an accurate bird's-eye view of the position in Hungary of Louis II. during the first eight years of his reign.

At the time of his accession peace reigned between Hungary and her powerful eastern neighbour, the Sultan of Turkey, then Selim I. On the death of Selim four years later (22nd September 1520), his son, Sulaimán II., better known in history as Sulaimán the Great, then in all the vigour of active youth—he was just twenty-five—sent an embassy to propose a continuance of the existing treaty, but on terms which would secure to himself considerable advantages. The faction which at that moment predominated at the Hungarian Court, knowing that a war with Turkey would affect injuriously the interests of the party which was pressing it very hardly for power, replied to this demand, first, by receiving the Turkish envoys with contumely, and then by cutting off their noses and their ears. Exasperated by this cowardly and cruel treatment of the men to whom in all good faith he had confided a sacred mission, Sulaimán invaded without delay the country whose ministers had afforded him an insult so gross and so barbarous.

On the 20th August he took Belgrade. Salankemen, Peterwardein, and many other places fell in quick succession into his hands. Vainly did the boy king strive to rouse amongst his nobles a spirit of patriotism. Every feeling of honour and love of country disappeared before the more prevailing greed for selfish interests. Did one great nobleman summon his vassals to fight on behalf of the national cause, another at once withdrew his following to his estates. Thus it happened that

throughout that war the Turks were never opposed by the full strength of the kingdom. Nor even did matters mend when, having attained his majority, the young King, leading an army into the field, summoned all his great vassals to accompany him in the national crusade. But few responded to his call, and when, on the 29th August 1520, Louis faced the army of Sulaimán on the field of Mohács, his own following did not represent one third even of the nobility of his country.

It is not to be wondered that under such circumstances the battle was lost for Hungary. The victory of Sulaimán was complete. The young King, after distinguishing himself by courage and conduct, was forced from the field. The night was dark and the road little known. Crossing a swamp near the village of Czece, he and his horse sank and perished. It was only two months later that the bodies of both were discovered.

Sulaimán took advantage of his victory by marching directly to Ofen (Buda), and seizing that important town. Meanwhile, Ferdinand, afterwards Ferdinand I. Emperor of Germany, but then Vicegerent for his brother, the Emperor Charles V., put in his claims to the succession to the vacant crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, in virtue of the compact made in 1491 by the Emperor Maximilian with King Ladislas II., and confirmed in 1515 by his own marriage with the Princess Anna, sister of Louis II., whereby it had been agreed that in the event of the representative of the one family dying without issue, his dominions should devolve upon the representative of the other. The Estates of Bohemia were the first to recognise the validity of this claim. On the 24th October 1526, the three orders composing those Estates—the nobility, the knights, and the representatives of the towns—unanimously elected Ferdinand as their King.

In Hungary the unanimity was not so perfect. The great territorial nobles had not left the last of the Jagellons without support on the field of battle with the object of placing themselves under the power of the Habsburg. If they had objected to be beaten with whips, it was certainly with no desire that they should be chastised with scorpions. But the necessities of Hungary were great. The Turk was in Ofen: the Hungarians had no army to oppose to him.

Under such circumstances the Estates met in December at Pressburg. Vainly, meanwhile, had the most powerful of the self-seeking nobles, John Zápolya, Voivode of Transylvania, supported by another great noble, Stephen Báthory,

his adherents and proclaimed himself king. His pretensions were laughed to scorn by the greater number of the other great magnates. On the 16th December, when the Diet voted, Ferdinand of Habsburg was, on the proposal of Stephen Báthory, elected by a large majority; a year later he was, as already stated, crowned King of Hungary at Stuhlweissenburg!

If Hungary was in many respects a valuable acquisition for the House of Habsburg, it was an inheritance which brought with it many responsibilities and many cares. Prominent amongst these were a turbulent nobility and incessant warfare with the Turk!

No long time was to elapse before Ferdinand was made to feel the weight of these responsibilities and of these cares. Furious at his own rejection for the Kingship, John Zápolya had thrown himself into the arms of Sulaimán, and Sulaimán, after taking possession of Moldavia and ravaging Hungary with fire and the sword, had marched with an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men against Vienna. The garrison of the city consisted of sixteen thousand soldiers and five thousand armed citizens under the command of Count Nicholas of Salm. Sulaimán appeared before the city the 27th September (1529). For eighteen days the garrison offered a stubborn resistance, repulsing, during that time, no less than twenty assaults. It would, however, have gone hard with them, but that three circumstances hindered on every occasion the success of the assailants, and finally forced them to retreat. These were (1) the incessant rains, (2) the overflowing of the Danube, and (3) the indiscipline of the Janissaries. Sulaimán returned, furious with disappointment, to Constantinople. The check his arms had received so preyed upon him that, in the spring of the following year, he tore himself from the festivals which were rejoicing the hearts of the citizens of Constantinople, entered Hungary, and again conquered the greater part of that country and of Slavonia. The cries of Hungary at length reached the ears of the brother of Ferdinand, the Emperor Charles V., and that prince, just released from his contest with the Protestant princes of Germany, marched to release her from her agony. Near the little town of Günz * the two armies came (May 1532) in sight of each other, the Ottomans superior in numbers, the

* Günz or Güns, in the Hungarian language Kőszeg, lies on the river of the same name in the county (Komitát) of Eisenburg. On the north side of it rises the castle of the Esterhazys dominating the numerous possessions of that family in the country.

Germans bearing the palm in discipline and leading. The Turks had already spent nearly three weeks in besieging Günz, and had delivered nineteen attacks. Vainly, however; the garrison, though but eight hundred strong, was commanded by a hero, a Croat named Nicholas Jurisic, and, under his guidance, had repulsed them all. The arrival of the Emperor, whilst it cheered the garrison, dispirited the enemy. Sulaimán had already begun to fall back when the news reached him that the Genoese fleet, led by the famous Doria, had captured some of the principal towns in the Morea. He concluded, then, a truce with the Emperor (September 1532), and evacuated Hungary.

The rebel prince of Transylvania, John Zápolya, still refused, however, to bend his head to the House of Habsburg. So fiercely did he continue to fight, and so persistently did he maintain his claims, that six years elapsed after the last departure of Sulaimán before he would agree to come to terms, and he agreed then only on conditions which were eminently favourable to himself. By the Peace of Grosswardein he obtained not only Transylvania, but a great part of lower Hungary (the Theiss circles), with the title of King; with the reserve, however, that on his death the Theiss circles should revert to the Habsburgs.

John Zápolya died two years later (21st July 1540). He had married, the 16th February of the preceding year, Isabella, daughter of Sigismund, King of Poland, and she had borne him a son. No sooner was the breath out of his body than this son, called John Sigismund, was proclaimed on the field of Rákos as King, succeeding to all his father's possessions. As soon as the news reached Constantinople, Sulaimán declared Hungary to be a Turkish satrapy, the young Zápolya to be a tributary prince of Transylvania and of the circles watered by the Theiss!

This declaration meant war with the Emperor. Such a war, indeed, it was impossible to avoid. On the death of John Zápolya, a considerable number of the nobility, guided by the advice of Martinuzzi, a brother of the Pauline order, and who had been nominated one of the guardians of the baby prince, had proclaimed John Sigismund King of Hungary, had carried him and his mother to Ofen, and had despatched their messengers to the Sultan imploring his protection. Considerable as was the number of the nobility who adhered to this plan, those who opposed it were more numerous still. These appeals to Ferdinand, Meanwhile Sulaimán had promptly responded to the call of the Zápolya party, had ~~declared~~ all Hungary

part and parcel of the Ottoman Empire, and had summoned Ferdinand to do homage to him for all his hereditary possessions! Ferdinand replied by sending an army to besiege Ofen. Had he succeeded in capturing that city and the important personages within its walls, he might then and there have concluded the war. But the slowness of the Austrians gave time to the Pasha of Belgrade to march to the aid of the garrison, and the besiegers were compelled to renounce the fruit of their labours just as the city was on the point of capitulation. From that time—1541—for nearly a century and a half—till 1686—Ofen—or, as it is now better known, Buda—remained in the possession of the Turks—the third city of the Ottoman Empire!

Sulaimán was prepared to maintain his pretensions with the sword. Following the Pasha of Belgrade, he threw ten thousand Janissaries into Ofen, occupied Pesth, and so held both banks of the Danube as to command his communications with the southern provinces.

Ferdinand had no means of resisting him. His own provinces were exhausted; he could expect no help from his brother; he had no money. Under these circumstances he signed, with a heavy heart (August 1547), a truce with the Sultan, whereby he bound himself to make to Sulaimán an annual payment of thirty thousand ducats! On his side the Sultan forced the widow and guardians of John Sigismund Zápolya to renounce in his favour all claim to the crown of Hungary, and bound them to accept for their ward the position of tributary prince of Transylvania and of the Theiss circle.

The conditions of this peace were highly displeasing to the great majority of the Hungarian nobility. At a diet (Landtag) held at Tyrnau the same year, they formally recognised the rights of Ferdinand I. and his issue to hereditary dominion over their lands. Many intrigues followed, accompanied by incessant warfare between the adherents of the Habsburgs and the followers of the Zápolya. The monk Martinuzzi, who had originally invoked the assistance of Sulaimán, now worked for the restoration of the country to Ferdinand. But, whilst he was so engaged, Castaldo, the commander-in-chief of the latter, a Spanish officer of distinction, suspecting him of renewed treason, caused him to be murdered (15th December 1551). Then recommenced the war, the fate of Hungary following the rise and fall of the fortunes of the Turk. At length, by the exertions of Jünger Gielain Busbek, the son of a Flemish nobleman, a man well skilled in the mode of conducting war against an Oriental

people, a truce for eight years was concluded (7th June 1562). By the terms of this truce the provinces still occupied by the Turks were to remain Turkish; John Sigismund Zápolya was to possess Transylvania and Upper Hungary as far as Kaschau*; the Austrians were to retain what they held. In the interim Isabella, the mother of the young Zápolya, had died, and Ferdinand had become Emperor of Germany.

Ferdinand did what he could to introduce law and order into the part of Hungary which still remained to him, and to provide for the defence of the military frontier. But on his death two years later (25th July 1564) his son Maximilian II., then thirty-seven years old, a prince of a firm though gentle and tolerant character, who had been brought up under the eyes of his uncle, the renowned Charles V., was called upon to meet difficulties of no ordinary character.

No sooner was the death of Ferdinand notified than John Sigismund Zápolya, who inherited all the turbulent ambition of his father, broke the truce and invaded the Hungarian dominions of the Habsburgs. Surprise assured him momentary success. But the Austrian armies were led then by one of the most famous warriors of the age, Lazarus of Schwendi. This general raised a considerable force, set it in action in the winter of 1566, reconquered all the strong places which Zápolya had taken, captured in addition Tokay and Erdöl, and completely defeated the army of the Transylvanian prince at Szathmár.

In his distress John Sigismund invoked the aid of the Sultan. That Sultan was still Sulaimán the Great. In spite of his burden of seventy-six years, Sulaimán responded to the call made upon him, and, in May 1566, appeared in Hungary at the head of an army, and laid siege to Gyula. To meet him Maximilian had the victorious corps of Schwendi in the Theiss country, fronting Transylvania; a second, led by his brother, the Archduke Charles, covering Illyria; whilst with a third, a hundred thousand strong, he occupied an intrenched camp at Raab, watching the movements of the Turks. Those movements had been somewhat hampered by the jealousy displayed by Zápolya, and for the first two months were restricted to the siege and capture of fortified places. At length Sulaimán moved against Szigeth on the Theiss, the capital of the district of Marmaros. This town was defended by a hero, whose name

* Kaschau lies nearly a hundred and seventy miles north-east, by road, from Pesth.

and fame have descended to posterity ; no other, in fact, than Count Nicholas Zriny, Ban of Croatia and Slavonia. With a garrison consisting only of fifteen hundred soldiers this courageous man bade defiance to Sulaimán, and repulsed attack after attack. Vainly did Sulaimán ply him with promises as well as threats. To one and to the other the answer of Zriny was the answer which Leonidas gave to Xerxes !

Human force, well directed, can do much ; but there is a limit even to its splendid capabilities. By degrees the constant attacks completely demolished the outer walls of the town. Zriny's garrison of fifteen hundred men had by this time been reduced to six hundred. Still, with undiminished energy and unabated firmness of purpose, the gallant warrior opposed a firm front to his enemy. Unable, at last, to continue resistance behind the outer walls, he withdrew within the inner fortifications and made preparations for a sortie. The spirit which animated him inspired every man of his garrison. They stood there, those six hundred, ready to fight, ready to die, prepared to do aught but yield !

At length the hour for the sortie arrived. Opening the gates, the gallant band, led by Zriny, dashed on the countless foe. How they fought, the slaughter they caused, the death they died, has been told in many a ballad on that wild frontier. Zriny himself was one of the first to fall, covered with wounds. He was at once slain. A similar fate befell all but a very few of his daring followers ; and those very few owed their lives, not to a desire to live, but to the admiration which their splendid courage extorted even from the ruthless Janissaries !

Zriny did not give his life in vain. He had left behind him in the fortress adherents, incapable of fighting, but as devoted as himself to the cause for which he had combated. When, on his death, the Turkish bands rushed in to seize the fortress, one of these adherents applied a match to the powder-magazine, and blew into the air three thousand enemies !

But his gallant defence had produced a result by many degrees more important still. Sulaimán had been specially angered by the stubborn defence of Szigeth. Before that place he had lost twenty thousand men. The unsalubrious air of the marshes of the Theiss had affected his health considerably. The bad air combined with the vexation to bring in a serious disorder. His constitution was not proof against the attack, and, three days before the feat of arms I have recorded—the night of the 5th September (1586)—he died, if not the last,

yet the last but one, of the great commanders of the race of Othmán ! *

The death of Sulaimán had all the effect for Maximilian of a victory in the field. The Turkish army, shaken by it more even than by the dearly-bought conquest of Szigeth, promptly evacuated Hungary, and, within two years Maximilian had concluded peace (1568) with the Porte. Zápolya, however, still continued the war ; but on his death, three years later (14th March 1571), the contest collapsed for want of a competitor to the Habsburg. The ambition of one family had maintained it for fifty years. The extinction of that family freed the Habsburgs from a race whose members had, from the first, contested their pretensions to Hungary as well as Transylvania.

To prevent further danger from that quarter, and to incorporate Transylvania more closely within his dominions, Maximilian proposed to the Diet Caspar Békes, a nobleman on whose loyalty and fidelity he could absolutely rely ; but the nobles had not yet been so humiliated as to respond, without question, to the choice of the Emperor. Instead of Békes they elected Stephen Báthory, a man of great abilities, who had served with distinction as minister and commander-in-chief under their late ruler. This election, leaving Transylvania practically independent, or, if dependent, dependent rather on the Porte, presaged a continuance of the troubles which the want of cohesion between that principality and the other hereditary possessions had caused for so many years. It is worthy of note that the election of Báthory was confirmed by Selim II.

Caspar Békes tried in vain to wrest Transylvania from Stephen Báthory. He was completely defeated, taken prisoner, and beheaded (1575). The year following Stephen was elected King of Poland, and was succeeded in Transylvania by his brother Christopher. On the death of Christopher Báthory in 1591 the rule over Transylvania devolved upon his brother Sigismund.

Under the sway of Sigismund Báthory the policy of Transylvania changed. In the interval, Maximilian II. had died ; and his son and successor in the Empire, Rudolph II., hating war, and especially war in Hungary, had transferred the border territories as an imperial fief (*Reichsflehen*) to his uncle Charles Duke of Styria, father of Ferdinand of Gratz. To protect

* His son, Selim II., was the actual last of the successful conquerors of the race, and Selim, far inferior to his father, succeeded only because he inherited the name which Sulaimán had given.

that border, Charles had built on the banks of the river Kulpa the fortress of Carlstadt; and, dividing the fief into districts, had assigned the lands in each to adventurers of all nations. These men were the forerunners of the famous Pandours. The frontier line assigned to them stretched along the borders of Slavonia and Croatia.

Whilst matters were thus progressing in those two provinces, in Transylvania matters had been taking a turn still more decisive. Sigismund Báthory was an enthusiast, an idealist, a man who, strong for the moment in his own convictions, shrank from no means to force those convictions upon others. His brother had brought the Jesuits into Transylvania. Sigismund made their influence predominant; and when his nobles resisted he stifled their resistance in blood. He then married a sister of the Emperor Rudolph, and proposed to the latter that in the event of his dying without issue the estates of Transylvania should be transferred to the Imperial House. Almost immediately afterwards, still under the influence of the Jesuits, he abdicated, embraced the ecclesiastical state, and, despite the opposition of his nobles—the most eloquent of whom, Stephen Josibia, he caused to be beheaded—transferred Transylvania bodily to Austria (1588). As a reward for this transfer he had been promised a Cardinal's hat; but as the Emperor hesitated, or was unable, to keep his engagement, Sigismund re-entered Transylvania (1591) with the view of placing the crown upon the head of his brother, Balthazar. The same year Sultan Amurath broke the truce which existed between Turkey and the Empire, and invaded Hungary.

It is unnecessary to do more than give the results of this long and desultory war of fifteen years. In 1592, the Pasha of Bosnia, after some trifling successes, was completely defeated and slain—with him also a nephew of the Sultan—under the walls of Sissek. Amurath, however, continued the war.

During its continuance, Balthazar Báthory had been beaten in Transylvania and killed by his own people. For a moment, then, the Austrians were able to use the resources of that province and of Wallachia against the Turks; and by means of those resources the fortresses of Gran and Visegrad were recovered (1598). Meanwhile, Amurath had died, and been succeeded by his son, Muhammad III. This prince entered Hungary and took Erlau. The war then took a very changing character. The Turks recovered Visegrad and Gran,* and captured Gran for the seventy-eight years that were to follow.

tured Stuhlweissenburg. Finally, on the 11th November 1606, a peace was concluded—the Peace of Sitvarok—in virtue of which, whilst the Turks retained all their conquests, the Emperor was freed from the payment of the annual tribute by which he had been bound.

Meanwhile, anarchy had prevailed in Transylvania. The nobles had risen against Austrian domination (1601), and Sigismund Báthory had been restored. No sooner had the Imperial generals, George Baster and Michael, Voivode of Wallachia, expelled him, than his place was taken, with Turkish assistance, by his uncle, Stephen Bocskay, the first nobleman of Upper Hungary. The title of Bocskay was recognised by the Emperor in the Peace of Sitvarok (1606). On his death, the following year, the estates of Transylvania elected as his successor Sigismund Rákóczi. After one year's experience of government in Transylvania, Rákóczi abdicated (1608) in favour of Gabriel Báthory, younger brother of Sigismund of that name. The cruelties perpetrated by Gabriel roused his subjects to insurrection (1610), and a civil war ensued. This war resulted, after a duration of three years, in the murder of Gabriel, and the establishment, by Turkish aid, of Gabriel Bethlen, better known as Bethlen-Gabor, cousin of the Báthorys, on the princely and quasi-independent throne of Transylvania (1613).

It seemed as though a better era were about to dawn upon that long-distracted principality and upon Hungary. On the 14th June 1615, the truce which still existed with Turkey, then ruled by Sultan Achmed III., was prolonged for a year; again for two years, the 1st May 1616; and once again, the 27th February 1618, for twenty years. At the same time the Emperor Mathias, who had become King of Hungary, the 24th May 1611, and Emperor of Germany the following year, entered into an alliance with Bethlen-Gabor, in which he recognised not only the right of the Estates of Transylvania to elect their prince, but the independence of that principality of all submission to the crown of Hungary.

But, despite these concessions and the promise of peace which they seemed to be fraught, the hopes of those who believed in the dawn of a new era proved to be entirely illusory. Bethlen-Gabor was a Protestant. In no other part of the dominions of the Habsburgs had Protestantism spread so widely as in Bohemia. The nobles of that kingdom were during the reigns of Rudolph and Mathias in a chronic state of revolt against their sovereign. The very year which saw the first

Bethlen-Gabor of the concessions I have noted, witnessed likewise the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War. The year which followed saw also the conclusion of an alliance between Bethlen-Gabor and the revolted nobles of Bohemia, and the invasion of that kingdom by a Transylvanian army!

Thenceforth, and during the thirty years which followed, Transylvania was an open sore in the side of Austria. If the successes of her ruler were fitful and transitory, the inconvenience to the House of Habsburg was not the less keenly felt. A great ruler in Transylvania might at any moment during those years have overthrown the Imperial House. Bethlen-Gabor, though in many respects a superior man, a protector of letters and the arts, did not possess the resolute nature which, having fixed upon a point, directs all its efforts to gain it. In 1619–20, at a period when the fortunes of Austria were at their lowest, he took Pressburg, threatened Vienna, and caused himself to be elected King of Hungary; but the year following he was induced, in consequence of some slight reverses, to renounce that title in consideration of obtaining from Ferdinand II.—who had succeeded Mathias in 1619—the town of Kaschau, seven Hungarian counties (Komität), and the Silesian principalities of Oppeln and Ratibor. For nearly a year he contented himself with the task of administering these additions to his dominions. But in 1623, tired of peace, he levied an army of sixty thousand men, and advanced as far as Brunn in Moravia, with the intention of joining his troops to those of Prince Christian of Brunswick, and marching on Vienna. But as Christian did not come, Bethlen-Gabor made peace with the Emperor and returned. The year following he engaged to support Mansfeld, just then defeated by Wallenstein at Dessau, in North Germany. But the complete collapse of that partisan leader, in consequence of the vigorous pursuit of his antagonist, caused Bethlen-Gabor to draw back in time. Three years later he died, leaving no children. By his will—a very remarkable document—whilst recommending his country and his wife to the care of the Emperor Ferdinand II., he nominated as the executor of his last wishes the Sultan of Turkey. To each of these sovereigns he left legacies.

On the death of Bethlen-Gabor, the Estates of Transylvania confided the nominal chief office of the government to his widow, Catherine of Brandenburg, with her brother-in-law, Stephen Bethlen, as Gubernator or administrator. The difference of religion between the two—Catherine being a Catholic

and Stephen a Protestant—caused so much inconvenience, that, after a brief interval, the Estates, on the proposal of Stephen, decreed the deposition of Catherine. Stephen meanwhile, uncertain of the result of his contention with Catherine, had offered the throne of Transylvania to George Rákóczi, son of the Sigismund Rákóczi who had momentarily occupied it in 1608. Rákóczi had accepted the offer, and had advanced at the head of a considerable army as far as Grosswardein, when he heard that Stephen Bethlen had disposed of the pretensions of Catherine, and was eager to occupy the throne himself. To settle the claims of the two pretenders, a Diet was summoned to meet at Segesvar in 1681. At that Diet, by means of the support of Catherine, whom he had known how to conciliate, and of presents to the most influential nobles, George Rákóczi was elected almost unanimously. But he possessed none of the qualities which should distinguish a ruler. His avarice, his cruelties, and his injustice provoked a general hatred on the part of his subjects. For a long time they bore the evil they could not cure ; but in 1686 Stephen Bethlen fled to Constantinople, the interpreter of the views of the majority, and implored the intervention of the Sultan. The Sultan was not disposed at the moment to do more than to insist upon the restoration to Stephen Bethlen of his estates. On his expression of satisfaction, after this had been accomplished, the tyranny of Rákóczi became more unbearable than ever. Nor did he make amends for his tyranny by capacity. In 1648-44 he allied himself with the Swedish general, Torstenson, in the attempt which the latter made upon Vienna. Had he conducted his part of the operations seriously, Vienna must have fallen.* But his avarice made him as bad an ally as it had made him a bad ruler. The Emperor excited the Sultan against him on the one side, whilst on the other he offered the Transylvanian prince the cession for his life of the revenues of five shires (Gespannschaften) in Hungary if he would withdraw his troops. Under this double influence, Rákóczi abandoned his ally and concluded a peace with the Emperor (July 1645.)

Irritated at the part which Turkey had played in this arrangement, Rákóczi refused to increase to fifteen thousand ducats the tribute demanded by the Sultan, and which in the time of Bethlen-Gabor had not exceeded two-thirds of that sum. The Sultan Ibrahim, therefore, declared war against him. The death of that prince (1648), and the consequent success

* *Vide* pages 127-8.

of a Sultan personally more favourably disposed towards himself, Muhammad IV., relieved Rákóczi of the dread caused him by this declaration. His hopes were never higher than at this period of his life. He had become a candidate for the vacant throne of Poland, and his election seemed assured, when he suddenly died (24th October 1648).

Rákóczi was succeeded in Transylvania by his son George, known as George II. His first act was to pay to the Porte the arrears of tribute due at the rate which had been fixed by Sultan Ibrahim; his next to restore to the Emperor the five shires which had been ceded to his father for life. For nine years no incident of importance marked his reign. But, having failed, on the death, in 1655, of Casimir V., to be elected King of Poland, he united his armies with those of Sweden, two years later, to wage war against that country. The expedition was in every respect very disastrous. Rákóczi was abandoned by the Swedes, his own army was destroyed, and he had provoked the hostility of the Sultan against whose positive orders he had acted. A war with the Porte followed, which, after some vicissitudes, resulted in the overthrow and death of Rákóczi (26th June 1660).*

Transylvania now lay at the mercy of the Porte. The Sultan, by his famous Grand Vizier, Koprili Muhammad Pasha, nominated Alexander Barcsay to be tributary ruler of the principality; and when the Diet dismissed Barcsay in favour of the national favourite, John Keményi, Koprili marched at the head of an army to expel him. Keményi was defeated and slain in 1662. In his place the Sultan appointed Michel Apaffy to the tributary throne.

This interference of the Sultan in the affairs of Transylvania brought about war between Turkey and Austria. In 1663, a Turkish army, led by the son and successor of the late prime minister, Koprili Ahmad Pasha, invaded Hungary, gained a great victory at Gran, took Forgacs, Neuhausel, Neutra, and other strong places, whilst its Tartar horsemen spread terror and desolation in Moravia and Silesia.

To check the progress of his formidable enemy, the Emperor despatched towards the close of the year an army under the command of Nicholas Zriny, Ban of Croatia, great-grandson of

* At the battle of Klausenburg which preceded the death of Rákóczi by four years, the Transylvanians had slightly the advantage. But the death of their leader, who received four mortal wounds in the fight, transferred that advantage to the Emperor.

the hero of the same name, who had covered himself with glory at the siege of Szigeth.*

Zriny's winter campaign was a masterpiece. With an army far inferior in number to that of the invaders, he beat up their quarters, cut off their supplies, and especially at the bridge of Essegg, which he held against them with a handful of men, hindered their advance. As the spring came on he fell back on another Imperial army, led by the famous Raymond, Count of Montecucculi. The union of two armies under two such leaders afforded another example—for the world has many of them, alike in public and in private life—how easily divergences of character in two leaders, each excellent in his way, can neutralise the best-laid schemes. Zriny was daring, enterprising, even audacious; Montecucculi was methodical, careful, circumspect. The scheme which commended itself to the one was invariably condemned by the other; and this difference of opinion led naturally to inaction. It caused, first, the raising of the siege of Kanizsa; and, again, the surrender to the Turks of the fortress of Zrinevar, a fortress built by Zriny and called after his own name, and to succour which he in vain implored Montecucculi. The inaction became so pronounced that it emboldened Sultan Muhammad IV. to invade Styria. In falling back to cover that province, Montecucculi was reinforced by the contingent of the Diet and by six thousand French levies—an addition which raised his army to sixty thousand men. Thus strengthened, he resolved to contest with the enemy the passage of the Raab at St. Gotthardt, on the high road leading from Ofen to Gratz. Here on the 1st August (1684) he was attacked by the Turkish army. The furious assault of the spahis threw the right wing of the Imperialists into disorder, and fugitives from it announced in Gratz the complete defeat of the army. But it was at such a conjuncture that Montecucculi invariably displayed the calmness and presence of mind which gained for him his great reputation. Despatching his cavalry to take the spahis in flank, he led against the Janissaries the *élite* of his infantry, broke their serried ranks, recovered the position his right wing had lost, and forced back the enemy with a loss on their part of sixteen thousand men! Nine days later a truce for twenty years was signed with the Grand Vizier at Eisenburg (Vasvár), in virtue of which the latter retained Neuhausel and Grosswardain, and obtained the recognition of the Emperor for the Turkish nominee, Prince An

* *Vide* page 517.

as ruler of Transylvania. In return for these concessions, the advantages gained by the Emperor for Hungary were little more than nominal !

It can easily be imagined that the Peace of Eisenburg, or, as it is sometimes called, of St. Gotthardt, in which, after a great victory, Leopold conceded infinitely more than he gained, did not tend to increase the power of the Emperor in Hungary. And, as no concessions were simultaneously made on questions affecting the rights and privileges of the nobles of Hungary, many of these openly expressed their determination to disregard it. Prominent amongst them were the Palatin, Vesselényi; the representative of the Rákóczis, Francis Rákóczi; and Peter Zriny, brother of the illustrious Nicholas, who had been killed whilst hunting shortly before the battle of St. Gotthardt. These three noblemen went so far as to sign at Trentschin (Trencin, on the Waag) a bond of confederacy against the Emperor Leopold. They were very serious in their design. And when, before they could bring their plans to maturity, Vesselényi died, Peter Zriny, whose vindictiveness was boundless, brought, amongst others, as adherents to the cause, from Croatia, Count Frangepani, from Hungary Count Nádasdy, and from Styria Count Tattenbach.

Notwithstanding these weighty adhesions the conspiracy failed. Caught red-handed in the act, the leaders, with the exception of Rákóczi, who was condemned to pay a heavy fine, were beheaded (1671). For the moment, order reigned in Hungary. Only, however, for the moment. Emerich Tököly,* who

* Few men have lived a more romantic career than Emerich Tököly. Born in 1656, the son of one of the most powerful magnates in Hungary, Tököly had, at the age of fifteen, become a proficient alike in learning and in arms. When the conspiracy referred to in the text broke out, the Imperial Government, suspecting with some reason that the elder Tököly, the father of Emerich, was privy to it, sent troops to besiege him in his castle of Likavoka. Conscious of his inability to make a long resistance, the father confided Emerich to two devoted servants, who conveyed him, in the disguise of a woman, into Poland. Soon after the father died, and Emerich Tököly, now head of the House, proceeded to the court of Apaffy, Ban of Transylvania, and so won upon him by his intelligence and ability, that he was shortly afterwards appointed first minister, then commander-in-chief, of the troops despatched by the Ban into Hungary on his learning of the execution of Nádasdy, Zriny, and the other chiefs. The insurgent Hungarians at once saluted Tököly as their leader.

Tököly was still leader of the Hungarian nationalists, in the pay of France and coining money in the name of the King of that country, when, in 1678, the Princess Rákóczi informed the Emperor Leopold that the young chief was an aspirant for the hand of her daughter-in-law, Helena Zriny, widow of the Francis Rákóczi above referred to, who died in 1676. As Tököly was already engaged to the widow of Nicholas Apaffy, the Princess saw that a marriage with Helena would deprive

had escaped when the other confederate nobles were captured, returned in 1672 to Hungary, the leader of the insurrection. At one moment, somewhat later, an accommodation with the Emperor seemed possible; but the opportunity was allowed to slip, and then Tököly, active, daring, adventurous, implored the assistance of the Ottoman Porte. The Porte, without hesitation, responded.

At the head of an army, two hundred thousand strong, the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, who on the death of his brother-in-law, Koprili Ahmed Pasha (30th October 1676), had succeeded to that office, marched direct upon Vienna!

Let us glance for a moment at the means which the Emperor Leopold had at his disposal to protect his capital.

His own army, thirty-three thousand strong, was commanded by his brother-in-law, Duke Charles of Lorraine. Lorraine had, on the news of the invasion, marched on Pressburg, some forty miles from Vienna, to observe the movements of the enemy. At the same time the Emperor ordered a levy *en masse* in Hungary; sent imploring letters to the Elector Max. Emanuel of Bavaria, to the Elector John George III. of Saxony, and, above all, to John Sobieski, King of Poland, who, nine years before, 11th November 1673, had inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Turkish army, then led by Koprili Ahmed Pasha, at Choczim, to come to his aid.

From the princes to whom he wrote those letters Leopold received assuring answers. Maximilian promised eight thousand men; John George, the whole force of which he could dispose; John Sobieski, forty thousand men; but the levy *en masse* in Hungary produced only three thousand men.

Tököly of Transylvanian aid, and she urged the support of it upon Leopold as a means for gaining the Hungarian chief. Leopold refused at first to interfere; when, at last, he did so, the benefits to be derived from the marriage and from the annuity which followed were neutralised by the insertion in the agreement of a clause reserving the manorial rights of the large landowners. Those latter, with Tököly at their head, took advantage of the vagueness of the clause to remain in insurrection and to ally themselves closely with the Porte.

The events which followed are told in the text. On the failure of the campaign Tököly, suspected by the Turks, was sent prisoner to Adrianople. It was the greatest political fault ever committed. Whilst he still languished in confinement, entire Hungary had been recovered for the House of Habsburg; and when the Sultan released him and urged him once again to action, it was too late. In the civil war which followed, his wife Helena distinguished herself by her courage, her daring, and her enterprises. The gallantry with which she defended Blanka is still told in the Hungarian ballads. She and her husband continued their opposition to the Habsburgs to their last days. Tököly was created by the Sultan Prince of Widdin, and he (1705) and Helena (1708) died subjects of the Porte.

Kara Mustapha meanwhile advanced, plundering and devastating. As he approached the capital, the Duke of Lorraine fell back towards it; not so quickly, however, but that his rear-guard was badly maltreated at Petronell, about one-third of the distance from Pressburg to Vienna. On the 14th July Kara Mustapha appeared before the capital. Lorraine had thrown his infantry, thirteen thousand strong, into the city; and these, with seven thousand armed citizens, formed the garrison, the command of which was entrusted to Count Rüdiger Starhemberg. The number was not sufficient to prevent the complete investment of Vienna by the Turks. So rapid were their movements, that it was by a miracle that the Emperor and his family were not captured as they fled to Linz and Passau. Lorraine, unable to stop the progress of the enemy, had, after having been driven from the islands in the vicinity of the Leopoldstadt, taken up a position first at the Jedlesee, later at Krems, nearly fifty miles from the capital, but so placed on the outer rim of a bend of the Danube as to give the general holding it opportunities for communicating with the garrisons of Pressburg and Komorn, which had not as yet been assailed. Here also he might hope to receive the promised reinforcements from Southern Germany and Saxony.

In spite of this, notwithstanding, too, the courage of the garrison and citizens of Vienna, the task which Kara Mustapha had undertaken was comparatively an easy one. Nothing could be more deplorable, according to modern notions, than were the defensive means of Vienna. The front, watered by the Danube, was protected by a simple wall, strengthened at intervals by towers for the most part crumbling and in decay. The other portion, facing the country, was covered similarly by a rampart, twelve feet high, with two bastions, the curtains of which were covered by ravelins and by a ditch. But little attention had been paid, since the abortive siege of the city by Torstenson, to the repair of the works. Of artillery, three hundred and seventy-one pieces, guns and mortars, were available.

The Turks directed their principal attacks against the following points:—the segment of the fortifications between the Burgthor and the Schottenthor; * the Burg bastion with its cavalier, and the Augustin ravelin to the left of it; and the Löwel curtain and bastion. To destroy these by mining they approached by way of the Red House (in the Alsergrund) and

* Of these gates the Burgthor alone remains.

St. Ulrich, and erected batteries there and at the Kroatendörfel (Spittelberg). From these points they began to mine the Burg and Löwel bastions.

The modern Volksgarten represents the space, between the old Wiedenerthor and the Schottenthor, on which the besieged won eternal glory by deeds of valour and endurance. Well did those gallant men know the fate which would befall their wives and children if their enemy were to force his way into the city! To describe in detail their watchfulness, their energy, and their valour, would lead me beyond the limits I have marked out. Otherwise, I could describe how the regiment of Stahremberg repulsed, from the advanced front of the covered way before the Burg ravelin, four successive attacks of vastly superior numbers; how the gallant Duke of Würtemberg attacked the Turks in the Graben and forced them to retire with heavy loss; the proofs of extraordinary vigilance, energy, and courage, in his defence of the ravelin and ditch of the Löwel bastion given by the captain of the city, Hofner; how Captain Heistermann, with but fifty men at his disposal, extinguished the fire applied by the Turks to the palisades of the Burg bastion, and victoriously repulsed the swarms who, upon the kindling of the fire, had rushed to the storm! On every point of defence did the men prove themselves worthy of their gallant leaders. Thrice during the day, and once during the night, did Stahremberg make the rounds of the city and of the defences. Compelled by wounds in the head and arm to desist for two days, he was seen on the third day resuming his work, and ascending, as was his custom, the tower of St. Stephen's, to notice from that elevated spot the movements of the enemy. The stone on which he used to sit is shown at the present day. It was to his watchfulness, his calmness in danger, his careful supervision, and, withal, to the perfect discipline he maintained, that the prolongation of the defence was mainly due.

The Turks had begun the siege on the 14th July. From that date their guns, their mines, their assaults had afflicted the beleaguered city. Slowly but steadily, notwithstanding the repulses to which I have adverted, they continued to make progress. On the 16th August they made a firm lodgment in the ditch in front of the Löwel bastion; and though they were driven thence a few days later, they succeeded, by means of repeated mining and the persistent attacks following, in gaining possession of the Burg ravelin—a most important post, because from it they were able to maintain a constant fire on the

Burg and Löwel bastions, and on the curtain between those bastions.

The result of the gain of the Burg ravelin was displayed a few days later. On the 23rd, 24th, and 26th August the Turks made desperate efforts to storm the bastions. Though they were repulsed with heavy loss, the defenders were nevertheless compelled, on the 3rd September, to abandon the ravelin of the Löwel bastion. The following day the Turks sprang one of their principal mines under the Burg bastion with such a loss of life to the besieged that the Janissaries, dashing forward, stormed the bastion and planted two horse-tails on its summit. But neither the crash and destruction of the explosion, nor the whirl of the storm which followed, abated one jot the courage and persistence of the gallant Austrians. Rallying behind the *débris* they came fearlessly to the assault and succeeded, by a great effort, in expelling the Janissaries from the bastion they believed they had won.

But, not discouraged by such occasional failures, the besiegers continued to pursue their mining system, and, spite of the heroism of the garrison, they gradually made their way. On the 6th, 7th, and 8th September they sprang fresh mines under the Burg and Löwel bastions. By means of these they succeeded in boring a way underneath the Minorite Church,* through which they were able to despatch to the scene of action a constant supply of fresh troops to replace those who had fallen. Every day's work thus increased the imminence of the fall of Vienna.

Meanwhile the Duke of Lorraine, with the remnant of his army, had, as I have already stated, taken up a post at Krems. Thence he endeavoured to maintain an intermittent communication with the garrison of the beleaguered city. But between himself and that city lay the besiegers: the country, too, was scoured by bands of disaffected Hungarians. Communication was therefore almost impossible. Of the many who attempted to carry despatches some were killed, some returned frustrated. In the third week of August, however, Lorraine received a despatch dated the 18th, gallantly conveyed by a Pole named Kolschitzki, informing him that the besiegers were still full of hope. Sending back by Kolschitzki a message in which he promised to do his utmost to deliver the city, Lorraine, whose troops had been gradually increasing, marched suddenly upon

* Still existing, close to the Niederösterreichisches Landhaus in Minoriten-Platz.

Pressburg, defeated there the Hungarian army under Tököly; then, learning that the Pasha of Grosswardein had reached Stammersdorf (in the Marchfeld) with reinforcements, he turned suddenly upon him and smote his rearguard badly; then proceeding to the Tullner Feld, a vast plain near Tulln on the Danube,* he effected at Hollabrunn (30th August) a junction with the King of Poland. In the interval he learned that the Bavarian, Saxon, and Franconian reinforcements had reached Krems.

John Sobieski, King of Poland, has left a name which will never die.† He was in all respects a hero, and a hero of the purest type. Alike in character, in foresight, in the simplicity of his mind, and in the brilliancy of his achievements, he was one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen. Born in Galicia in 1624, he had, at the age of twenty-one, followed the example then prevailing in aristocratic circles in Poland by entering the French army. The regiment in which he served was the “Mousquetaires rouges”—one of the most brilliant of those reserved for the personal guard of the King. Whilst in that regiment he made the acquaintance and gained the friendship of the famous Condé; and it is a proof of the power of thought which he even then evinced that when Condé asked him how he would remedy the evils then even beginning to undermine the French monarchy, Sobieski suggested the convocation of the States-General! After a short sojourn in France, and a visit to Turkey, Sobieski returned to Poland and consecrated his life to the defence of his country. I must unwillingly pass over the many services he rendered her. It must suffice to state that they were so great, so brilliant, so visible, so compelling admiration, that on the 21st May 1674,‡ nearly

* Near the point where the Danube is now crossed by the Franz-Joseph railway.

† “To strive constantly against the jealousies and factions of the aristocracy,” writes M. Leonard Chodzko, “to resist the intrigues of his wife; to oppose the Machiavelism of foreign cabinets which were labouring unceasingly to destroy the Polish republic; to devote himself body and soul to defend the glory and the grandeur of the Polish name; to surrender his own personal property for the public cause; to astonish Europe, during a period of forty years, by his victories; to ascend by all the steps until, by his personal merit, he had reached the highest, that is to say, the throne; to leave, finally, a name that will be popular in ages to come;—such are the titles of John Sobieski to the admiration of posterity!”

‡ The Diet, for the election of a king in room of the deceased sovereign, Michael, met the 20th April. Sobieski vehemently supported the candidature of Condé; the other candidates were the Duke of Lorraine and the Duke of Neuburg. When, after many days of sitting, an agreement seemed impossible, Stanislaus Jablinovsky made an eloquent appeal in favour of Sobieski, who was thereupon elected with unanimity.

six months after he had destroyed the Ottoman army at Choczim, 11th November 1673, he was elected King of Poland.

War was then raging between Poland and Turkey. Scarcely had Sobieski mounted the throne when he had to drive the enemy across the frontier. The following year they returned, only, however, to be completely defeated (24th August). The war seemed terminated when, thanks to the intrigues of the Emperor Leopold, jealous of the success of the Polish King, it broke out with renewed fury. The genius of Sobieski, however, triumphed over all difficulties, and on the 27th October 1676 he forced upon his enemies a peace glorious for Poland. He was in alliance with the Emperor when the Muhammadan attack upon the dominions of the latter, which forms the main subject of this chapter, took place. We have seen how, in his agony, the Emperor sent pressing solicitations to Sobieski to march to his aid. Those solicitations were urgently supported by the prayers of the Papal nuncio. Whilst the one implored him to save the Empire, the other besought him to preserve Christianity. There were not wanting entreaties to him to abstain from all interference with the fate of Austria. The Court of Versailles brought up in review before him the many injuries he had received from Leopold, and urged a policy of non-intervention. This policy was supported by no inconsiderable number of Polish nobles, who would have preferred, if they fought at all, to fight for the immediate advantage of their own country. But Sobieski never hesitated. Troubled though he was with an accumulation of flesh which no exercise could lessen,* Sobieski, his finances recruited by the sum of one million two hundred thousand florins (about one hundred thousand pounds) sent him by the Emperor, raised an army of twenty-five thousand men with thirty pieces of cannon, and set out from Cracow the 15th August. Marching rapidly in the direction of Vienna, he reached Hollabrunn the 30th, and there effected his junction with Lorraine.

I will pass over the meeting of the two commanders. A council of war was held the same day. By the consent of all present, the command-in-chief devolved upon the renowned King of Poland. It was resolved to wait for the arrival of the Bavarian, Saxon, and Franconian troops, then hastening from Krems, and then to march through the Wiener Wald and occupy the Kahlenberg.

* The French ambassador wrote from Cracow to his master that the extreme *embonpoint* of the King would not allow him to enter on the campaign.

On the 6th September the German contingents crossed the river: on the 7th the entire army, amounting to eighty-four thousand men—of whom forty-six thousand one hundred were cavalry—furnished with one hundred and eighty-six pieces of artillery,* was concentrated in the Tullner Feld. It was ranged in three divisions: the left wing, composed of Imperial† and Saxon troops, being commanded by Lorraine; the right, consisting of the Polish army—strengthened by one regiment from each of the contingents furnished by the Empire, by Saxony, by Bavaria, and by Franconia—by the King of Poland; the centre formed of Saxons, Bavarians, and Franconians, by the Prince of Waldeck and the Electors of Bavaria and Saxony. The army set out the next day, directing its march on the Kahlenberg, its left wing feeling the Danube.

What, meanwhile, was Kara Mustapha doing? On learning of the defeats of Tökoly and of the Pacha of Grosswardein, and of the junction of Lorraine with Sobieski, Kara Mustapha had mustered his army. He had found that, deducting the forty-eight thousand five hundred who had already perished before the walls of Vienna, he could still dispose of a hundred and seventy-three thousand seven hundred warriors. Not for a moment, then, did he lose courage. He knew that the beleaguered city was at its last gasp; that of its thirteen thousand regular defenders little more than one-half remained. He took his measures, then, with resolution, if not with skill. Before the walls of the city he left the pick of the Janissaries, under the command of Kuhaja Bey, with the strictest orders to pursue the siege without the smallest relaxation. He then, having first slaughtered his Christian prisoners—to the number, it is said, of thirty thousand—led the rest of his army to the foot of the Kahlenburg, placed the centre, under his own personal command, at Währing and Weinhaus; the right wing, under Osman Oglu Pasha, at Nussdorf; the left, commanded by the basha Pasha of Grosswardein, at Dornbach. A worse disposition could scarcely have been made. The hill of Kahlenberg, now

* The Imperial troops numbered 27,100, the Poles, 26,600, the Saxons 11,400, the Bavarians 11,800, the Franconians 8,400.

† Amongst these served as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Imperial Cavalry, Prince Eugene of Savoy, then nineteen years old. It was his first campaign. Other men afterwards to become famous, present with the army, were George Frederick Prince of Waldeck, afterwards Imperial Field-Marshal and comrade of William III. in the Netherlands; Prince Louis of Baden, victor of Salankemen; Count Tschinsky, indirect ancestor of the present Prime Minister of Austria; the Boctobum, &c. If I do not enumerate more, it is because the list is too long.

the Sunday resort of the happy Viennese, commanded the villages occupied by the Turks. Granting that an excuse might be found for Kara Mustapha, though it is difficult to conceive one, for failing to deal with his enemies before the several particles which formed their army had united, his neglect to occupy the Kahlenberg and his occupation of positions commanded by that hill were deviations from the rules of war which stamped him as absolutely ignorant of his art. Well might Sobieski exclaim, as he reconnoitred from the summit of the Kahlenberg: "This man is badly encamped; he knows nothing of war; we shall beat him!"

Sobieski had, in fact, gained the Kahlenberg on the evening of the 11th September. From its summit he beheld the doomed Turkish army, with its horses, its tents, its camels, spread out in the plain before him. Beyond that army the beleaguered city, now verily at its last gasp.* He at once signified to the garrison his presence by a salute of three guns and the discharge of rockets. He then made the necessary preparations to attack by the morrow's early dawn.

His examination of the ground between Kahlenberg and Vienna—a distance of about four miles—had disclosed to Sobieski difficulties on which he had not counted. The ground, in fact, was not only undulating, broken by hillocks and valleys, but it was covered by vineyards and villages or ruins of villages burnt by the Turks. He resolved, then, whilst sending Lorraine to drive the Turks from Nussdorf, to march himself with the centre over the Cobenzlberg† and the right over the Hermannskogel, and attack the enemy at Dornbach.

It followed from this arrangement that Lorraine would be first under fire. With the red dawn of the Sunday morning that general pressed forward to accomplish the work allotted to him, and, descending the hill, attacked the Turkish right wing. But in Osman Oglu Pasha, Lorraine encountered no mean adversary. He had to fight every step of his way. Twelve o'clock sounded before he could make good his footing in Nussdorf and the neighbouring village of Heiligenstadt, and when there he had to repulse five attempts made with splendid courage by Osman Oglu to regain them. His position even then was far from assured, for Osman Oglu still held Döbling and the Hummelberg, on which strong batteries had been erected. Instead,

* Two days before he had received the following message from Stahremberg:
"No time to be lost; no time, indeed, to be lost."

† Then known as the Reisenberg.

then, of attempting a further forward movement, Lorraine very prudently tried to feel towards the centre, which, though hidden by the trees, he was sure could not be far from him.

Meanwhile, the centre, composed as we have seen of Germans, had, though long delayed by the difficulties of the ground and the opposition of the enemy, made at last good its way over the Cobenzlberg. The Poles, led by their gallant King, had likewise about the same time accomplished the long detour over the Hermannskogel and through the gorges leading to Dornbach. The clock had struck two, however, before the left of the centre had made touch with the right of the left and the whole army was in line. Then the advance was made. Too rashly, indeed, by a few! One regiment of Polish Uhlans, dashing forward hurriedly and without support, was surrounded and cut down; and, Kara Mustapha, who beheld the deed, and who observed that Osman Olgu still held Döbling and the Hummelberg, flattered himself for a moment with the hope that he would repulse his assailants. But the hope soon gave way to despair. Whilst the Polish cavalry, directed now by their King, renewed the fight, supported by the Germans, on the right and in the centre, Lorraine, advancing with desperate courage, stormed the batteries of Döbling, and, following up the fleeing enemy, drove them from the great redoubt at Währing and Weinhaus—called to the present day the Turkish trenches—then wheeling to the right, fell upon the right flank of the still fiercely contending Ottomans.

This movement made victory certain. Hitherto Sobieski, conscious of the vastly superior numbers of the enemy, had advanced with a certain amount of caution; but the carrying of Döbling and the masterly movements that followed it, removed whatever there might have been of doubt from his mind. He threw all his force upon the now discouraged foe. Meanwhile, Louis of Baden, who had nobly seconded the efforts of Lorraine against Döbling, anxious to be the first to convey to the defenders of the beleagured city the first news of their deliverance, galloped through the Ross-Au, his trumpets sounding, to the counterscarp before the Schottenthor, and, aided by a vigorous sally of the garrison, drove the besiegers from the approaches. Vainly, meanwhile, had the enemy, sensible of the imminence of the danger, tried to turn the siege guns upon the assailants. Vainly had Kara Mustapha endeavoured to re-form and concentrate his line. The fatal "too late" was stamped upon all he attempted. It soon became clear that the battle was lost beyond redemption.

At half-past five, indeed, the Turks made a final rally at St. Ulrich. It was their last. Half-an-hour later they were fleeing in wild disorder over the Wienerberg on the lines leading to Raab!

Vienna was saved. The bodies of close upon twenty-five thousand Turks, the gain of three hundred and seventy guns, of many colours, standards, and horsetails, and of fifteen thousand tents, proclaimed the decisive nature of the victory. Amongst the tents was the palace-tent of Kara Mustapha himself, containing within it, in gold coins, a sum equal to two hundred thousand pounds; his arms, his horse, and his secret correspondence. The amount of provender found was enormous. Fifteen thousand buffaloes, oxen, camels, and mules; more than ten thousand sheep; a hundred thousand measures of corn; whole magazines of coffee, sugar, and rice—besides large sums of gold and many golden ornaments—became the spoil of the victors.

The following morning the King of Poland and the Duke of Lorraine met and exchanged congratulations on the brilliant victory. Then, accompanied by the gallant Rüdiger Stahremberg, they made a solem entry, through the Stubenthor, into the city. Whilst a salute of three hundred guns proclaimed the grandeur of the occasion, the shouts and tears—for joy can call forth tears—of the citizens, more than compensated the victors for the peril and privations they had overcome.

A victory is not complete until it shall have been followed up. Of the truth of this sound military maxim no one was more convinced than the illustrious warrior who had saved Vienna. As soon, then, as matters could be arranged in that city, Sobieski entered Hungary at the head of a Polish-Imperial army—the imperial portion commanded by Stahremberg. Following up the Turks, he caught and beat them (9th October) at Párkány,* and twelve days later forced Gran to surrender. He then returned to his own kingdom, leaving to the Imperialists to complete the work he had so well begun.

It is impossible on this occasion to give in full detail an account of the manner in which the Imperialists accomplished that task. A short summary of the consequences which resulted from the great victory before Vienna is, however, necessary for the full comprehension of the importance of the crisis, of the decided nature of the turn it gave to the history of affairs in Eastern Europe. From 1684 to 1688, Prince Charles of Lorraine carried on the war against the Turks with brilliant suc-

* The victory of the 9th was preceded by a repulse on the 7th.

cess. That success, indeed, was rendered much more feasible than it otherwise would have been by the conciliatory conduct of the Emperor towards the Hungarians, and the concession to them in 1684 of religious freedom. With the exception of excited spirits, such as Tököly and others, urged by real or fancied wrongs, the whole nation threw its strength into the scale on behalf of the House of Habsburg. The consequences were most marked. Under the command-in-chief of Lorraine, the several corps of the Imperial army, led by Louis of Baden, Count Caprara, Eugene of Savoy, and the Max-Emanuel of Bavaria, stormed during 1685-6 the important towns of Vysegrad, Waitzen, Neuhausel, Kaschau, and Erlau. But perhaps the most important gain of all was that of the city of Ofen (Buda). For a century and a half this city had been in the hands of the Turks—the base from which they could threaten Vienna. On the 2nd September 1686 it surrendered to Max-Emanuel in Bavaria.

A little more than eleven months later the Duke of Lorraine wiped out the stain which a hundred and sixty-one years before had marked the Hungarian banners at Mohács. On the field which had been fatal to the last of the Jagëllon rulers of Hungary, the brother-in-law of the Emperor completely defeated the Turkish army (12th August 1687).*

The victory of Mohács was followed by the capture of many strong places in Lower Hungary and in Croatia. Munkács surrendered the beginning of 1688. During the same year, the Ban of Transylvania, Michael Apaffy, renounced his connection with Turkey, and admitted Imperial garrisons into his strong place. Wallachia even offered to submit. On the 6th September Belgrade was stormed by the Imperialists. Several fortresses in Slavonia were also taken.

The war, which in 1689 had seemed to languish, was renewed in 1691. On the 19th August of that year, Prince Louis of Baden, who had succeeded to the command-in-chief on the death on the 18th April of the preceding year of the Duke of Lorraine, inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Turks at Salenkemen.† This blow brought into the field the Sultan Mustapha II. in person. Leading a large army into Hungary, in 1695,

* One remarkable consequence of the victory of Mohács was the decree of a Diet at Pressburg settling the hereditary right of the Princes of the Austrian House to rule over Hungary. As a confirmation of this, Leopold's eldest son, the Archduke Joseph, then nine years old, was, on the 9th December, crowned King of Hungary.

† Twenty-one miles east-south-east of Peterwarden.

he defeated the Imperial general, Veterani, on the Theiss, between Lippa and Lugos (22nd September), made him prisoner, and decapitated him. Called to Constantinople by other affairs, he renewed the invasion in 1697, stormed Titel—close to which the Theiss flows into the Danube—and threatened Peterwardein. With the intention to recover Transylvania and Lower Hungary he then crossed the Danube and marched up the Theiss. At Zenta, however, he was met and completely defeated (11th September 1697) by Prince Eugene of Savoy.

The victory of Zenta—the after result of the famous battle which forms the subject of this chapter—was decisive. The long war had broken the power of the Turks. By the peace of Carlowitz, which was its logical conclusion (26th September 1699), the ties between Hungary, Transylvania, Slavonia, and Austria were riveted in a manner never again to be broken by Turkish invasion. The Peace of Carlowitz indeed constituted a new departure in the politics of Eastern Europe. It settled for the time the Eastern question. The Porte, after long threatening and devastating Europe, was forced to resign—to Austria, to Poland, to Venice, and to Russia—more than half her European possessions. Thenceforth she ceased to be a terror to Christendom; and that she did cease to be a terror to Christendom was primarily due to the gallant defence made against her armies in Vienna in 1683, and to the splendid foresight, the unselfishness, the chivalry, the daring, of the hero-King of Poland!

Pepys as an Official.

By GEORGE F. HOOPER.

"The harvestings of truth's stray ears,
Singly gleaned, and in one sheaf
Bound together for belief."

R. Browning.

II.

PEPYS has left on record some instructive remarks, maxims, and reflections respecting naval affairs, many of which we can, from internal evidence, place as certainly belonging to the later years of his official life. Others we cannot assign any approximate date to, and among them is the following loyal maxim: "The word *NAVY* should be the Englishman's Tetragrammaton,* and to be held no less sacred with him than the other known one among the Jews." We can honestly say that he himself on the whole acted up to it, in spite of a careful and attentive regard for his personal interests, and we may be well-nigh sure that if the Diary could have been continued for us by Pepys the Secretary, we should find in it an ever-diminishing amount of vanity and self-interests keeping pace with an increasing devotion towards the cause of his country; and this evinced by a keen interest in comparing the navy of England with those of the foreign maritime Powers, in carrying out the old and never-to-be-forgotten piece of advice, *Fac est et ab hoste doceri*, as well as in introducing system and order into the service, which up to that time had looked upon scientific method, whether in navigation, in naval architecture, in tactics, or in administration, as superfluous, and relied upon "the customs and usages of the sea," with a rigid and dogmatic conservatism, though they were a backbone of iron strength, whereas to a

* The Tetragrammaton of the Jews was the mystical word of four letters which expressed the sacred name of Jehovah. The same symbolical importance was attached to numbers by other nations, and it reached the climax in the Pythagorean philosophy.

unbiassed and broader view they appeared clearly as a source of much inherent weakness.

During the early years of Charles II.'s reign, we find the chief difficulty of the navy officers to be the want of money. The cry for supplies and aids of money, "that are the sinews of war and the bond of peace,"* is echoed and re-echoed in the pages of the diary. "For lack of money all things go to rack," the navy bills are offered on the Exchange at 10 and even 20 per cent. loss, corruption is rife among the subordinate officials, and the Treasurer of the Navy's oft-repeated call and complaint causes Pepys much grave anxiety, so that he tells us on one occasion his heart is very sad "under the apprehension of the fall of the Office." The dock-yards and victualling depôts were all but empty of naval stores and provisions, while the workmen employed in the former and the agents who managed the depôts were creditors of the Crown to a not inconsiderable amount, those for wages and these for salines and victuals supplied by them. Lord Clarendon in 1665, at the opening of the Parliament at Oxford, alludes to the surprising state of affairs at the Restoration, astonished "that a triumphant nation, that had made itself terrible to Christendom, by having fought more battles than all the neighbour kingdoms and states together had ever done in so few years, and seemed to be in a posture ready to fight them over again, that had so long reigned over the ocean in formidable fleets, should, at the time of His Majesty's happy return, as if on the sudden all their arms had been turned into plough-shares, and their swords into pruning-hooks, not have in all the magazines, in all the stores, arms enough to be put into the hands of 5,000 men, nor provision enough to set out ten new ships to sea." †

All branches of the public service were more or less in the same condition, and the heavy burden of the public debts called forth much debate and deliberation in the House of Commons. One speaker indulged in the following similes.‡ The debts of the public, he said, would be "like that serpent in America, which would eat a cow at a meal, and, falling asleep, the birds of prey devour him; but if they break not the bones of him, he grows as big as before," unless they were fully satisfied and paid off altogether. He then compared them to "the woman's hen, which she roasted with a faggot, stick by stick, till the faggot was spent, and

* Sir Edward Turner, Bart., Speaker of the House of Commons, 18th January 1666-7.

† *Cobbett's Parliamentary History*, vol. iv. p. 319.

‡ *Ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 144.

the hen still raw," and he concluded by suggesting that "it was fitter to do as one did in Spain to the inquisitor, who, sending to him for a dish of his pears, the man sent him the whole tree, because he would not be troubled with the inquisitor again."

Retrenchment was immediately ordered for the navy, the debt of which was over £678,000. Besides this, a sum of £200,000 was required for filling up the empty storehouses and victualling yards. Forty ships were to be paid off as being unnecessary in the peaceful state of affairs, and a saving of more than £11,000 a month was to be thus effected on the wages of their crews. Pepys is constantly occupied with money matters during the first few years in office, and records from time to time the decrease in the navy debt, till the advent of the Dutch War and the huge outlay which it entailed, made the task of grappling with the financial problem appear a Sisyphean one. He also attends the sales that took place "by inch of candle" (as the custom then was) of decayed provisions and stores and of some of the smaller and inferior ships of the navy.

At the Navy Office itself the three years following the Restoration were, on the whole, quiet ones. But although there is no event of primary importance, many happened worthy of remark, and a few of these will be named. Pepys found his position improving steadily as he reckoned up his gains at the end of each year, and his relations with his colleagues were still friendly, though not by any means cordial. The death of Slingsby, the Comptroller, in October 1661, was a cause of grief to Pepys, not only on account of a personal liking for him, but also because he had acted as a check against the two Sir Williams (Penn and Batten) in their endeavour to get into their hands the whole control of the Office. On the Sunday after Slingsby's death, the three officers sat together in the Navy Office pew at St. Olave's, Hart Street, wearing their hats during the service, as it was customary to do, and discussing their late comrade. The two Sir Williams professed great respect for him, but Pepys had strong misgivings as to the genuineness of their feeling.

The new comer in place of Slingsby was Sir John Mennet. He was a Kentish man, over sixty years old, and had been a strict Royalist. His nature was a versatile one, even for that age. He had taken up humanity, poetry, and history at Oxford, and the

* The name is spelt in many ways, Mennet, Minnes, Mennet, Mennet, Mennet, but the first is decidedly the most usual. It occurs in MSS. of the time, in the best accounts we have from his contemporaries, and on his monument in St. Olave's Hart Street; Minnes, nevertheless, is the mode of writing it, although the name

became a traveller; in succession he was a noted sea-captain, a militia-officer, and a captain of a troop of horse in 1639 against the Scots. His knowledge of naval matters and ship-building brought him the post of Controller of the Navy under Charles I., from whom also he received knighthood and the important office of Vice-Admiral of England. He joined Prince Rupert in his roving at sea, but afterwards retired to the exiled court, where we are told "he took his fortune yet always in gay, cheerful, and merry condition." Pepys and he did not become friends, and the former does not hesitate to speak of him as a rogue, a knave, and a coward.

The despatch of a squadron under Captain Robert Holmes to Cape Coast Castle was then pending. Its object was to recover from the Dutch some trading settlements which they had seized there. A question was raised, before Holmes sailed, as to the custom and precedents for compelling foreign vessels to strike their flags and topsails to any English man-of-war they met in British waters. It was a delicate and much-debated point of international law during the whole of the seventeenth century, and figured prominently in each naval war upon which England entered. The opinion of the Navy Office was demanded by the Duke of York; but Pepys, within whose province as custodian of the records the matter chiefly lay, found himself lamentably ignorant on the subject. He set himself to work, however, and, by reading up and digesting the well-known works of authority by Selden and Grotius, was soon prepared to present the Duke with a little treatise. This was the beginning of his systematic study of naval history, which he found, as many others have done since, to be most useful for dealing with various practical questions affecting the navy, and not a mere outlet for painstaking antiquarian research.

Shortly after this, much worry was caused to the worthy Clerk of the Acts by a sailor named Field, who, for some abusive language used against the Navy Officers, was sent to prison. He managed to recover £30 from Pepys for his imprisonment, and not content with this, after waiting a full twelve-month, sent a sheriff's man to the office for further redress. The bailiff came "as if upon ordinary business," and, to the surprise of Squire Pepys, handed in a writ from the Court of Exchequer for his apprehension. The man then came again with four others and demanded an answer. Pepys put them off for the time and went home to dine, but was once more alarmed by hearing loud knocking at the door of the office. He wisely kept at home and waited quietly in

A few months afterwards a hot discussion on the selling of places took place, in which Sir William Coventry declared his innocence, but Lord Berkeley merrily remarked that he believed that £50,000 was about the sum he himself had made by his office, to which the Duke of York answered that he wished that they had made more profit by their places than they had, and even as much as one man below stairs at the Court at Whitehall.

Pepys is very careful in noting minutiae of dress, both of himself and of those whom he sees, and we learn that on one of the usual official visits to the Lord Admiral he notices that the Duke of York is about to wear a periwig. Fashion ruled the world then as it does still, and Pepys had a vanity for dress almost amounting to feminine weakness. He immediately ordered a periwig for himself and appeared in it at church on the following Sunday, although afraid that it would attract the notice of the whole congregation, which it did not. This, with a black cloth suit trimmed with scarlet ribbon, a cloak lined with velvet, a beaver hat, which he pronounces to be "altogether very noble," and black silk-knit canons, completes the account of his attire and outer man.

Early in 1664 there was great talk of coming troubles with the Dutch, and in April both Houses of Parliament passed a resolution asking the King for redress of wrongs and indignities inflicted upon the English merchants in India, Africa, and elsewhere. They pointed out a loss of foreign trade amounting in a few years to the value of seven or eight hundred thousand pounds. The Dutch had proclaimed themselves Lords and Sovereigns of the Southern Seas, and did not scruple to disgrace the flag of St. George by hoisting it beneath the Dutch ensign at Surat. In Holland, too, public prints were published, one of which represented Charles with his pockets turned the wrong side out and hanging empty, which only too well portrayed a true and real state of things; another with two courtiers picking his pockets; while many more of a similar character were sold.

Holland was now at the summit of her glory and prosperity. She had recovered from the severe losses caused by Cromwell's naval war, which, as it has been well remarked, laid the chief foundation of the rise and fame of the English navy.* She had become the Venice of northern Europe. Her East and West Indian Companies brought untold wealth by their fleets, and her herring-fisheries and ship-building trade were productive of great gain to the States. It has been said that "Norway was her forest; the banks of the Rhine, the Garonne and Dordogne her

* Ranke, *Hist. England*, vol. iii. p. 70.

vineyards ; Silesia, Poland, Saxony, Portugal, Spain, and Ireland, were her sheepfolds ; Prussia and Poland her granaries ; India and Arabia her gardens.* She was thus the merchant-prince and trafficker of the globe. A very large proportion of the population of the United Provinces were trained seamen, of a hardy nature, and her pilots were acknowledged by all the neighbouring nations as being the only masters of the art of navigation, as it was then understood. The Dutch charts were copied, translated, and used by English and French mariners, even for the coasts of their own respective countries.

The Dutch naval administration consisted of five admiralty colleges or courts, each composed of seven counsellors, a secretary, and a fiscal or treasurer. They sat at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Enckhuysen, Middlebourg, and Harlingen. The Stadtholder, when the office existed, was admiral, and had the appointment of naval commissions. The dockyards in Holland were kept with great care and order, and the naval stores managed with such economy and thrift, as led Pepys to consider whether the example thus set could not be followed with advantage by England.

At home there was a great stir. The Court, we are told, were mad for a Dutch war, probably hoping thereby to realise money from the prize-ships that were expected to be taken. Formal declaration of war was, however, delayed till the next year. But in the meantime a Dutch fleet of twenty-two sail caused much alarm by cruising up and down off Ostend, while Lord Sandwich lay in the downs with only eight ships. Preparations were made for setting out more ships, the Duke of York announced his intention of going to sea with Sir William Penn as his flag captain, prize commissioners were appointed, and four commissioners nominated who were to take care of the sick and wounded and prisoners of war, and had half of the hospitals in the country placed at their disposal. Warrants were issued for pressing into the King's service carpenters, shipwrights, smiths, sawyers, mariners, gunners and soldiers, and all who refused to join were to be imprisoned. Orders for provisions and stores of all sorts were given, and contracts made for iron, timber, hemp, and other necessaries, as well as for boats and horses. Such good times for the merchants made them regard the Navy Officers with affectionate interest, and we hear of Pepys receiving silver and gilt flagons, as well as being offered a very pretty mare. All these grand preparations with their pleasant accompaniments, nevertheless, caused the Board some mis-

givings, and the diaryist says, "Now it is likely we have put one another's dalliance past a retreat."

A comet or "blazing star," as the popular name then was, added to the general excitement and consternation. It had been first seen in Spain in the middle of November 1664, but Pepys mentions it as being the talk of London just before Christmas time. At that time it did not rise till about 11 o'clock at night,* and would not be on the meridian till 2 A.M.; thus we hear of the King and Queen sitting up late to see it, as did Pepys himself. In the next spring, another "blazing star" was seen, which, at the beginning of April, was brighter than the former one. It was even visible for some time after daylight, with a bright tail streaming westward.

All these portents of war were actually preceded by hostilities, without formal declaration of war. The Dutch convoy of merchantmen from Bordeaux with wine and brandy, was taken and brought into English ports in November 1664, and this marked the actual beginning of the war. At this same time Charles was reviewing in his speech at the opening of Parliament the preparations that were needed and being made for a war. "It was," says Ranke,† "as it were an affair of honour between two combatants who are inflamed by a long-restrained animosity, each of whom believes himself to be the stronger. . . . Political were added to mercantile motives; motives of home policy sharpened those of foreign policy. By a kind of natural necessity, the two maritime Powers were once more drawn into war. They were filled with eagerness for it. The Dutch wished to maintain what they possessed, the English to conquer what in their opinion belonged to them."

A vote of two and a half millions sterling speedily answered the King's request for help, and on the 22nd February 1665, the Royal Declaration of War was signed and published, being proclaimed at the Royal Exchange with due ceremony on March 4. The Duke of York went down the river to Tilbury to take the command of the fleet. His dress was a buff coat and a hat covered with black velvet, for there was no such thing as a recognised naval uniform or dress till full eighty years later, though an attempt was being made in the French navy at that time to introduce uniformity in dress among the officers. While the Duke of York was absent afloat,‡ Monk, Duke of Albemarle, acted for him at Whitehall,

* *Nature*. 7th Feb. 1884 (No. 745).

† *Hist. England*, vol. iii. pp. 424, 427.

‡ When in the diary we find Lords of the Admiralty mentioned, they must be understood to mean the Privy Council Committee for managing the affairs of the Admiralty and Navy, for during the whole of the period covered by the diary there was a Lord High Admiral with full and sole control.

having full power delegated to him over the Navy Board, the victuallers, and all other naval business, in addition to his own proper duties relating to the army and the care of the public peace.

Pepys now comes into great favour. He hears with much satisfaction of the death of old Barlow, to whom he had surrendered £100 of his salary each year, but expresses as much decent sorrow as was possible under the circumstances; he becomes a member of the Royal Society, which had recently been incorporated at Gresham College; he is made Treasurer to the Committee for managing affairs at Tangier; and he wins golden opinions from the King, the Lord Treasurer, and the Duke of Albemarle. The old difficulty about money recurs, and on one occasion at a meeting at Whitehall, when Pepys gave an account of the charge of the navy and the want of money, the other officers all held up their hands at the state of affairs. “‘What shall we do?’ cried the Lord Treasurer. ‘Why, what means all this, Mr. Pepys? This is true, you say; but what would you have me to do? I have given all I can, for my life! Why will not people lend their money? Why will they not trust the King as well as Oliver? Why do our prizes come to nothing, that yielded so much heretofore?’ And this was all we could get, and went away without other answer.” A day or two after, the King addressed Pepys personally, “so that hereafter I must not go thither, but with expectation to be questioned, and to be ready to give good answers.” And the King did speak to him afterwards, he says, about navy business whenever he met him. The Duke of Albemarle, too, gave him no little pride and pleasure by saying, “I was the right hand of the navy here, nobody but I taking care of anything therein; so that he should not know what could be done without me.”

The English fleet of about 110 ships had now put to sea in three squadrons. The Duke of York commanded the Red squadron of thirty-eight vessels with two fire-ships attached; the White was led by the once fiery and impetuous Prince Rupert, the dashing commander of the Royalist Cavalry, who had now become cautious and vigilant, and with him were thirty-six ships and some smaller craft; and the Earl of Sandwich was Admiral of the Blue squadron, having thirty-six ships, a fire-ship, and some ketches. The whole fleet mustered over 21,000 men, and each squadron contained several hired merchant ships, which were armed and commanded by naval officers, and thus took their places with the others in the line of battle.

The Dutch fleet of 112 vessels, carrying over 22,000 men, was divided into seven squadrons, the chief command being given to

Admiral Opdam Wassenaar, who had not originally been brought up to the sea, but who owed his rapid advancement in the navy to his important position among those who opposed the Orange party. Immense exertions had been necessary to set out this large number of ships and men; a subsidy of 14,000,000 guilders (or £1,400,000), had been voted by the States for the expense of equipping and maintaining the fleet, and for improving the fortifications of the maritime towns; the whale and herring fisheries were suspended in order to obtain an adequate supply of seamen; while the Dutch East India Company, whose interests in the war were great, engaged to set forth and maintain twenty men of war.

On the 1st June the Dutch fleet was sighted by the English, who were lying at anchor in Solebay, or Southwold Bay, a favourite rendezvous during the summer, as it was a convenient spot for getting water and victuals. On this and the next day the Dutch stood off and did not take the advantage which the south-easterly wind gave them. On the third, a red-letter day in the calendar of all naval historians, the wind veered to S.W., and between two and three in the morning the English fleet had obtained the weather-gauge of the enemy. The rival combatants were then about fourteen leagues S.S.E. of Lowestoft,* and at 8 A.M. the battle began. The line-of-battle on each side extended some five leagues, and both fleets were close-hauled on the starboard tack. The real fighting commenced at 10 o'clock, with a fair breeze and the cloudless sky of a bright warm June day. The manœuvres consisted of a series of efforts on the part of each fleet to obtain the wind of the other, at a distance too great for the use of small-arms; and the length of the lines made this a tedious business. At length the Duke of York's ship, the *Royal Charles*, a good sailer, got ahead of the Earl of Sandwich, who led the van, and the Duke, spying out Opdam's flagship by the pendant under his standard, declared that he himself would have a bout with the Dutch Admiral. At the third shot the *Eendracht* blew up, with the Admiral, who had been coolly giving his orders from a chair on deck, and all her crew. The Dutch line had previously been broken and separated in two,† and now the loss of their chief filled them with dismay, at the same time that it encouraged our own fleet. A confused flight of the enemy immediately fol-

* The battle is known by more than one name. It is called the battle of Harwich or of Lowestoft, and by Hoste the second battle of the Texel, to distinguish it from that fought in 1652. The dates are given here, according to the English custom, in old style.

† Most naval historians agree in maintaining that this is the first authentic account of breaking or cutting through the enemy's line.

lowed, and the English pursued them pell-pell, inflicting great loss both of ships and men.

The news of the victory was received with great rejoicing. "A greater victory never known in the world," remarks Pepys, and bonfires and bells hailed the event. Silver medals were struck to commemorate the battle, having the Duke's bust and an inscription of his titles on the one side, and on the reverse a trophy with ships engaged and the motto "Nee minor in tennis, June III, MDCLXV." Another smaller silver medal celebrated the Dominion of the Sea, with the King in a sea-chariot drawn by four sea-horses, and the motto "Pontus serviet, 1665."

The English seamen had fought well in spite of many obstacles, foremost among which was the weakness of the crews of most of the ships engaged—this, however, being counterbalanced by their enthusiastic cheerfulness of spirit, and the contempt which they entertained for the Hollanders. A gentleman of the Duke's suite writing from the fleet offers to send his friend, when they come to an engagement, "the first Dutchman's ears for an umbrella to the south window of his lodgings; if their thickness will not secure him from the sun [referring to the hot weather then prevalent], he knows not what will." A shameful scarcity of clothing brought on illness with a large number of the men, in consequence of the Navy slopsellers not being able to obtain sufficient money to supply the clothes required; and, to add to this, the beer sent by the victuallers was found to be unwholesome and badly brewed. There was a great want of stores of all kinds, and even flags and pendants were not supplied to all the ships of the fleet, necessary though these were for making and obeying orders and signals.

The plague now made its appearance in London and in the ships in the river. Two years previously warning had come from Amsterdam, and quarantine* had been enforced on ships arriving from infected ports. Daily the plague increased, and Pepys notes with much apprehension the growing number of houses and shops marked by a red cross upon the door, and "Lord have mercy upon us" written above it, and the continual tolling of the church-bells, either for deaths or funerals. At last, on the 15th August, the King, then at Salisbury, wrote to the Navy Board that the great increase of infection about London and Westminster made it inconvenient for their Office, which, at that time, was of great concern. He, therefore, ordered it to be removed to such rooms in the Manor-House at Greenwich as Sir John Denham, the King's surveyor, should

* This word had up to this time retained its literal meaning of *fortis domus*. Now it began to signify the act and not the time spent in quarantine.

appoint, there to continue during pleasure. On the 28th August Pepys left London to live at Woolwich, and was much troubled as to what he should do with his money. In his day there was no banking system, and he found himself possessed of the largest sum of money he had ever yet had, with most of it in hand; for a while at least he resolved to trust it to an iron chest. It was high time that he did leave the city; for food and drink were hardly procurable, his physician had died of the plague, "the butcheries" were infected, his brewer's house was shut up, and the baker, with his whole family, dead. "Death," it has been said, "rode triumphant through every street, as if it would have given no quarter to any of mankind, and ravaged as if it would have swallowed all mortality."*

At Greenwich Pepys transacted his business, after having duly purged his ink-horn and papers, till the beginning of the next year. In the midst of the national troubles he reckoned himself a happy man, so far as his worldly possessions were concerned, for during the year his accounts showed an increase of over £3,000. This was chiefly owing to "a few profitable jobs" brought in to him by his Tangier business, and for some contracts made with Sir William Warren, a London merchant, for naval stores. In October he was appointed to the lucrative post of Surveyor-General of the Victualling, in which he had taken great interest, and for which he was pronounced to be "the fittest man in England." The office was reckoned to bring him in £300 per annum, beside the margin for profits and presents. The victualling of the navy was an important duty, and had been looked upon as such ever since the time of Elizabeth, in whose reign the first recorded naval court-martial arose from the bad victualling of a fleet of the Queen's ships off the coast of Spain. Pepys in later years recorded his opinion on the subject of victualling as follows: "Englishmen, and more especially seamen, love their bellies above anything else; and therefore it must always be remembered in the management of the victualling the navy, that to make any abatement from them in the quantity or agreeableness of the victuals is to discourage and provoke them in the tenderest point, and will sooner render them disgusted with the King's service than any other hardship that can be put upon them." He entered fully into the intricate points surrounding the victualling, and on the 1st January 1666 addressed a letter to Sir W. Coventry, the Duke of York's Secretary, as a "New Year's Gift," which reviewed at length the

* Gumble, *Life of Monk*, 1671.

ships out of twenty-two that were
of money to pay wages the Navy
perplexed and troubled ; for numb
the streets, and formed bands th
leagues about, some cursing and s
for pity and consideration at their .

At this time Pepys nearly ran
prospects by a temptation which
offered him. His former patron, L
in some rich Dutch East Indian
orders, but with the connivance of
on several of them. For this Lord
employment at sea, and it was fo
forthwith as Ambassador to Spain
river and Pepys went on board, an
which consisted of costly jewels and
and whole rooms full of pepper, ,
which he walked above the knees.

trouble by rash speculation in so
happily, contented himself with the

Early in 1666 Louis XIV. issued
England, which called forth a cou
“ In the first act of the great naval
well, but in so doing she still had su
she would be able to endure the w
which was naturally so much mor
doubtful. But it was already enoug
had not been crushed ”

fleet of Holland in the Channel. Though ready, the French ships were detained in port till too late, and the Dutch fought their battles alone.

In the preceding November while the King and his Council were still at Oxford, General Monk and Prince Rupert had been appointed to the joint command of the Fleet for the summer of 1666. On St. George's Day they took leave of the Court and embarked at Whitehall. With much energy all preparations were pressed forward, and despite the difficulty experienced in manning the ships, in consequence of the large numbers of seamen who had been carried off by the plague in Stepney and the neighbouring parts then frequented by sailors, the fleet was ready by the middle of May and awaiting orders. At the end of the month Rupert received instructions to cruise in the Channel in order to intercept the expected French fleet under Beaufort. Monk with the main body of the fleet, numbering some sixty vessels, was leaving the Downs on the 1st June when the Dutch scouts were sighted. A fresh gale did not allow of more than a few passes that day, but on the next the fleets engaged, and after some hours' fighting our own vessels were so much shattered that Monk found himself with only thirty-four fighting ships left. Great complaints arose among the crews of the various vessels as to the fleet having been divided, and also as to Monk's reasons for fighting single-handed the superior fleet of the enemy of over eighty ships. The General (as he was, both by land and by sea) then ordered a prudent retreat towards the mouth of the Thames, protected by sixteen of the best ships, where his intention was to effect repairs and await Rupert's arrival. On Sunday the 3rd, however, at 3 P.M., Rupert came to the rescue, but several of the larger vessels got aground on the Galloper Sand, and among them the *Prince*, a fine first-rate, which the Dutch burnt. Next day the four days' fighting ceased, and the loss in ships and men was found to be heavy on both sides.

Intense anxiety was felt in London for the issue of the great battle, as the distant roar of the guns had been heard there, and the first news was received on the 3rd, Whit-Sunday, just after the morning service. Fuller details came on the morrow, Pepys being one of the first to receive the news from the fleet, and he was rather startled by the sudden arrival of a Mr. Daniel, "all muffled up, and his face as black as the chimney, and covered with dirt, pitch, and tar, and powder, and muffled with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with oakum. He is come last night at five o'clock from the fleet, with a comrade of his that hath endangered another eye."

The next and last great engagement of the Dutch and English fleets during this, the second Dutch war of the century, took place during the ensuing month. Rupert and Albemarle again commanded, and the attack began on St. James's Day off the North Foreland. After six hours' fighting two of the Dutch squadrons began to give way; but Tromp, with the Amsterdam division, in the rear, was still warmly engaged and caused some loss to the English vessels by his fire-ships. On the following day, the 26th, the battle still went on, and the Dutch, taking advantage of a change of wind, managed to escape into the intricate channels which threaded the sank-banks of Zealand, and which were safely known only to themselves. The victory lay with neither side, it was indecisive, although the rival and contending fleets were pretty equally matched. A gale would have helped the English fleet to complete the disorder of their foes; but the fault lay, in a great measure, with our own commanders, who kept up the pursuit of the Dutch ships which had been disabled, instead of pressing those that remained in a condition to fight.

The summer of 1666 had been an unusually dry and warm one, and this, coupled with the fact that the city of London was almost entirely built of wood, and that the merchants' warehouses contained then unusually large stores of combustible materials of all kinds, made the chance of an outbreak of fire appear a serious danger. Early in the morning of the 2nd September a fire broke out in Pudding Lane, near London Bridge, which spread with an unparalleled rapidity. For four days it raged fiercely, being helped onwards in its course of destruction towards Westminster by a strong east wind. The Navy Office was for some time threatened by the conflagration raging on all sides, and Pepys and his brother officers were busily engaged in hastily removing their valuables, and in burying in the garden at the back of the office such things as could not well be taken away. Among those belonging to Pepys were his money, or at least a part of it, his wine, and a much treasured Parmezan cheese. By the help, however, of bodies of workmen from the dockyards, who were employed in pulling down and blowing up blocks of houses in order to check the flames, a danger was averted from Crutched Friars and Seething Lane, and the Navy Office was saved. The dockyards, at that time, with the exception of Portsmouth, were each provided with fire-engines—such as they were—but there is no mention of their being brought up to London during the Great Fire.

Troubles were accumulating on all sides; money was urgently needed but hardly any was forthcoming; the discipline of the fleet

we are repeatedly told, was as bad "as if the devil had commanded it"; the press-gang was dreaded so greatly, that in London Pepys notices the almost utter emptiness of the streets of men, only women venturing out; while the wives of the seamen, to the number of several hundreds, came up to the Navy Office to get money for their husbands and relations who were prisoners of war in Holland, and there, clamouring, swearing, and cursing in the yard of the office, they made poor Pepys and his wife quite nervous for the safety of a venison-pasty which was being sent to be baked for their supper, lest it should be made an object of revenge; "but it went, and no hurt done," he adds triumphantly.

At the close of 1666 we have the following sad state of public affairs recorded, which is only relieved by the jubilant conclusion concerning his personal gains and household matters, the former of which amounted to £2,986 during the year, and this, though rather less than his "gettings" during the first year of the war, made him "worth in money, all good, above £6,200," with which he is happy. But for the other side of the picture. "Thus ends this year of publick wonder and mischief to this nation. Public matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed: nor, as matters are now, can any fleet go out next year. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more by our poverty. The Parliament backward in raising, because jealous of the spending of the money; the city less and less likely to be built again, everybody settling elsewhere, and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious, negligent Court, and all sober men there fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year; from which, good God deliver us! One thing I reckon remarkable in my own condition is, that I am come to abound in good plate, so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half." Thus ended that year for England and for Mr. Pepys!

(To be continued.)

Military Ballooning.

By T. HANSON LEWIS.

THE importance of ballooning as adjunctive to the *matériel* of an army in the field cannot be denied. It has been repeatedly urged by various military writers that most valuable aid can be rendered by balloons; and no less an authority than Lord Wolseley has very distinctly dwelt, in his *Soldier's Note-Book*, on the advantages to be obtained by their employment. In the present age of arms of precision, a correct strategical position is an absolute necessity for the achievement of victory—for bad generalship is synonymous with annihilation—and no more efficient means of ascertaining the force of an enemy and of reconnoitring his position presents itself than that obtainable by balloons.

England, however, cannot be congratulated on any display of energy exercised in this department of the art of war; whatever steps it has taken have indeed been the steps of deliberation. But other nations have not shown such laggard interest. Not ten years after the invention itself of balloons, just a hundred years ago, military ballooning attracted the attention of the French authorities, who quickly organized a corps of *aéronaute*s, presided over by a civilian, at Meudon; and in the following year their utility was tested at the battle of Fleurus, and to the accurate information gained by their employment the French ascribed in great measure their victory on that occasion. It was observed, too, that the mere power of reconnoitring had the moral effect of encouraging the French, while creating a feeling of impotence in the mind of the enemy. Ballooning received the notice of even Napoleon I., whose trust was solely in legions; but the capture of the ship conveying the balloons on her way to Egypt frustrated any practical experiments, and soon afterwards, through the excitement caused by the stirring events of the time, attention was diverted from the subject, and the corps was disbanded and the balloons disposed of. Nor did the French again take up military ballooning until the Italian Campaign in 1859, when some short ascents were made by Godard by order of the authorities, and by Nadar on his own account.

The successes, however, which had hitherto attended the employment of balloons in time of war, were totally eclipsed by the achievements which distinguished their use during the Civil War in America. One exploit especially deserves notice. La Montain ascended from General McClellan's camp on the Potomac in a free balloon, and after passing over the enemy's position, he cleverly caught another current of wind, by which he returned in safety to the Federal lines. The value of the information gained by him induced the authorities to at once organize an *aërostatic* corps under the command of the civilian Lowe; and the services rendered by this corps during the campaign of 1861 were so conspicuous as to establish beyond further doubt the value of balloons as efficient reconnoiters. The results obtained appear to have at last aroused the British military authorities to some activity; for in 1862-63 they went so far as to employ the civil *aéronaut*, Mr. Coxwell (who had, as early as 1854, made a typical "war-balloon" with signalling apparatus, and had exhibited it at the Crystal Palace), to make some ascents at Woolwich, and at Aldershot during a sham fight there. But a lethargic indifference soon overtook the military mind, until the series of successful escapes in balloons from besieged Paris once more produced sufficient stimulus as to bring about the formation of a committee for the purpose of deliberating on the advantages which ballooning might bring to the service. No appreciable result, however, ensued; and it was not until the ascents of Giffard's captive "Monster Balloon" at Paris during the holding of the International Exhibition of 1878 had again called attention to the subject, that a committee, with practical ends in view, was appointed. However, the history of its achievements is not a brilliant one. For the most part it has been a series of mishaps and mere experiments. One has only to read the description published in 1880 of an ascent from Woolwich in the captive balloon "Talisman," under the title of "A Day with a War Balloon," to gather that the art of navigating a balloon and employing it as an adjunct to the operations of war is, as regards the British army, still in its infancy. It is evident that no mere tyro in *aërostatics*, "while his brain is reeling and he is not able to look out or down from his balloon without a shudder and a decidedly creeping sensation," can possibly hope to make observations which would be of any value, as far as any reconnoitring is concerned. And there is occasion for little wonder that when the disaster occurred in 1882 to the calico-balloon "Saladin," resulting in the death of Mr. Powell while nearly sacrificing Major Templar's life,

military ballooning came to be regarded with considerable prejudice. Is it surprising, then, that military officers outside of the small band of amateur aëronauts at Woolwich do not place much confidence in ballooning. Indeed it is a matter calling for approbation that, in spite of discouragement from without and the frequent failure of their own efforts, this military department was prepared to send a balloon equipment to the late Egyptian campaign. It is a matter for regret, as far as their services were concerned, that the victory at Tel-el-Kebir put an end to any need for their employment. It would have been interesting to have seen how they would have acquitted themselves. It is somewhat surprising, now that the "war cloud has again descended," and in a locality where ballooning could so efficiently be practised, that the service of this corps has not been requisitioned. One would have thought that the intelligence gained by the "blue-jackets" from the mast-heads of the war-sloops lying outside Trinkatat would have suggested the advisability of commanding a still longer range of vision by means of captive-balloons. But, to this day, the military balloon still lies limp and neglected in Woolwich Arsenal. And looking back on the events of late years, one cannot help deploring that balloons were not employed during the wars against the Zulus and the Boers. By their means there is ample reason to believe that the murderous approach of the impiis at Isandula might have been discovered in time, and have rendered the absence of Lord Chelmsford, and the reconnaissance itself on which he was engaged, avoidable. And other instances where the service of balloons might have prevented defeat and disaster may be readily called to mind.

However, whatever deficiency of capability may exist in this branch of the service, there can be no doubt that there is no want of zeal or strenuous effort towards efficiency on the part of the corps itself. The fault lies with the authorities, who callously "starve" this department with respect to funds, and also with respect to not providing proper teaching power. It has been urged that little education is required in the manipulation of a balloon, and the successful aërial voyages from the French capital are cited by way of argument. But there is the same difference between the case of a landsman taking a row on the *Serpentine* and that of a sailor piloting his vessel through the intricateness of an Indian archipelago, as there is between the simple ascents made from Paris, when the aëronaut had only to sit still until danger of descent was no longer problematical, and the scientific ascents of the aëronaut for military purposes. Constant practice is requisite, if it be only to "read" the ground, which

ascent, apparently loses its natural configuration—a hill 500 feet high being invisible at a height of 2,000 feet, and is only to be distinguished by the shadow it casts on the ground. Nor is the knowledge of the force and direction of the wind, which its varying currents (which one writer has compared to the “moves” of chess-men, some being diagonal and some at right-angles, and which appear amenable to fixed laws), a subject to be mastered without a long course of experience. To be an adept in practical *aërostatics* requires the study of a life-time, and, as in every other art, a certain amount of proficiency may be attained without extraneous aid, yet a point is soon reached where progress ceases, and nothing will advance it but professional teaching. In referring to all the instances where military ballooning has gained success, it will be found that, as in France during the last century, in America, in Italy, in Germany, and on all other occasions, civilian *aéronauts* were the instructors and the navigators. And such professional instruction and assistance is required for our army. Some master of the art should be appointed to take the control of this department, and be held responsible for the *instant* despatch, when required, of a full corps, at least, thoroughly trustworthy and efficient. In course of time, doubtless, this department might be entrusted solely to military agency.

The French appear to be fully prepared. It is said that to balloons was due the remarkable capture of Bac-ninh by the French in Tonquin within the last few weeks. From what has leaked out, for considerable reticence is observed, they have four complete companies, each consisting of ninety men, and each corps is provided with its own balloons and all appliances, in the lightest portable form. They have at present twenty balloons in readiness and twenty more in preparation. They employ a special machine, the Egasse Generator, which is capable of inflating a balloon at the rate of 7,000 cubic feet in the hour.

The difficulty of inflating balloons quickly and at a distance from the base of operations, has stood more than any other consideration, perhaps, in the way of their regular employment. When the seat of war is situated in civilised countries, where towns are to be found within short intervals, and coal-gas can therefore be readily obtained, this objection to their use loses all validity. But in remote or wild countries, where coal-gas is of course unprocurable, the gas to be employed must be hydrogen, which can be obtained by pouring dilute sulphuric acid on to iron refuse. This method is, however, expensive, besides the acid is not always to be had in sufficient quantities. A better mode of obtaining hydrogen

is that of passing steam over red-hot iron refuse, a plan which was put into practice by Guyton de Morveau as long ago as 1794. But the necessary apparatus is heavy; inasmuch as it and the other needful accessories are set down as weighing from four to six tons, and this weight is in some localities, it must be admitted, too ponderous. But it should be carefully borne in mind that the presence of the gas-retort is by no means essential. For balloons which have been constructed of specially prepared Lyons silk and carefully varnished are capable of retaining their gaseous contents for some months; and this statement suggests that relays of inflated balloons might, as required, be forwarded to the front from the camp or from the base of operations. Balloons have repeatedly been transported in a state of inflation over long stretches of country without affecting their efficiency.

War balloons may be employed in reconnoitring not only by day, but also by night, by using the electric light; and without its means, by observing the position and number of camp-fires in the enemy's lines, much valuable information may be obtained, which may be transmitted by telegraph communication from the car itself to head-quarters.

The part also which balloons may play in a system of signalling has been frequently demonstrated. Where heliography is impossible by reason of absence of sunshine, or a reconnaissance is too temporary to warrant the laying of a wire, the employment of plain or coloured miniature captive balloons can be utilised for the transmission of intelligence. Various systems have been advocated; but as Mr. Coxwell was the first aeronaut who suggested this mode of signalling, it will be only due to him to detail *his* system in some degree. This aeronaut employs three captive balloons, one large one for reconnoitring, and two smaller ones identical in size. The Press, in speaking of his later experiments in September 1881, stated that "during the foregoing week experiments with Mr. Coxwell's balloons for signalling had been frequent and successful. The twin balloons, and, indeed, the trio, had ascended in the vicinity of the North Tower of the Crystal Palace hovering in their tethered state around and above that building at a height of 500 feet." Again, on the 22nd of the same month, an exhibition of "Balloon signalling in a breeze" was given. "The captive balloons certainly rolled somewhat like a ship in a heavy swell, but the relative positions were maintained, and the ropes held firm, so that all doubts and prophetic warnings as to a smash and escape were dispelled." His principle is that the larger balloon shall be capable of raising two or three persons—the other two shall be

balloon—a military officer taking observations of the enemy's position and the lay of the country, while perhaps a third occupant of the car is engaged in photographing, drawing, and transmitting orders to the holders of the ropes below. The larger balloon takes the place of a central orb, like our sun, and the two smaller balloons are made to assume a variety of positions in relation to the larger balloon, by being hauled level with its equator, or being placed at its poles or at some angle. These different positions would indicate intelligence according to a given code, and from the size of the balloons their evolutions can be clearly discernible at a very great distance.

It is greatly to be regretted that balloons, miniature and free, were not experimented with during the beleaguered conditions of the towns of Sinkat and Tokar. Their position within reasonable distance of the coast would have enabled the despatch of balloons, with cypher messages attached to time fuses, to have been effected with some fair degree of certainty and success. And copies of General Gordon's proclamation might have been by the same means sown broadcast through the land. And it is open to question whether the due dissemination by balloon agency of General Graham's appeal to the tribes before the battle of Teb might not have prevented that engagement. However that might have been, it is quite clear that a balloon observation could have settled the exact position and probable intentions of Osman's forces before the battle of Tamanieb, without Commander Rolfe needing to risk his life in his midnight reconnaissance by moonlight. The employment, too, of a balloon might have dispensed with the unutilised services of the 500-dollar spy, because no confidence was placed in his report. It might have acquired value, however, by corroboration from a balloon. However, the Government does not appear to include military matters in its programme of Progress.

The purpose of this paper is to urge the advantages which would accrue to the Service by the employment of balloons, both for signalling and reconnoitring purposes in time of war, and as being foreign to its aim, no detailed reference will be made to the scientific questions connected with the manufacture of different gases from various substances as applicable to ballooning, nor to the difficult subject of the dirigibility of balloons, however interesting these matters undoubtedly are.

In conclusion it is earnestly to be hoped that the military authorities will soon exchange mere amateur experiment at Woolwich for some actual and earnest work at the seat of war.

The Capacity and Effect of Infantry Fire.

By CAPT. W. B. McTAGGART.

WE are informed that the British infantry are to be armed with a new and improved weapon in place of the Henry-Martini, and, this being so, it may, perhaps, not be out of place if we consider the capacity and effect of infantry fire as against other infantry, and endeavour to ascertain whether the proposed change of weapon is a step in the right direction or no.

The thesis it is proposed to maintain in this article amounts briefly to this: "That the capacity and effect of infantry fire is enormously overrated and that the tendency to arm the soldier with a more rapid and, in one sense, more scientific weapon is a step wholly in the wrong direction."

Now, it will be admitted by all having any knowledge of the subject, that in defending a road or defile or *point du tte*, the effects of fire-arms, including old Brown Bess, are terrific, in fact unconquerable, and that while infantry remain under good cover and unshaken, a direct attack upon positions such as these would never be and could never be successful. Either the defenders must be so shaken by artillery fire as to be demoralised in nerve, and hurled into confusion by the destruction of their breastworks, or they must be attacked in flank from a superior position or by surprise. This stern fact was a fact in the days of Borodino and Austerlitz, and, *à fortiori*, it is a sterner fact now in these days of more rapid loading and greater accuracy and range. But it is one of the eternal weaknesses of the human mind, that men are unable, as a rule, to accurately estimate the effect of varying and changing conditions upon the one central fact that they may have firmly grasped. Because it is admitted, beyond all possibility of dispute, that the fire of infantry defending a defile or road is such that no attempt at attack along this line of fire can be thought of, it seems to be argued that, therefore, this fire so shattering and destructive will be nearly as destructive and shattering when unconcentrated, and distributed both as to marksmen and objects along a line of two or three miles in length. I say nearly as destructive, because, of course, it is

tions are different so also will be the effect; but I venture to think that, as a rule, it is not grasped how great the difference in the conditions is, and therefore how great the difference in the effect.

Consider for a moment what the conditions of rifle-shooting are. Given a known range of say 600 yards, and the foresight of the rifle will cover nearly half of the body of a man standing upright at that range; let him have only his head exposed, and with known range, with perfect conditions of wind and light, with ample time and without excitement, the best shot in the army would scarcely hit that head once in ten shots, and the ordinary regimental marksman not once in twenty, for, remember, the slightest movement of the body, as in breathing or in pulling the trigger, will make them miss that head. Moreover, a service rifle gets knocked about a little, generally quite enough to make the difference of six inches in 600 yards; and, also, though carefully made, all cartridges are not exactly alike as to quantity of powder to a grain or two, nor are they alike as to dryness; hygrometric conditions vary the rapidity and totality of the combustion of powder; and all these things just make the difference. Suppose your soldier, now, has none of these perfect conditions. Suppose the light is varying, the wind unsteady, suppose he himself is blown with half a mile of double, faint, perhaps, and giddy from want of food, labouring under excitement, and, above all, suppose that the head has got another rifle-barrel sticking out in front of it, loaded and pointed in our friend's direction; what chance, then, think you, is there of that head being hit? I am prepared to maintain that not all the armies of all the world would ever hit that head except by some chance and blundering shot fired probably by some individual with his eyes shut. At 600 yards the result of firing at a line of enemy simply lying on the ground in open formation is almost *nil*. Let the enemy rise to his feet, and come on in rushes, and the fire from troops that are excited and a little blown is scarcely more effective. If the defenders are regularly entrenched and cool, then great damage will be done, but even then not nearly so much as is generally supposed. Some personal friends of mine, who were at Ulundi, told me that some of the Zulus forced their way up to the muzzles of the rifles, and in several instances actually seized hold of the barrels; a trifle more dash, a little better leading, and the Zulus were into our square, and then—what then?

An artillery officer told me that he was astonished beyond measure at the total failure and want of precision and effect of the infantry fire; even the fire from his own guns of case and

shrapnel, though terribly effective at times when brought to bear against masses of Zulus at 150 yards, was disappointing, and more than once it seemed to him that our position was carried, and that our only chance would be a counter charge with the bayonet.

In New Zealand, against the Maories, the universal complaint amongst our officers was what they were pleased to call the bad shooting of the men. What is the tale from South Africa, against the Boers? What is the Egyptian message? The same old cry, "Our men can't shoot." The fact is, it is not that our men can't shoot, as compared with other nations, but that men are animals, having lungs which swell, and hearts that beat, and muscles which quiver; and it is these incessantly moving, quivering mortals which you expect to do the work of iron-bound machines. What was the result at Tel el Kebir? "Oh, the Egyptians can't shoot!" cries one; or, "They hadn't the right range, owing to our surprising them," cries another. No, Sirs! that was not the reason that so many million bullets went home without finding a human billet. The cause of so little slaughter is this: it is *the inherent incapacity of men—men in motion, men excited—to partake of the mechanical nature of their weapons of precision.* The smallest deviation of the rifle up or down, and where goes the bullet? In one case, into the air, to fall spent and harmless 2,000 yards away; in the other, either straight into the ground, or, ricocheting, erratic, upward it bounds, right or left, or, oftener still, it is there and there smashed into little pieces. Even if a bullet goes nearly level with a low trajectory, and into the brown of them, as it is called, it is astonishing how seldom it kills or wounds. A bullet, it should be remembered, is a very small thing, and the gaps between man and man are very large; and what with either entering the ground where it falls, or bounding high into the air, the course of a bullet is much more likely to be through space than through the human body.

The first time this conception was clearly brought home to me was some fifteen years ago, when quartered at Newbridge. I occupied a house some half-mile away from barracks; and one day two of my brother officers came up to have some lunch. After lunch, when the usual look at the horses was over, we commenced to practise with my revolver. It was one of the big, heavy description, carrying what is now known as the service bullet; and at twelve paces, firing at an ordinary envelope stuck upon a gate post, very good practice we made, rarely missing the envelope, and if we did, never by more than half an inch; but, here is my always using the left fore-arm as a

the yard were a whole crowd of fowls, twenty of them or more, belonging to my landlord, huddled more or less in one big group, very busy picking up some grain that had been thrown to them. One old cock strutted and pecked a little apart, keeping jealous guard over a special patch of corn. Wearied with bloodless success, one of my guests said, "Let's have a shot at that old cock. Never mind the landlord; I'll pay for the cock if I hurt him." "Very well," said I; "have a crack at him. But don't use your left arm as a support: hold the revolver out straight, and see if you can hit him." About ten paces was the distance, and bang went the revolver. I think the bullet must have gone near him, for he gave a sort of deprecatory jump, and went on eating as hard as he could, whereupon we all laughed. My friend, a little nettled, turned to me, and said, "Have a shot yourself before you laugh." I did so with no better success, and then Number Three had his turn; but the old cock was never the worse. Again we tried, with no better success, till, half enraged, my first friend turned suddenly, and said, "I *will* kill something," and fired point-blank at about eight paces into the thick of the crowd of cocks and hens all huddled up together. Still no result. One old hen gave a cluck as if she thought something was wrong, but there was no apparent damage. My astonishment was unbounded; and, truth to tell, we all got a little excited, and became bent on murder; but the fact remains that the three of us fired away into the middle of those fowls all the cartridges I had left, fourteen of them, and, beyond a feather or two, no harm was done, and my bill for poultry that day to my landlord was the good round sum of 0. Fifteen shots we fired into the crowd, and no one was a penny the worse. That set me thinking, and I came to the conclusion that rifle bullets were just as likely to miss men as revolver bullets were to miss the fowls. In after years, when the air was black with stones, and the police repeatedly fired upon the mob, I was never surprised to read next morning that the casualties were trifling. Five thousand people densely packed, and three or four taken to hospital, with seldom or never one single soul shot dead.

After such considerations as this, what can be one's opinions in learning that the British soldier is to be supplied with a weapon making accurate practice at 2,000 yards, and furnished with a wind-gauge? It would be laughable if it were not so serious. The weapon may shoot very accurately up to 2,000 yards; but the soldier *never will*. Behind permanent or semi-permanent entrenchments it is well enough, but for the rough-and-tumble scramble of war it will be worse than useless. To my thinking, the

old Snider is the most serviceable weapon we have ever had; it was a capital weapon up to what I believe to be the outside effective capacity of the British soldier—600 yards. It carried a thumping big bullet which, when it did hit, told its tale. Its breech-action was nearly perfection; and any ordinary man could fire at least six deliberate well-aimed shots per minute out of it. What can possibly be gained by increasing the rate of fire?

A man takes just as long to aim properly with one weapon as another; and as for the time taken in loading, what is the difference? It simply amounts to this—that the idea drummed into a soldier's head is: Fire off as many cartridges as ever you can, *and the noise will frighten the enemy away*. Twenty rounds a minute, and in four minutes you will get rid of all your ammunition, and have to wait till more is brought you. This teaching would be most admirable if carried out to its legitimate conclusion. The proper continuation would be this: Get rid of all those nasty cartridges as quick as ever you can, they only encumber you and don't hurt the enemy. Get rid of them, I say, as quick as you can, *and then we will go and have a real good how-d'ye-do with the enemy, and make him acquainted with the really effective weapon, the point of the bayonet*. But no! The soldier now is taught: Fire off all your ammunition, and keep down out of harm's way; and when your pouches are empty, why, then you are quite helpless and had better run away. In my judgment, the weapon of the future, as of the past, is the bayonet. A strong, excited, beef-fed Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman, can handle a bayonet in a way that no nation in the world can aspire to, and that no nation has ever been able to withstand.

Lord Wolseley was right when he took Tel-el-Kebir at the point of the bayonet, and it will be at the point of the bayonet that our future victories will have to be won. The present system of keeping men in shelter trenches and lurking under cover is demoralizing to their pluck beyond everything. Accustom men to cover, and when the moment comes you cannot get them out in the open. The whole object of the drill and discipline of a cavalry regiment is designed and carried out with solely one object in view, and that is to prepare them for the supreme moment of attack and shock of charge. So, also, the whole of infantry movements and discipline should be so planned as to prepare them for, lead up to, and culminate in the irresistible rush of the bayonet's point.

Tinkering and Tailoring once more.

BY COLOUR-SERGEANT —.

SINCE the year 1809 the British army has been suffering more or less from tinkers and tailors.

Esprit de corps is buried in oblivion; it is no more the predominant feeling in the soldier's breast. To substantiate this assertion it is only necessary to call your attention to the great number of desertions, and also to the indifference exhibited by the men when being transferred from one regiment or battalion to another.

The army is, at the present day, one of £ s. d.; the officer studying how to augment his present income, retaining at the same time his retiring allowance greatly in the prospective; the N. C. officers and privates thinking how to pass their time away until the object of their desire (Roll on the Six) is fulfilled, in order that they may draw deferred pay. I have noticed of late that officers are not particular who are posted to their companies. The men not having long to serve become indifferent, reckless, and insubordinate to their superiors. Under the Purchase System officers were greatly respected, and I have known both officers and men to shed tears on parting. Now, men discharged are only too eager to don civilian attire, and, with a few pounds in their pockets, return to the homes of their relatives and squander the little they may have as if they were worth hundreds of pounds, just to enable themselves to look big in the eyes of their compeers. When penniless, to gratify their extravagant propensities they must pawn their clothes, borrow right and left, and ultimately becoming pests to society take to flight, offering themselves to the first recruiting-sergeant whom they happen to meet, or else troubling some other unfortunate village with their presence. Of course this is not the case with every one discharged under the present system, but with a great number of them.

With regard to the colours of a regiment, when the old soldier had occasion to pass the colours, with pride and self-satisfaction he saluted them; the young soldier will march by them as if they were pocket-handkerchiefs fluttering in the breeze; and although compelled to salute them, does so with the air of a theatre sup. He is quite ignorant of the glorious part taken by his corps in years gone by, to have enabled them to inscribe the various honours and battles on their rallying goals in bloody but victorious campaigns.

The men who faithfully served Her Majesty a few years ago were willing to serve until "Death us do part," or until compelled by the necessity of old age to relinquish the most active part of a soldier's career. How long will the Short Service men serve? Till their deferred pay becomes due.

I could not help noticing lately how, when the National Anthem was played by the band, with covered heads and laughter they (the young soldiers) rushed pell-mell to the door of an entertainment room.

Contrast the behaviour of the men serving under the old system. When the National Anthem was played, they would stand respectfully uncovered and wait till the band had ceased playing before they attempted to quit the room.

Officers have written articles in various periodicals praising the Short Service System. Why? In my opinion, either from a want of that personal knowledge which is so requisite to write a truthful account, or to gain notoriety or distinction. The officer generally visits the men after that magical word "Attention" has been shouted; consequently he (the officer) has the pleasure of seeing his good boys when standing in the position described in Sect. I. Field Exercise. Visit these good boys when "standing easy," in barrack-room, canteen, or town; then you can obtain a true knowledge and experience of the general tone of their conversation and behaviour, which, I am sorry to say, is extremely low. The Seven Dials vocabulary is in constant use, and disgusts or contaminates all good soldiers who are compelled to listen to their foul-mouthed expressions. The inquiry may be, why is not such disgraceful behaviour suppressed? Well, partly on account of the large percentage of young non-commissioned officers who are afraid of being called followers of Moody and Sankey or other good men, and also on account of the opinion prevailing in the service that swearing makes them appear tall and soldier-like. From whence do the greater part of our recruits come but the slums of London and other large towns?

Often have I read of prisoners when pleading for leniency in civil courts promising to enlist providing the judge deals with them lightly. Recruits not being required to produce vouchers for good character when they enlist, we consequently get the riff-raff of society. The British public, knowing full well this to be the case, a great proportion of them despise the soldier; and very few respectable members of society will allow their sons to enter the army, or even their daughters to marry non-commissioned officers holding good and remunerative positions.

I can assure my readers that many of the sleight-of-hand tricks performed by some of our good boys quite surpass the ingenuity of our greatest conjurors. Even blankets will pass through that invisible line of influence between barrack and town which will defy anyone gifted with second-sight to discover during transit.

The tinkering with regard to rank, pensions, territorial titles, &c. &c., would need a very lengthy article in order to show how military quack tinkers have of late years been using the wrong composition to solder the pot of perfection for the utilization of the British army.

A few words with regard to tailoring. The soldier finds that now he has been deprived of his old clothing, that it needs excessive carefulness and frequent visits to the druggists' shops for those well-known acids (oxalid, salts of sorrel, ammonia, &c.) to keep his kersey jackets clean for one year.

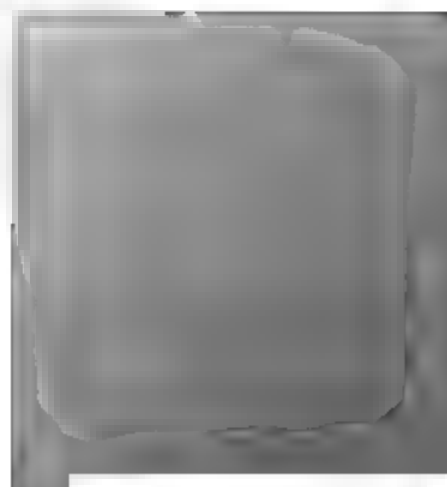
In former years the soldier had but seldom to trouble the druggist for those deadly poisons, on account of always having a good stock of clothing. That is to say, many soldiers had three suits in use, namely, one for parade, one for walking out with in order that he could uphold the credit of his corps for cleanliness and smartness, and another suit in which to perform those dirty but necessary fatigues to be found in every station and barracks. Now men are compelled to soldier on one suit, unless they feel inclined to sacrifice half a month's pay to gratify their propensities for upholding the name of their corps. Under the old system, when the old jackets and trousers became unfit for wear, the industrious soldiers often turned their clothing to good account by cutting them up into pieces of various sizes and shapes, and making quilts, rugs, pin-cushions, &c., to send or take home to their friends.

Many a poor old mother has delighted in having a patchwork quilt to cover her bed during the cold winter nights, and must have retired to rest with a contented mind, thinking how that, although her son was not a great scholar, yet he was industrious

and thoughtful. This making of patch-work kept the soldier from the canteen and town, and also enabled him to obtain a good practical idea of tailoring. Look at the old soldiers employed in our tailors' shops; ask them were they apprenticed to tailoring before they enlisted. The majority will answer "No; we started at making pin-cushions, then quilts, then turning trousers, and so on;" until now they are competent to gain a livelihood in civilian life as tailors when they leave the service. Even Her Majesty the Queen has patronized the soldier's patch-work, and has also awarded prizes for quilt-making, &c.

The old boots came in very handy when wet-scrubbing the barrack-room floors, or for sore heels after a heavy field-day; and when unfit for wear, they were often manufactured into boot-laces.

The great saving accruing to the British public by the sale of the cast-off garments of their faithful defenders is really so very insignificant when compared with the loss sustained, not only in a monetary sense, but by the compulsory inconvenience of those serving Her Majesty under the present system, that I am sure if it was but brought to the notice of the political quack tailors, they would only be too happy to have the false stitches removed from the botched retrenchment in military expenditure.



The Feather Bonnet.

By W. E. MILLIKEN.

As on a recent occasion, when threatened with the deprivation of their distinctive tartans, our Highland soldiers find redoubtable champions amongst all ranks of their own nationality. An announcement in *The Standard* newspaper of 19th January last, to the effect that in the sacred cause of economy, and under the characteristic belief that capricious change is beatified progress, it is intended to abolish the Feather Bonnet, elicited a spirited protest from Lord Archibald Campbell. His letter to that paper was followed by others from officers testifying to the great utility, comfort, and durable properties of the head-gear in question; whilst the national feeling aroused has sought expression in petitions addressed to head-quarters. The authorities indeed have forgotten that nearly 3,000 men under Lord Clyde wore the feather bonnet at Lucknow in March 1858. They have forgotten, along with many a cherished tradition, one of the few episodes in the Crimean campaign which every Scotsman, and for that matter every Englishman, might be pardoned for holding in dear remembrance. Even after this lapse of time we recall with vivid exactness the enthusiasm that greeted Sir Colin Campbell when, on the 22nd September 1854 (two days after Alma), he first appeared before his beloved Highlanders clad in their own feather bonnet. Wishing to show his pride and admiration for the Highland Brigade, he had asked for leave to assume that head-dress, knowing full well how keenly they would appreciate such a tribute from their commander. The hackle was partly white and red: the latter colour forming a special compliment to the 42nd, now the Royal Highland Regiment.

It is commonly supposed that the distinguishing and universally popular feature in the dress of the Highland soldier dates from the earliest embodiment of Scotsmen, *quæ* Scotsmen, for military service under the Crown. But, as a matter of fact, the high

feather bonnet originated with the 42nd in 1767, until which period they wore the national covering—the low flat bonnet. Moreover, the as picturesque and no less popular combination of long-haired sporan—successor of the earlier hairless dorrach with its vizard or fox's head—with short hose and white gaiters, dates from a time much more recent still. In the year 1700 the Royal Scots,* predecessors of the First Regiment, were armed in the old Highland fashion. They carried bows and arrows, swords and targets; they wore steel bonnets or head-pieces. Yet, inasmuch as the Black Watch are the oldest of our existing Highland corps, and would appear to have been specially singled out—certainly in this instance not as a *corpus vile*—for the countless experiments and alterations in uniform of the regiments of their kind, the following observations will apply more particularly to them where not otherwise indicated.

The earliest authentic portrait extant of a 42nd man is that of Private Farquhar Shaw, the mutineer of 1743, which, together with those of his comrades—Corporals Malcolm and Samuel Macpherson—who were shot with him on the Green by St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower, was painted for the then colonel, Lord John Murray. In that painting, Shaw stands in a laced and flapped scarlet coatee, a plaid, a little purse, and a philebeg. His hose of Menzies tartan (red and white) reach quite up to the knee; on his head is a low broad blue bonnet with a bow in front and an eagle's feather. His arms consist of fusil, a broad-sword, pistols, and a dirk (*bedag*). A comparison of this picture with the rare print of the execution of the mutineers confirms the belief that the kilt and plaid were draped in such fashion as to show the pattern of the tartan diamond-wise. This mode of exhibiting the tartan further appears in David Wishart's plate of "The Highlander," bearing date 1720, and which has ever since been associated with the tobacco and snuff business of Wishart's successors.† It should be noticed too that then and for many years afterwards the philebeg and plaid were *one* piece of stuff. The existing style of wearing the so-called "belted plaid" seems to be but a survival of the ancient Keltic custom of first kilting the plaid (the *feileadh-mòr*, or big kilt,) about the loins, wrapping the disengaged portion across the body, and bringing

* The now Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment). Known in 1600 as the Regiment of Douglas, when they were sent to France to help Henri Quatre against the League. They were enrolled in the British army in 1661. In 1812 they obtained the title of Royal Scots.

† The old premises which formerly served as a favourite rendezvous for Jacobins in the "15" and "45" were pulled down two or three years ago for the widening of the street, along its southern side, of Coventry Street, Haymarket.

the end by the back up over the shoulder. Lindsay of Pitcottie, in his chronicles, speaking of "the Reid Schankes or Wyld Scottis," says, "They be clothed with ane mantle, with ane schert, fashioned after ye Irish manner, going bair-legged to ye knie."

In a work, written at the close of the sixteenth century, entitled *Certayne Matters concerning Scotland*, mention occurs of the use of short mantles or plaids of divers colours, sundry ways divided. The true name of the plaid is *breachan*; the parti-coloured cloth woven by the Gauls and Britons they called *breach* and *brycan*, from *breach*, speckled or spotted. The favourite colours, in Scotland at any rate, were hadder (heather brown), purple, and blue, mainly derived from the indigenous rag-weed and madder. *Feileadh* is Erse for a garment folded around the person; thus *feileadh*, or *feie beag*, means the lesser covering. *Kilt* is Lowland Scotch or Sassenach for "to tuck or truss up." The reader may recollect the couplet:—

I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my laddie thro' the water.

The word, though, soon came to denote in that dialect the shortened or tucked-up garment itself. Tartan, whereas it is now properly used in speaking of the pattern or "set" of the cloth, originally signified the actual material, as is sufficiently evident from old records too numerous for citation here. The Royal tartan of Scotland was blue; whilst the French *tiretaine* or woollen-cloth of the thirteenth century had a scarlet dye. In Gaelic *tarstìn* or *tirsìn*, signifies "across or square-wise"; but the Highlander called by the term *cath dath*, or "strife of colours," the variegated stuff donned by his chieftain when fully equipped for a military or predatory expedition. Reverting to our portrait, we may add that the 42nd at first wore a bonnet of leather, or of blue cloth, decorated in most cases with an eagle's feather, the mark of gente blood, or with a small tuft of drooping feathers; the latter being replaced by a piece of black bearskin when feathers were not procurable. Around the bonnet ran the "dice" border, an effective arrangement of red, white, and green squares, which is retained for undress to the present day. This device, dating from Montrose's time, is said to perpetuate the chequy charging in the armorial bearings of the House of Stewart. In the year 1767, the 42nd, who then wore jackets of a dingy red, with black leather waist and sword belts, were allowed to buy bunches of black ostrich feathers wherewith to set off their head-gear. This is the real time and origin of the high feather bonnet that was forthwith given to the various regiments subsequently raised in the

Highlands.* It is clear, therefore, notwithstanding much that is said and written to the contrary, that neither the Black Watch at Fontenoy (1745),† or at Ticonderoga (1758), nor Fraser's Highlanders at Quebec (1759), fought in the high bonnet, though it was in general use during the American war which began in 1765. In 1769 (at Dublin) the men received white cloth waist-coats, and their colonel gave them white goat-skin and buf leather purses in lieu of the former little badger-skin gypsies: the serjeants exchanged the Lochaber axe or halberd for the carbine, and equipped themselves with silver lace. The new sporans gradually attained to an extraordinary size. The sporan, with numerous tassels and a fox's head, constitutes a very prominent object in the reverse of the Abercrombie medal. That medal was designed by the Highland Society (1801) for presentation to the officers of the 42nd, 79th, and 92nd Highlanders in commemoration of the battle of Alexandria. The rules of the service precluded its immediate acceptance, but, as lapse of time removed this objection, several of the gold medals have been since given to Highland officers. In May 1882, at a banquet given by the Society to the officers of the Gordon Highlanders and other Highland regiments at home, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon presented one of the few remaining medals to the 92nd, represented by Colonel White, V.C., C.B., and Lieutenant-Colonel Hay.

Seven years later (1776) they were deprived of their pistols and broadswords. But in 1795 this loss was partially compensated by the award of a scarlet hackle—of vulture's feathers—for their gallant recapture of our guns at Guildermalsen on the 4th January of that year. Of this decoration the 42nd are almost inordinately proud: they wore it in their helmets during the last Egyptian campaign, and value it no less than the high bonnet itself. I

* The Black Watch, or *Am Fricadhian Dhu*, so named from their sombre arms, were embodied from the Six Independent Companies in 1739, under Alexander, fourth Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. Then came the old, but since disbanded, 77th (Montgomery's); 78th (Fraser's), 87th (Keith's), 88th (Campbell's) 89th (Gordon's), 100th, 101st (Johnstone's), and 105th;—all Highlanders, severally raised during the period 1757 to 1762, under the enlightened administration of Lord Chatham, who said, from his place in the House, 1766: "I sought for merit wherever it could be found. It is my boast that I was the first British Minister who looked for it in the mountains of the north. I called it forth and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men. . . . they served with fidelity, as they fought with valour, and conquered for you in every quarter of the world." Other Highland corps no longer in existence may be cited the old 74th (Argyll) 1771-83, 76th (MacDonald's) 1777-84, 77th (Atholl), 81st (Aberdeenshire) 1777-83 84th (Emigrant) 1775-83, with certain additional battalions of present regiments.

† On the reduction of General Oglethorpe's regiment in 1742, the 42nd re-numbered the 42nd.

will not weary my readers by following the incessant changes that were made in their dress after the Peace of Paris. Nevertheless, since the present uniform is familiar to us all, at least in its more general aspect, the following particulars may not be without interest. In 1817 the officers wore on parade, then twice daily, sky-blue cloth trousers having broad gold-lace stripes edged with scarlet; these, in 1823, they exchanged for blue-gray pantaloons without gold-lace. In 1829 they wore trews of their own particular tartan, fringed about the ankles and along the outer seams; this latter frippery long remained in use. In 1717–20 the officers adopted for evening wear white cashmere trousers with the scarlet-edged gold stripe and silk socks. The white gaiters came into use (at Gibraltar) in 1826, whilst silver-lace was common until 1830. Their present hose of red and black chequers date from after the Crimean War. The feather bonnet, in its turn, passed through several vicissitudes. That served out to the men sixty-five years ago was so poor and ungainly a thing, built up with quills and wire, that it exposed them to considerable ridicule, and was known as the “craw’s wing.” The writer of this article has seen the proposed new bonnet, which was submitted to the Queen last summer at Osborne, as worn by a party of the 72nd from Parkhurst barracks. Her Majesty did not approve of the change. The bonnet, indeed, with its broad top, huge cock, and little panache reminds one forcibly of that in which Rob Roy is wont to perform at a travelling circus, and is even more preposterous than the one which adorns George IV. in Wilkie’s portrait of that sovereign. In West’s painting of “The Death of General Wolfe before Quebec,” though one of the first in which he dared to depict heroes in their contemporary costume, the bonnets are inaccurately shaped. A very good example, amongst others, of the high feather bonnet of the day may be seen in the likeness, belonging to Colonel Mackenzie-Fraser of Castle Fraser, of Colonel Francis Mackenzie, who raised the 78th “Ross-shire Buffs,” now 2nd Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders, in 1793. Colonel Mackenzie was subsequently created Baron Seaforth (of Kintail); his kinsman, Kenneth Mackenzie, Chief of Kintail, and seventh and last Earl of Seaforth, who raised the 72nd (1st Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders), forms one of the group of Sir Joshua’s earlier painting of the Dilettanti Society (*circa* 1775) which was lately on view in the Reynolds Collection at the Grosvenor Gallery.

We thus see that whereas no one in his senses claims the feather bonnet for the native covering in Scotland, it is indubitably *the* head-dress of the Highland soldier. Wiseacres at the Pimlico

Clothing Establishment say it is most costly and non-durable. Their dictum is clearly disproved by competent witnesses and a Parliamentary Return which has been issued since the foregoing was written. An ex-officer of the 93rd Highlanders shows how his men at the Alma wore feathers which had waved in the bonnets of their former comrades at New Orleans more than forty years before. He vouches for instances of his brother officers in the old Highland Brigade carrying throughout the Crimean and the Mutiny campaigns plumes which their grandfathers had worn in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. It appears that the feathers having been originally obtained from the Arab dealers at Aden, and then made up and re-dressed in the regimental workshop, would last a man all his twenty-one years' service, and even then be worth to him from fifteen to twenty shillings. The Government Return sets forth that the Guards' bear-skin—and no departmental committee, however pressed, would dare to recommend that this be abolished—and the bear-skin of the Scots Greys severally cost much more than the bonnet, and are repaired at a greater annual expense. Lord Archibald Campbell has just drawn up a table which carries conviction to every but the official mind, that, if economy be the real thing desired, economy may be secured by entrusting commanding officers with the purchase and repair of the feathers. His lordship also advocates certain very reasonable reforms in the existing mode of equipping our Highlanders in respect of both the scanty quantity as well as poor quality of the cloth issued from Pimlico for their plaids, kilts, and trews.

Colin Mackenzie.*

IN October 1881 a fine old soldier passed away. A few days before his death he said to a lady who visited him: "Good-bye, dear; if we don't meet here again we shall meet at Head-quarters." This phrase was very characteristic of the singular school of Puritan warriors of the last generation in India; and Colin Mackenzie was one of the most conspicuous and gifted of their number. Good birth, conspicuous personal beauty, and health, a clear mind and strong memory, with an ardent philanthropy, combined to make him this; though all those endowments were insufficient to turn from him the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, or the insolence of office. Attached to the staff of Sir W. Macnaghten in the first Cabul war, he was present when that officer was slain in December 1841. During the retreat he was chosen, with Pottinger and George Lawrence, to be delivered up a hostage for the execution of General Elphinstone's fatal covenant of retreat. During Pollock's advance he was twice sent on parole to negotiate on behalf of the Afghans; and twice, like a gallant gentleman, *undi vitam sumeret inscius*, returned with good cheer into captivity. For reward his Government, on his return to India, very nearly tried him by court-martial, refused him the war-medal, and confiscated his pay.

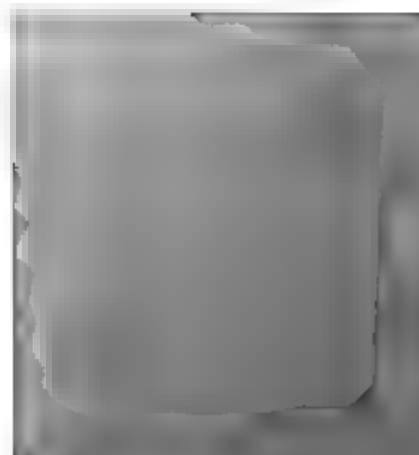
The medal was indeed granted him in 1853; and in the meanwhile the Court of Directors made him a present of six thousand rupees. But his career as a soldier was blighted. Lord Dalhousie, it is true, gave him the post of Brigadier in the Nizam's service; but he got into a scuffle with his men about the Moharram procession in 1855 and was so severely wounded that he had to go to Europe. His conduct was censured by the Indian Government, and he never got any kind of military employment again.

After the great Mutiny of 1857 he was for some time *en disponibilité*, but eventually obtained the situation of Resident at the Court of Nawáb Náxim at Murshidábád. Here again he came to

* *Storms and Sunshine of a Soldier's Life*. Edinburgh: Douglas, 1884.

grief: his straightforward simplicity being no match for the lawyers, Bengali intriguers, and other antagonists whom he had to encounter there. He then held, for a few years, the birth of Superintendent of Clothing in Calcutta. That appointment being absorbed in Lord Lawrence's reforms he reverted to "general duty" at Bangalore.

The *Life* is very readable; full of picturesque incident well related by a biographer whose task has evidently been a labour of love. Even those who may find the ardent religiosity somewhat narrow and obsolete will find themselves interested in a story that shows some of "the seamy side" of Anglo-Indian History.



Man Proposes.

A NOVEL, BY MRS. A. PHILLIPS, AUTHOR OF "BENEDICTA."

CHAPTER XXII.

AT RIVERSDALE.

King.—What do you call the play?
Ham.—The Mouse Trap."

MRS. AUSTIN, Roland's mother, had been feeling for some time now, that her son did not give her that amount of his society due from an only son to his widowed mother.

"Married!"

The rumour had reached her, and the idea was repudiated with all the force of argument.

"If he had been married for five years or more, as her sister Ascott had often hinted, surely he must have told her before this, and have claimed Riversdale, in which he had allowed her to live without dispute."

This fact was conclusive to her that her son was not married. He had disappointed her in not marrying his cousin Dora Ascott, who, tired of waiting for him, had done well for herself in another direction.

"It is all that tiresome Drummond's fault," thought Mrs. Austin, who was jealous of his influence over her son. There were circumstances which had compelled her to admit Drummond as an intimate and trusted friend long ago; and now, she thought, not without bitterness, she was reaping the usual harvest of ingratitude for kindness shown. Drummond had entire possession of her son's heart and confidence. His mother was but second in his regard.

Within the last five years both her daughters had married; well, of course, or they would not have had her blessing. She had seen enough of improvident marriages in her family, and their bitter consequences, not to bring up her children to regard a foolish marriage as the one unpardonable sin in the eyes of a parent. And

Mrs. Austin was equal to her teaching. She would have cursed the child who had thus offended beyond hope of forgiveness.

Austin knew this, and his knowledge of his mother's character confirmed his silence. He shrank from the inevitable scene and rupture which must take place when she learnt that he was married, and to whom. Hagar's acquiescence had made his present mode of life so easy and agreeable that he was in no hurry to disturb its placid current by explanations; although he often wished he could give his wife and child their rightful place before the world. Were a crisis to come, and his mother and friends to know all, then he would leave the army and settle down as a country squire. But until such a contingency arose, he asked for nothing better than the pleasant life that he was leading, at one time with his regiment, and at another in that charming home, unknown to the world at large, which was at all times open to receive him.

When he thought of this, he was not blind to Hagar's merits as a wife.

"Truly," he would say to himself, "she is the one woman in the world for me; the only one I could ever have endured, and, no doubt,"—this with grim irony—"the only one who would have borne with me."

He did full justice in his heart to the loving patience of his long-suffering, much neglected, yet always gentle wife.

No wonder his mother saw but little of him. This did not trouble her very much while the duty of settling her daughters was on her mind, obliging her to travel about the world in search of eligibles. But no sooner were they married than she turned her attention towards her son. It was time he was settled; she could afford now to give up Riversdale to a daughter-in-law of her own choosing.

With this in view she thought over all the likeliest girls she knew, determined that this year she would make Roland spend his long leave with her at Riversdale, and give him an opportunity of selecting a wife by her advice. It was years, now, since he had spent any lengthened time at his old home, and she was determined that nothing should be wanting to make it attractive.

To her vexation, however, he declined her proposal to spend his leave at Riversdale, telling her that he had accepted another engagement. To this came a letter from her pointing out how, for years, he had neglected her, and his home; that now she was feeling ill and depressed, and demanded his presence.

Once she could secure him at Riversdale, she trusted to her power to be able to keep him.

Such a summons he was compelled to obey—but he would only go for a fortnight, he thought. How tiresome it was, just as he had written to Hagar to expect him! But it must be done. A telegram was sent to Hagar, and in no amiable mood Austin went to Riversdale.

It was a handsome country house in its own grounds of many acres, and had all the accompaniments of wealth and luxury. Austin's mother and sisters were people who always kept pace with the fashions, and their house throughout gave evidence of every freak which the house-decorator calls art.

Mrs. Austin was a remarkably young and handsome woman for her years; a woman who, you could see, had been accustomed to hold her head very high, and think much of blood and family. She had all the pride and hardness of the impoverished old lord her father, who had brought up his five handsome girls to do the best they could for their own future, without his assistance. Did they marry well he blessed them, and made a pathetic speech over them at the wedding breakfast. Did they marry ill, he cursed them; and, metaphorically speaking, kicked them out of his house and heart.

Having run through all his fortune before his girls were grown up, he looked upon their pretty faces as the source whence it might be retrieved. Woe be to the one who should disappoint him! When he died he had little to leave them but what he had given them bountifully from the first: his wealth of pride, selfishness, and prejudice. These were heir-looms in the family, and his descendants had had no reason to quarrel among themselves over what, as it proved, had been so liberally divided.

But none had so large a share as his favourite daughter Bertha Moultrie—Moultrie was the family name. She had been the first to marry and do well for herself. The Honourable Gerald Austin was only a younger son, it is true, of Lord Roland, but he was heir to a rich uncle, on his mother's side, who had left him Riversdale.

This was a good beginning for the Locksley girls; which, being followed up by Dora, the second girl, marrying Sir John Ascott shortly after, made the old lord very happy indeed.

Mrs. Austin was a good sister. The interests of her family were ever uppermost in her mind; to retrieve their fallen fortunes was her one ambition. She had her sisters to stay with her, and married them well, having a faculty for planning suitable marriages. Two of them married men of money and position in the army, and there remained only Sybil, her favourite sister,

who had lived at Riversdale since Mrs. Austin's marriage. She was younger than the others, quite a young girl, in fact, when Mrs. Austin took her. Drummond fell in love with her, and they were engaged. She was seventeen; too young, she declared, to be married. She preferred being her baby cousin Roland's play-fellow a little longer; Drummond, very much in love, demurred. There was a little quarrel, but only such as lovers will have now and again to the end of time, as safety-valves to their hyper-sensitive feelings. He frowned, she pouted. In that spirit she left Riversdale to visit one of her married sisters then at Colchester. She had gone for a few days only. Drummond ought to have gone with her, being invited; but he declined in a huff. At a ball, Sybil met a young officer, a very handsome, reckless sort of man, who fascinated her. They flirted furiously, and to the despair of everyone he induced her to elope with him at the end of her visit. He was only a subaltern—and penniless. Friends on both sides were outraged. It was a mad escapade done in hot youth—thoughtlessly, recklessly; but none the less irrevocably. Sybil was utterly disgraced in the eyes of her family, not only for the ill she had done them, and herself, in making such a marriage, but for the wrong she had done to Drummond.

Retribution followed speedily upon her follies. She went out into the world to share the fortunes of her husband, and was heard of no more. She made one effort to regain her lost place, but that was not until everything else had failed; for she had the pride of her race. Then she wrote to Drummond to intercede for her. How he received her entreaties we know.

But to return to Mrs. Austin. She had invited the Ascotts and one or two friends to spend the autumn with her; but before they came she meant, as we have seen, to have the society of her son, for a few days at least, alone. There was much they had to talk about together, and some matters of importance to settle.

She was subject to mild attacks of rheumatic gout now and then. One of these had lately troubled her, nothing very serious, but of sufficient consequence to confirm the truth of her summons and compel her son's appearance. His first evening would be spent in her boudoir; a cosy room adjoining her bed-room, where she wrote and read. It contained one remarkable piece of furniture, much valued by Mrs. Austin; a very old oak cabinet, carved, and dark with age. It stood in a recess near the sofa, on which she always either sat or reclined. It was a family relic of the Lookleys, and in it she kept all her souvenirs of bygone years.

It was six o'clock in the evening. Her son was to arrive at

a quarter past, and Mrs. Austin was now lying on her couch waiting to receive him. She was a distinguished-looking woman with handsome, regular features, a cold steel-blue eye that was unsoftened by frequent tenderness. She had been the moving power in her family, born to command and do the best for them, from her father down. She was not a woman to accept half-measures of any kind; you felt that in her whole being, as she lay there in a magnificent chamber gown of rich red brocade—symbolic, it would seem, of her strength of character.

She was thinking over what she should say to her son that evening, or rather how she should say it; for she had determined to speak to him about getting settled in life. She meant to use a mother's prerogative, and, delicate as the subject might be, to hint her knowledge of that private establishment he had in London. It must be done away with, for that she made up her mind; so absolutely did she refuse to believe that there was any truth in the rumour of a marriage—which her sister Ascott, thanks to Miss Gregory, always declared to be the case.

But she would soon settle that point; for the Ascotts were coming in a few days, and she had written to her sister to bring Miss Gregory with her to Riversdale. She would confront this lady and her son, and judge for herself what their bearing to each other might betray. She was quick to read a secret. Two and two skilfully put together always solved for her the knottiest problems: being, as she prided herself, a woman of penetration.

"I think I hear the young master now," said her confidential maid coming into the boudoir at six o'clock. Mrs. Mayhew had been with her as nurse and factotum since she first came to Riversdale, and knew all the family secrets. A staid, respectable old woman now, and one that did credit to the family she served.

"Go down, Mayhew, and bring him up here; he is very punctual," said Mrs. Austin, arranging her pillows and position so that she might appear more of an invalid than she really was.

"I am so glad you are come, my dear boy," she said in a voice not too strong, as Austin came into the room and embraced her. "You find me ill; but I shall be better, I hope, very soon."

"That is right," said Austin, who was still suffering from impatience and disappointment. He had been looking forward, intensely, to seeing Hagar and little Sybil, his darling, his idol. That he should be delayed a fortnight, even, was martyrdom to one of his temperaments. It was a relief, therefore, to find that his mother's illness was only a passing one. It disposed him to be cheerful, as he saw his way clear to leaving at the end of a week.

"That is right," he reiterated gaily; "get well as soon as you can. I am glad you have no visitors in the house."

"No, I wanted to have a few quiet days with you, alone, even had I been well enough to have had visitors. There is so much that we have to say to each other. I seem to have seen hardly anything of you these last few years—my fault, I quite believe. Having your sisters to settle in life I was never quite free. You have heard from the girls, of course."

"Yes, they are excellent correspondents and write regularly."

They then entered on a family discussion needless to repeat.

"I am sorry you must dine alone to-night, but come up again after dinner, it is so delightful to have this quiet time with you; and now stand up and let me see how you are looking," said Mrs. Austin as he was rising.

"I am in capital health; never felt better in my life," he said, as he stood upright, patting his chest to convince her how sound he was in wind and limb.

"You are a son to be proud of!" she cried, as she looked at him.

Austin laughed and acknowledged the compliment with a bow as he left the room.

"What a splendid fellow he is," she thought with a thrill of motherly satisfaction. "What a fool Dora was not to wait for him. Never mind, some other girl will be glad she did not, I dare say. It is quite time he settled down before he gets too old and confirmed in bachelor ways like Drummond."

And she looked forward to their conversation after dinner as the fittest opportunity of breaking the subject now nearest her heart.

Dinner over, Austin returned to his mother's room. Walking leisurely around, he renewed his acquaintance with old associations. As a boy, one of his favourite amusements had been what Mrs. Mayhew used to call "rummaging"; old boxes, cupboards, his mother's wardrobes, his sister's drawers, were all food for his propensity. He loved to open and scan their contents. The pleasure of his periodical returns from school was much tempered to the female members of the household by this drawback. They knew that no unlocked drawer would be sacred from his intruding eye and finger. Not that he ever appropriated their contents; far from it. Only an insatiable curiosity to see and know what was hidden made him "rummage" everywhere.

His mother was reminding him of his peccadilloes in this respect as he now walked about examining everything.

"Yes, what scrapes I used to get into!" he remarked. "But don't you remember what good scoldings I got for it?"

that old miniature which had been lost, buried in the depths of the old oak chest in the lumber-room. You were all glad of my rummaging on that occasion."

"That is the only instance I can recall of good coming out of your evil propensity," said Mrs. Austin, laughing. "To recover the miniature of our great grandmother, Lady Locksley, which had been lost for years, was something."

"By the-way, where is it now?"

"Among the other miniatures in the centre of that velvet frame over there. I have had them all remounted—but never mind looking at them now. I want you to take this chair near my couch and sit down while I talk to you."

"The unforeseen always happens," says Goethe.

Little did Austin suspect at that moment what was in his mother's mind. If there were any subject in the world about which he felt himself protected in conversation with her it was the one of his marrying. He rested his security on this: that marriage for him meant abdication for her. She had ruled all her life, and loved to rule; and to look at her now, the mistress of every luxury, it was not possible to him to suppose, for an instant, that she would ever be glad to give up her place to another at Riversdale.

It was this which made him satisfied and untroubled in his life outside. The day would never dawn for him in which he would be glad to bring Hagar to his mother, and explain who she was and where he had found her. His courage—that could have stormed a breach in battle, for he had seen good service—shrank before leading such a forlorn hope as this.

Such being the case, he was content that his mother's nature was what it was. And now, from the long delay which had taken place already, it had become easy and pleasant to him to refer the period of Hagar's reign to the distant one of his mother's death; a very nebulous period in his calculation.

Taking the seat his mother had indicated, he was prepared for conversation on every subject but the one of his marriage.

She guessed as much. Her tactics were to surprise. There was so much she wanted to find out, that could only be discovered by watching her opportunity and taking him at a disadvantage when thrown off his guard.

She remained silent for some moments after he was seated, arranging in her mind her plan of attack. At last she said abruptly, and her words fairly dumbfounded him for a second:

"Roland, I wish to speak to you now very seriously. It is time that you were settled in life. I want you to marry."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MOTHER AND SON.

"He must and will:—

Pr'ythee now, say, you will, and go about it."

"MARRY!" he exclaimed at last, "impossible!"

But no sooner had the words fallen from his lips than he saw that he had been overtaken by a surprise which had hurried him into an impetuosity of speech and behaviour that might have betrayed him.

So, to use his own expression, he "pulled himself together," quickly, and in a calmer tone, but none the less peremptory, he said:

"Now, mother, don't let us begin on that subject, please."

"But what is your objection?" urged Mrs. Austin.

"Objection!" he echoed; "you know that I have always had an objection to be drawn into a discussion on marrying," he replied indifferently. Seeing that his mother meant to persist, he studied to be cautious.

"But that is no answer."

"What I dislike has always been answer enough for me why I should avoid it."

"He is *not* married, evidently," was the mental note Mrs. Austin made, feeling that, so far, she had scored a point in their argument. She had found out what she wanted.

"But you have a duty to perform to yourself and your family by marrying," she continued aloud.

"That is as I may think——"

"My dear Roland, the fact is you are selfish."

"And you are profound, my dear mother!" he returned, laughing. "Only to think of your having discovered that I have such an uncommon complaint!"

"You have other ties," she went on, heedless of his laugh, "and you are forgetting what is due to your position as a county man."

"Once for all, hear me, mother," he said, growing serious and irritable. "If you want my society you must leave me and my private life alone. Any further remark such as you have just made will have the effect of driving me out of the house. Only make up your mind for one thing: that I won't marry."

"Perhaps you are married already!" said Mrs. Austin with rising temper. This was a random shot.

In her own mind she never for a moment suspected its truth ; for it was not put as a question direct.

Here was an opportunity to tell her all !

But he had neither the courage nor the desire equal to the moment. It would have involved explanations, from which he recoiled as from exposing a wound. He made no reply.

"Does your silence mean that I have hit the truth ?" said his mother, retaliating now with a laugh. Had she thought it possible she would have spoken very differently.

"I decline to be cross-questioned," he said with a touch of his habitual imperiousness.

He put an end to further remark by walking about the room. By this means he managed to control his irritation.

Mrs. Ausin saw that it was useless to probe further for the present. But she was ill at ease. He was not a dutiful nor an affectionate son, she felt. Her hold over him had slipped away. She never felt this more painfully than now. Dutifulness, affection, and obedience were with her synonymous terms. That he would not marry was owing to the cause she had hinted at. He was evidently entangled. She would have given a great deal to have learnt from himself, directly, what his ties were. But the years had done their work : her influence over him was gone.

"What was he staring at now, as if moonstruck ?" she asked herself as her eyes followed him. The miniature of her grandmother, Lady Locksley, in the centre of the velvet frame.

"Have you found any likeness, Roland ?" she inquired, as he continued to stand with riveted attention that tried her patience.

"What a coincidence !" he mentally exclaimed, not hearing his mother's question ; "the resemblance is striking. Had this Lady Locksley a history ?" he asked. She had a very beautiful face.

"A history ? Not that I am aware of. Respectable women have no histories, as a rule, but that of being good wives and mothers."

"Well, you know, of course, what I mean. She has such a gentle, much enduring expression on her face, it reminds me of—of—an angel. Rather an uncommon thing in our family," he added, cynically ; "so uncommon, indeed, that I was struck by this. It is a pity she did not transmit some of her qualities to her descendants."

He continued his walk, examining as he went, until he came to the old cabinet, which, with a touch of the old habit of "rummaging" he proceeded to examine. It happened to be unlocked. The doors went back, and he idly opened drawer after drawer. He had

often, as a boy, explored their contents, being privileged to do so by his mother. They consisted chiefly of family relics, not of much value, and retained only for the sake of their associations; little souvenirs of school and younger days—the nursery coral on which he had exercised his coming teeth as a baby, all his school-boy letters. Lying carelessly among these things was a little turquoise ring.

"Whose was this?" he asked, taking it up on the end of his little finger.

"Ah! that, now, if you like, belonged to someone who really had a history. It was your aunt Sybil's."

Austin knew very little about this unfortunate relative. As a boy, her name had never been mentioned, and he grew up in ignorance of her existence. It was not until his own child was born, and named by Drummond, that he heard from Hagar, to whom Drummond had confided his story, the history of this unhappy woman and her relationship to himself. His sympathies went with her—not on account of her treatment of his old friend and cousin, who ought properly to have been his uncle—but on account of her irregular marriage. He understood perfectly how she must have sinned beyond pardon in the eyes of her family. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." He felt disposed to excuse and forgive her.

"What became of her?" he asked.

"I don't know, I am sure," answered his mother indifferently. "She died out of the family when she ran away with the beggarly boy she married."

"I wonder if she is still alive? Perhaps she is. She may have buried her sin, and now be a widow," he said ironically. "It would be a good thing to find her out. I wonder you never thought of trying."

"Oh, she is dead and gone long ago, you may depend," said Mrs. Austin, speaking as if the missing article had been a horse or dog of another generation. "What a climax to a career full of brilliant prospects was hers," she exclaimed, in a tone of warning.

"What was she like?"

"Very pretty, and graceful. She was my favourite sister. Being the youngest, she was almost like my child, especially after our mother died. I took charge of her then entirely. After I married she lived with me."

"And you let her go, without a word?"

"After her disobedience? yes, certainly," said his mother haughtily. "I had done the best I could for her."

to spoil it. She died to me then; I have never heard of her since."

As he listened to his mother, it confirmed him in his own mind how rightly he had done to keep his marriage secret. She was a hard woman. He had nothing to hope from her for his Hagar, should he ever present her to his mother. He loved his wife too well to have her scorned; and now his silence would be irrevocable. His mother should never know.

Such was his commentary as he listened to his aunt's history. When Mrs. Austin concluded, saying that she had never been heard of since, he exclaimed:

"By George, I think it is a shame that we have not tried to find her. Her mistake in marrying the wrong man may be forgiven and forgotten by this time, I should say. Come, mother, you are great on the subject of duty. I wonder you never made it your duty to try and find this poor creature."

"She disgraced us."

"By marrying?"

"Yes, by marrying as she did."

"I fail to see it," he argued; "poverty is no crime. You should have helped her, and made the best of the business."

"Put the case to yourself, Roland. Suppose either of your sisters had run away with a penniless lieutenant in your regiment; how would you have liked that?"

"I might not have liked it, but I would not have cut her for marrying the man she loved. Having a purse long enough, I should, I suppose, have made her an allowance, and told her she was a fool to marry without means."

"And what about the man she jilted (supposing her to be engaged to another at the time), was such conduct to be tolerated? No, Roland; not for a moment. As a family we have always been honourable."

"And implacable; yes, yes, I know. 'The curse is hereditary.'"

His mother looked at him without speaking for some moments, as if she were trying to search into his mind and discover his thoughts. His arguments and remarks against her social code pointed to heresy and rebellion. Was he in earnest? Was it possible he could stand there and justify an imprudent marriage! Then she remembered that unpleasant rumour that he was married. "Was there really any truth in it?" she thought. A feeble doubt of its falsity struggling for life in her mind was quickly strangled.

"Ah, no, impossible! he is not married."

But these were agitating thoughts, and she was not feeling very strong. She would ring for Mayhew and go to her bed-room.

"How strange you are, and—good-night," was all she could say to him now. He had disappointed her. She had looked forward for years, it may be said, to such a confidential moment as this, in which great things for his future were to be arranged through her suggestions, and his obedience; and now—she was further than ever from her end. He had declined outright to marry, and had justified an imprudent marriage. He was become altogether impracticable.

Austin was not sorry to find himself alone. It had been a stretch of his patience to spend the evening in his mother's room arguing, when he was full of other thoughts and wanted to write letters. A circumstance had come to his knowledge that troubled him, and he wished to caution Hagar.

It seems that his old brother-officer Richardson had, three years before, married Nellie Jameson of Hillington. They had gone to India, but Captain Richardson, having come into a small fortune, sufficient to allow of his leaving the service, they had returned to England, and—as if London were not wide enough to select from—they had taken a house in the Moffat Road, in Austin's neighbourhood, in his very street!

"Here is a calamity!" exclaimed Austin, rounding his observation with a hearty imprecation. "What is to be done now?"

He had visions of old Jameson and Mrs. Jameson, Miss Gregory, and the whole of Hillington passing his doors, and staring in at his windows. "The neighbourhood will soon be alive with gossips," he thought, "and my wife and child will be spoken of and pointed at as the daughter and grandchild of —"

"Confound it all! What unlucky devil made Richardson ~~visit~~ upon our quiet street to pitch his tent in?" he thought. "There was one good thing; they had not yet taken possession of their new house."

He had met Richardson casually just before he left, and he had not confessed that they would be neighbours, and now he was anxious to warn Hagar not to be drawn into any sort of acquaintance or recognition of the Richardsons, should they meet in the street or at Mrs. Wentworth's.

For Mrs. Wentworth called on all the families in the Moffat Road that attended her husband's church, and promoted thereby a great deal of sociability in the parish. Through her Hagar had quite a little circle of friendly acquaintances.

Austin had not objected to this, as she

them as a stranger. But now, to have a gossiping fool (so he styled the quondam flirt Nelly) among them, chattering all she knew of Hillington and Hagar, to gain the brief importance given to those who can tell something others do not know, was a thought too galling to Roland Austin. If, however, complications arose, he was quite prepared for a bold step. He would break up his house in the Moffat Road and hide his wife and child in other pastures.

With these thoughts in his mind, his letter to Hagar that night was one of reiterated caution. He had gone to the library to write. When he had finished, he lit his cigar as a companion for his meditation.

How he wished that things were straightforward with him as with other married men. How pleasant it would have been to have had Hagar sitting by him now—in this very room—mistress of this her rightful home. But many, many years must pass before that could be. His very love for her—or for himself through her—made him cautious that no sneer should ever blight her. He felt capable of striking to earth any man or woman who should wound by a cruel word the sweet heart of his pure wife.

His was a complex character. A mixture of strength and weakness, of loftiness and pettiness that baffles judgment. He would have told you that no man ever loved a woman as he loved his wife; but close to his love stood his selfish pride, an evil spirit quite as strong as his love, and capable of doing it the most cruel injury.

For, after all, his love for his wife, analysed, was only self-love in another form. He loved her for the happiness she gave him; he loved himself in her, and could bear no wound that might come upon him through what the world might say of her.

He was morbidly sensitive on this point.

As a man he was just so much nobler than some men in that he had honoured where others would have dishonoured; but his love had not the courage of his honour. He could dare to do what was right, yet hide his action as something to be ashamed of, and pass it off with another meaning. He could not conquer the world by defiance, as everything mean and false can be conquered by those who dare to lash falsehood with the whip of truth.

He was not sufficient for these things; and his insufficiency was his scourge.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. AUSTIN'S STRATAGEM.

"O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

MRS. AUSTIN, finding her son impracticable, changed her tactics.

To begin: she abandoned her rheumatic gout.

That is to say, finding that her confidential conversations with her son were not likely to improve her position, or bring about the fulfilment of her object, she roused herself and hastened her recovery from an illness more implied than felt.

She saw plainly that the subject of marriage was one she must postpone altogether for the present, if she would keep her son, even as a visitor, until the Ascott's and Miss Gregory should arrive; a point she was most anxious to make. At the same time she could not but see that he was growing restless and impatient, and had even hinted more than once that he must be going. An effort on her part was therefore necessary to keep him from running away altogether, and she made it in a manner so unexpected that he found himself surprised and unable to retreat.

Announcing that her attack was passing off, and that she would be well in a very few days, Mrs. Austin issued invitations for a series of dinner parties, to be given "in honour of her son, Captain Austin, who was at home on leave"—so she wrote to her more intimate friends.

This she did without consulting him. It was part of her tactics to take for granted that he was going to remain some weeks. It was not until the invitations had all been accepted for the following fortnight that she told him—quite as a matter of course—of what she had done; and he found himself committed before he could expostulate.

How enraged he was! It was just one of those things which only a woman could have done, leaving the man defenceless. Argument he had none, none that he dare use, to show why he should not stay. And now he was tied at Riversdale for another three weeks at least. In the heat of his rage he had serious thoughts of making what he called "a bolt of it," and leaving his mother and her dinner parties to their own devices.

But this would have created a scandal, and Roland Austin was always cool enough, or warm enough, to his own interests, to avoid giving the world occasion to talk. He was worthy of the trust

injunction in this respect, and gave no occasion to his enemies to discuss his behaviour. To break with his mother and make a scandal in the neighbourhood was not his *rôle*, he thought, when calm enough to review his position patiently.

It was quite true what his mother had said. There was the county to be considered, and his place in it as a county man, the head of one of its best families. It was necessary he should show himself, if only for a few weeks in the year, to the people about.

Being in the army, not much had been expected of him hitherto; although the county were now of Mrs. Austin's opinion, that it was high time young Austin should turn his sword into a ploughshare, marry, and take his place among them as a country squire of importance, the same as his father had been before him. Every large country house kept shut up in a county is a loss. Riversdale had been shut up very much since the old Squire's death, owing to Mrs. Austin's travels on the continent and seasons in London.

It was a clear case, he must remain for another three weeks, it might be a month, longer, while Riversdale kept open house, and he was at home, as lord of the manor, to dispense its hospitalities.

Mrs. Austin had never been more adroit. She had not shown her hand nor played all her cards at once. This was a strong trump. He only knew how strong when he found that, so far as carrying out his own views meant, the game was lost.

But Hagar—what would she think of his remaining? His mind misgave him. Patience and long-suffering have their limits: had he not sorely taxed his gentle wife's qualities in this respect? They wrote to each other almost daily, it is true, for he exacted from her the most minute account of her daily life. Still, it was six months now since he had seen her and his child, and what were letters but poor compensations for the presence of what is loved!

He fumed and chafed and fretted. He began even to look at the position from Hagar's point of view. Was it right of him, or any man, to leave a young and beautiful woman—his wife—so long alone? Would it not be well to throw up the service and settle down? But where? Not at Riversdale, with his mother's curse as a welcome, and the cold looks of the county people flinging suspicious glances on his wife, wondering "who she was that he had brought to live among them." He could hear their supercilious questionings and chatter:—"Who was she?" "Where had she sprung from?" "Was she all right?"

At that suggestion he rose from the chair on which he sat thinking, and cursed them all!

"All right! Aye! a thousand times more right than any one of their d——d evil-tongued respectabilities," he exclaimed under his breath.

These thoughts would keep revolving in his brain like a squirrel in a cage. He could only move round and round, coming back always to where he had started, unable to get any further from the bondage to which his first weakness had bound him. The fear of the world and its opinions was now his jailer, and one he found of all others the most inexorable.

* * * * *

A telegram from Mrs. Austin had summoned the Ascotts a few days earlier. They were expected to arrive that evening, with Miss Gregory, shortly before dinner.

Of Miss Gregory's coming Austin knew nothing. Had the idea been possible to him, he would have braved his mother's displeasure and gone away. But this again was another of Mrs. Austin's tactics. She had forbidden her sister to say that her son was at Riversdale, and she had kept Miss Gregory's visit a secret from him. Her object was to watch their meeting; to observe what they said, and to draw her own conclusions. She believed in the revelations forced from the unwary, and she had her tests ready to apply.

She contrived to send her son to pay a visit which she knew would occupy him until just before dinner. In the meantime the Ascotts and Miss Gregory had arrived, and were in their rooms dressing for dinner. She took care to be the first in the drawing-room, where she now sat on her accustomed seat, richly dressed and looking very handsome. She had a brilliant colour, partly from excitement—being much interested in the success of her plot. She was now so placed that not the slightest word or look between her son and Miss Gregory could escape her.

Lady Ascott was the first to appear. She had hurried down, hoping to find her sister in the drawing-room. She was something like Mrs. Austin in appearance, only on altogether a slighter and more smiling scale. A woman who had been pretty in her youth, but without either mind or dignity sufficient to achieve being handsome in maturity. What the sun-dried raisin is to the luscious grape, was Lady Ascott now to the Lady Ascott of her youth. Still she had always been splendidly vivacious, and the flavour of this vivacity hung about her still. Gossip with her had achieved the distinction of a fine art. She was at once the "Observer," the "Herald," the "Telegraph" of all social chatter; as dangerous as she was amusing, and the best of company at all times.

cellent wife to her husband, Sir John, who, as became a worthy member of the magisterial county bench, was grave and ponderous. Tall, erect, solemn, pompous, he had all the qualities which made a marriage with Lady Ascott a fine adjustment of the matrimonial balance.

"I am glad you are here alone, Bertha," said Lady Ascott, coming into the room. "I wanted just to have a moment with you to tell you what Miss Gregory says."

"Yes," said Mrs. Austin keenly, making room for her sister on the sofa.

"I asked her again to give me all the particulars of that rumour about Roland and some girl at Hillington five years ago, that he was married you know, and she assures me it is quite believed in Hillington, and that she even heard it confirmed by the girl's own mother, who boasts of it, that they are *married!*" whispered Lady Ascott, letting her voice descend as her face approached her sister's ear, that she might drop the word in forcibly.

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Austin firmly, proudly. "He is not a man to marry. Why, I have had proof of that from his own lips quite lately. And the girl, who was she?" asked Mrs. Austin, with inconsistent curiosity.

"Oh, heaven only knows! Some common creature that—don't be shocked Bertha," and again Lady Ascott's head leant towards her sister's ear,—“that Miss Gregory was going to take as her maid, only *this* happened."

Lady Ascott was not altogether unhappy in being able to say this to her sister. She had always hoped that Roland Austin would have married her daughter, and she found it difficult to forgive him for the disappointment he had caused them, both mother and daughter. There was some satisfaction, therefore, in being able to confirm the rumour which had destroyed her hopes, since it was one so very much to her nephew's disadvantage. But her last thrust was altogether beyond belief on Mrs. Austin's part.

"And you believe that *my* son married *her*? If you do, you are mad, Catherine Ascott!" exclaimed Mrs. Austin, haughtily.

"There certainly must have been some understanding between them," said Lady Ascott, prepared to stick to her point; "and Miss Gregory declares they are married," she added.

Woman-like, she hoped that they were; but she saw that her sister, who had always been the head of the family, and whose word on most things was law,—that her sister was growing cross.

so she dropped the subject, only just in time to prevent Miss Gregory overhearing her last traitorous remark.

How it would have shocked her! It had been whispered in a treble-fold confidence, on the understanding—since Mrs. Austin did not know it—that not a word of it was to be told her.

But such is the way with women of the world. The truth is not in them. How, then, can they understand the meaning of being true to a promise, or steadfast to a friend?

Miss Gregory had not changed since last we saw her. From thirty to fifty, men and women, as a rule, alter little in appearance. Miss Gregory was the same. Still struggling vainly to be youthful, after youth had fled, and holding on to her hopes with desperation. The tender grace of loving womanhood, which is so prominent in some unmarried women, had never been hers, because she had looked on matrimony with profaning eyes, and when disappointed of her expectation there was no holiness of heart or wealth of mind to fill the vacuum, only aggravated endeavour doomed never to be satisfied, which had corrupted into envious acidity.

Still she clung to hope, in the face of despair, that somewhere in the wide world there existed the individual old enough and rich enough to make her his wife! Her state of mind was one of matured expectancy, delightful to herself but terrible to her friends. New places and new people were like new worlds made for her to conquer. For many years it had been her ambition to be a guest at Riversdale. Her imagination pictured the delightful opportunity she would then enjoy of laying siege to the unconquered heart of that "dear disagreeable Drummond," whom she had not seen now for years, not since she had caught a glimpse of him in the street at Hillington, when she had summoned him by that unlucky anonymous letter.

Mrs. Austin received her most graciously, making her take a chair quite near to herself, and talking to her until Sir John came in.

Presently someone walked into the room who took them all by surprise.

"Why, Jasper, where have you come from?" exclaimed Mrs. Austin. "I thought you were miles away, drinking the waters at Hombourg; you left us with that idea."

"I know I did," he said, shaking hands with those he knew; "but I changed my mind at the last moment. I came home yesterday, met Roland this afternoon, and drove back with him."

"You don't know Miss Gregory, do you?—Mr. Drummond," said Mrs. Austin, introducing them.

"I think we have met before," said Miss Gregory with tender modesty.

"Of course you have, years ago, at my house, Jasper," said Lady Ascott, seeing Drummond looked uncomplimentary and doubtful, as if the name bore no pleasant associations.

"Confound it, yes, of course; that is the woman who played me that trick. It would serve her right if I recalled it to her memory," he thought; only Jasper Drummond had grown humane of late years, so he spared her now.

Roland, who had been keeping dinner waiting all this time, now came into the room, apologising. Hurrying rather to make his salutations to his aunt and Sir John, he hardly noticed Miss Gregory, and would scarcely have recognised her if he had, until Mrs. Austin introduced him.

Her name acted on his mind like the report of a pistol on a sensitive ear. But he was a master of cool self-control, when he pleased, and he made no sign. His mother's eyes were upon him, that was sufficient. He bowed to Miss Gregory as if she had newly arrived on earth and by no possible chance could he or she have met before.

Miss Gregory betrayed nothing either. Drummond was standing by; and if there was one thing on earth she wished to forget in his presence, it was having written him an anonymous letter.

Mrs Austin was baffled: but to her own satisfaction.

Had Miss Gregory's report been true, each must have known that the other was aware of it, and have exhibited some signs of confusion on their faces, which she would have been quick to read; but they were as stolid as a pair of rocks staring blankly at each other from opposite headlands. Still, there were other tests in reserve.

At dinner Lady Ascott and Miss Gregory sat right and left of Austin; the gentlemen on either side of Mrs. Austin. The conversation during dinner was general. It was not until dessert, after the servants had left the room, that Mrs. Austin remarked:

"You live at Hillington, do you not, Miss Gregory?"

At the mention of that name Austin was in purgatory; but he never flinched.

"Yes; have you never been there? It is a charming town, so gay, there is always a regiment stationed there," returned Miss Gregory.

"Of course, I know. It was there that poor Roland had that frightful illness just as his regiment was going to India. Imagine, I never knew of his being so ill until he was recovering! If you

were at Hillington at the time, as I understand you were, you must have thought me the worst of mothers to leave my only son to be nursed by strangers. But I must explain that I was abroad at the time, travelling with my girls; and Roland is such a thoughtful son he would not have me summoned. But I have always promised myself the pleasure of going one day to Hillington. You must introduce me to the people who nursed you, Roland; I owe them something more than common thanks."

How graciously, how charmingly she said all this! Who would think, to hear her, that every word was a probe used with a purpose.

Both mother and son were strong in the art of verbal fencing, and worthy of each other now. Mrs. Austin might have been speaking of all that was most distant from his interests, to judge from the manner of his reply. He was busy with his plate, intent upon some grapes, as if they were of far more interest now than anything else. He answered coolly, with a short ironical laugh:

"Your gratitude, mother, is touching and commendable."

"I suppose the people are still there, are they not?" inquired Mrs. Austin, pointedly, ignoring her son's remark. "Who were they, or, rather, who are they?"

"Why do you ask *me*?" cried Miss Gregory, deprecatingly.

"Because my sister tells me that you gave up your rooms to my son, who was taken to the house you occupy when in Hillington."

"That I *did* occupy," corrected Miss Gregory, pointedly.

"And I have so often longed to meet and thank you for your goodness on that occasion," said Mrs. Austin, heedless of the interruption.

Drummond, with the picture of Hagar ever fresh in his mind, was enjoying the stratagem used by Mrs. Austin to discover all she could. He resented that such a woman as Hagar should be hidden; but unable to force a public acknowledgment of his marriage from Roland, he felt it impossible to interfere. He would have been glad of anything that compelled confession. Grim and silent, he sat listening, intensely interested, for the result.

"Do tell me, are they still alive, those people, and what are their names?" persisted Mrs. Austin.

"I think old Mrs. Sarah Mullocks is still alive; at least, she was when I last heard from Hillington. Her daughter Hagar disappeared mysteriously rather more than five years ago, and has never been seen there since," said Miss Gregory.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Austin, growing

"Never seen there since, you say? Did you ever hear what became of her?"

Miss Gregory, thus pushed into a corner, began to feel awkward and annoyed. She did not dare to say openly all she knew. The privy slandering of her neighbours, and whispering all she knew of their affairs, was another and an easier matter; but to be teased now into speaking when she would rather be silent and not revive old scores, was irritating. Actuated by this feeling, she shifted the annoyance back upon those who gave it by saying:

"I think I cannot do better than refer you to Captain Austin for all information concerning the people about whom you inquire. My interest in them ceased when I gave up my rooms to him. He must have seen them, therefore, later than I did, and must know best what has become of them."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Austin, carelessly, refusing to accept all that was implied in Miss Gregory's answer; yet watching her son narrowly. He kept his head bent over his plate, playing with the grapes on it, while his soul was undergoing torture from the rage he was compelled to repress. As the hated name of Mullocks fell from Miss Gregory's lips, he felt a stab in his brain almost beyond endurance. His rage lent him power to defy, and if need be to deny.

"Have you seen them since, Roland, as Miss Gregory suggests?" asked his mother point blank. "He dare not tell a falsehood, if what she says be true," she thought.

"Who are you speaking of," he asked, looking up indifferently, as if he had not been attending to what was passing.

"Of a Mrs. Mul—— Mul——"

"Mullocks," interposed Miss Gregory.

"Mullocks," continued Mrs. Austin, bowing a bland acknowledgment to Miss Gregory for helping her over the quagmire of such a name. "Mrs. Mullocks and her daughter; the people who nursed you that time at Hillington." She put the question with a direct and searching glance.

His face was set hard as a flint as he returned the glance with equal candour.

"Oh! those people. Never laid my eyes on them since," he remarked carelessly; "but if my memory and my cheque-book serve me rightly, they were well paid for their trouble at the time. I don't think there was any service left unremunerated that you can supplement. I conclude they are as I left them," he added, turning to Miss Gregory with a glance of withering defiance that said: "I defy you to prove anything: contradict me if you dare."

Then, as if he found her too contemptible for further notice, he said :

"Drummond, old fellow, your glass is empty," pushing the decanter towards his friend with a grim significant smile that said, "I have disposed of *her*, I think."

"What did I tell you?" whispered Mrs. Austin triumphantly to Lady Ascott as they left the room. "I have put him to the severest test, and Roland never told a lie in his life! Thank God, he is safe! He is not married!"

"What a fool Dora was not to wait," was Lady Ascott's mental remark, for she, too, was now half-convinced that Roland Austin was not married.

CHAPTER XXV.

HAGAR PLEADS.

"O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison.
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.

WHEN Drummond parted from Hagar on the occasion of his last visit, he left her his opinion and advice upon what it was her duty to do under the circumstances of her mother's illness. He counselled rebellion in the interest of all parties.

Hagar remained many days after he had gone pondering over his words.

In her heart she justified his argument; but years of obedience to the strong, imperious will of another, does not tend to make our own robust. Hers, now, was weak and tremulous. She had no courage for revolt. Her inner sight, which was clear enough, saw plainly what was right—what she ought to do; but her power was imprisoned. Every noble and loyal sentiment within her awoke to the call that she should go now and nurse her poor old mother in her last illness. But to every appeal she had but one ready response:

"I am Austin's wife. Have I not fought and pleaded—nay, almost died to be allowed to be a daughter as well as a wife, and he has refused. Ah! what, what shall I do?"

In all tenacity of spiritual pleading, our answers are nearer a hand than we suppose.

Suddenly an idea came to her. She had her husband's

in her hand, and her eyes fell upon the wording: his mother was ill. That was why he had not come. If he could go when summoned, why should she not use this argument to gain his consent, and point out to him that what he had found a duty she could not be wrong in imitating.

She knew it was the right step to take by the warm glow of impulse which ran through her as the suggestion grew in importance and brought her courage to act upon it.

"I will not lose a moment," she thought; "I will write at once."

The house was hushed and quiet for the night. The servants had gone to bed—she alone was up. What time like the present?

Sitting down at her writing-table she began her letter by telling her husband, as usual, all the small events of their life, and expressing the disappointment they all felt at receiving his telegram. Reverting, however, to the cause which detained him, she said:

"The call of a mother is not to be resisted, is it, Roland? Especially if that mother be sick and suffering. You felt that in the ready manner in which you obeyed your mother's summons. What, then, about me? I, too, have been called away by my poor mother to attend her sick, perhaps dying bed. She pleads so earnestly that I will come to her just once before she dies, and to bring my child. My heart is longing, almost breaking, to go to her. I would not take baby if you did not wish it, but for myself I plead. Surely that which is so right for you cannot be wrong for me. Will you not allow me to take advantage of this your absence to go to Hillington? Think, I entreat of you, that since the morning I married you (when my mother, unconsciously to both of us, put her arms round my neck and blessed me for the last time) that I have never seen her, that we have never met. I am always thinking of that morning; how she said that I was her dear child, and would I promise always to remember her lovingly, and I promised her so solemnly that I would be a good daughter to her always, as solemnly as later on I vowed to love and be true to you. And now she is dying. May I not go to her? Consider, I beseech you, how long I have been patient, waiting, hoping that you would listen to my prayer at last, and allow me to see her once more; for I have been loyal to you, I have never disobeyed you. But only think what that means if some day my darling should be taken from me and we are never suffered to see each other again. Can you realize what it would be to you were the case your own? Surely you will hear me now. I reiterate it once again: *my mother is dying*. Dearest Roland, hear me, I

beseech you ! and send me your permission to go to her. Ah ! what can I say to win your consent ? I will say nothing ; I will refuse to believe that you can deny me. I will rely on your love, and that honour which has never failed me."

She wrote with such intensity of feeling and purpose that the page was stained with tears.

"Surely if *will* can accomplish anything this must touch him," she thought, as with streaming eyes she folded up her letter and sealed it. Had the servants not gone to bed she would have posted it there and then, while her enthusiasm was warm. Instead of this she carried it with her up-stairs, to sleep over. To broach such a forbidden subject as her mother was in itself so extreme a step to take, that after she had finished sealing her letter her courage began to flag.

She moved very quietly about her room, fearful of disturbing little Sybil, asleep in a crib by the side of her mother's bed.

To watch her darling asleep was always a delight to Hagar. She stood now for a long time feasting her eyes on this tenderest of all loved blessings, her only one !

"How exquisite you are, my darling," she cried in her heart, as her finger lifted reverently one of the fair silken curls that ran wild over the perfect little head. She was a child worthy of a poet's dream. So fresh, so fair, so bright, with a smile that might have been left by the kiss of an angel on her lips.

No wonder that Roland Austin looked upon her as the chief treasure of his life, his darling of darlings. Not any number of boys would have wound their way around his heart as did this little creature, although they might have filled him with pride in his race and the establishment of his name. But this child came as an assurance of peace, that he should never again be tormented by the old worry of his existence. In a thousand ways she had coiled herself around his heart.

He was proud of her, and grateful ; for there was no lingering trace of anything ignoble, no dread taint of a Mullook about her, such as he feared might appear in his children, much as if it were a taint of madness. No, she was all his own, an Austin ! of high, well-born descent. And all that money could do to make her life a charmed one should be hers.

His ideas about her, because she was his, were extravagant. What might do all very well for other and commoner children would not do for *his* child. She was the fairest blossom his pride had ever borne ; and no protecting influences could be too great to bring her to perfection.

"And how your poor old granny would love to see you, and give you a kiss," thought Hagar, across whose mind now came the recollection, not without a bitter pang, that she had never known the joy of being able to show her child to her mother.

The child was now growing restless in her sleep; presently she awoke, but with a divine smile on her little face when she found that her mother was bending over her.

"Sybil love mamma," she whispered sleepily, putting up her little arms round Hagar's neck. "Sybil sleep with mamma," she cried, waking up.

"Yes, love, if you like," said Hagar, lifting her up from the crib and putting her into her bed.

"Mamma coming now?"

"Yes, pet, in a very few minutes; but darling must go to sleep."

"When mamma comes, in mamma's arms."

As Hagar was about to kneel down the little one lisped:

"Mamma say prayers, mamma pray to Dod; Sybil say prayers."

The little one was sitting up in bed now, feeling too interested in the conversation to go to sleep; besides, she had stipulated for wakefulness until her mother came to her. Presently she asked:

"And papa say prayers?"

"I hope so, darling."

"But papa not say prayers with mamma."

Hagar made no answer to this. Young eyes are quick to notice, and young ears swift to hear; quick also to forget what it is best they should not remember, Hagar hoped, as she knelt.

She was but a short time on her knees, praying, but too long for her baby-girl's patience or silence. Creeping over to the side where her mother's head was resting hidden, she began to kiss her and murmur in the softest baby voice:

"Dod bless papa and mamma, dranmamma, dod-papa, and everybody. Dod bless Sybil and make her a dood dirl."

"Yes, my precious, make you a good girl always," cried Hagar, rising at that moment and clasping the darling in her arms with passionate fondness. "Mamma has just been praying for that, and an angel carried mother's prayer right up to God, and God is going to hear it—mamma knows that quite well. And now mother is going to lie down, and Sybil will be a good girl and go to sleep in mother's arms."

"Me doing to be a dood dirl, and angel will oarry me to Dod when me asleep," whispered the little creature, nestling close to

her mother's bosom, and falling asleep with a sigh of perfect contentment.

Hagar lay awake thinking: "Surely this is peace," she thought, "to be safe in God's keeping, as my darling is now in mine. Ah! many a time I have thought how good it were to be so, but I know it is wrong even to wish it. What are we, then, but soldiers wanting to run away from the battle-field, cowards! nothing more! Life is one long warfare: and only those are ready for peace who have fought long, and conquered bravely. Nothing is truly ours that has not first been earned; not even heaven, which must first be felt within. This, above all others, is a state to be contested for inch by inch; and the true inheritor of that kingdom is the one who has fought his way there through the legions of enemies that stand arrayed against his soul."

With these reflections Hagar fell asleep; not without thinking of her letter, and wondering what the morning would bring her in the way of courage to send it.

Unhappily it brought her none at all; only a terrible sinking at heart, a nervous dread of some impending evil she could not define. She was the victim, had for years been the victim, of some intangible trouble, of which she had lost the clue, that haunted her without declaring itself. A blurred picture it would seem which had, at some time, been imprinted somewhere in her memory, and was always to remain an unexplained enigma which in times of depression deepened into pain.

For some time she vacillated and could not send her letter, although she knew it was what she ought to do. At last she took heart to carry out her purpose.

"Come, darling, tell Norris to dress you; mamma will take you out this morning," she said to the child after breakfast that day. "I want to post a letter to papa, and Sybil shall put it into the letter-box."

She was a woman of tender fancies; one of these now was, that if her pure darling were to post the letter with her own tiny hands her father must unconsciously be influenced, and a response would come.

It was a bright August morning, not too warm, and pleasant for walking. She had already received Austin's letter, warning her to have no communication with the Richardsons, who, he understood, had taken a house not many doors away from them. As she walked down the street she noticed that large vans stood opposite a newly-decorated house, and she guessed that these were the people her husband alluded to.

being moved in. On going a little further she met a lady and gentleman. The lady she recognised at once as Nellie Jameson ; and Nelly, it would seem, had recognised her, for she stared as if Hagar's face were a familiar one, although the name of the owner were lost in her recollection.

Suddenly it turned up again, as she exclaimed half aloud :

"Why, Ned, that's Hagar Mullocks," stopping in her walk to turn round and look after her. "She married, or was said to have married, Austin, of your old regiment."

"Austin! you don't tell me so," cried her husband, turning round also to stare after an object so interesting as the woman Austin had married.

"Married, did you say?" he asked.

"Yes, so father declares; he was present at the wedding. But that's a secret, you know; he would be angry if he thought I let out family secrets."

"Austin never said a word about being a married man when we met the other day, and we had a pretty long gossip, too."

"No, of course not, the selfish brute. He has never acknowledged it. He's ashamed of her, don't you see. She was the daughter of the woman of the lodging-house; but a girl who looked above her station."

"I always suspected that Austin would be guilty of something of the kind. He was just the fellow to put his foot into some hole-and-corner business. He was so deuced reticent, and hated women's society so much. But he was always very popular with our fellows."

"And very conceited, I am sure. I wonder any woman married him."

"We had an idea when he left us that there was some attraction in England that kept him there."

"I wonder where they live? In this neighbourhood, of course. Lucky thought! Here is a postman: I'll ask him."

"Can you tell me, please, if anyone of the name of Austin lives in this neighbourhood?" she inquired, accosting the man of letters.

"Captain Roland Austin? Yes, ma'am—if he's the gentleman you mean, he lives at No. 53."

"Thank you. Only fancy, Ned, in our very street! What a coincidence! What fun!"

"Won't he be mad!" cried Richardson, laughing.

"Shall we call?"

"Certainly not! It is their place to find us out. Austin never

said a word to me about living here, although I told him plainly at the time that we had taken a house here. It is evident he wants to shirk us."

"The loss is his, I am sure!" cried the Nelly of old, with a saucy toss of her head. "His wife is not such a catch for my visiting list."

"Don't be a little snob, Nelly. She seems a lovely woman, if that was her we passed. I was struck with her before you spoke. I think Austin an awful fool not to have introduced her to the world long ago. Why, she is a woman to be proud of!"

"Captain Richardson! will you be good enough to remember that you are not to go into ecstasies about other men's wives in *my* presence," cried Nelly with mock rebuke, as they went into their house.

Hagar and Sybil walked on until they arrived at the pillar-box which stood at the end of the road. Happily for her, Hagar was unconscious that she had been recognised or stared after by the Richardsons. Her mind was too full of her letter to think of anything else. She was so anxious to post it and have it go.

"Me put mamma's letter in the box?"

"Yes, love; and won't you send some message to papa with it?"

In a moment the sweet child-voice lisped out:

"Please letter tiss dear papa and tell him to pray to Dod with mamma and Sybil."

Hagar started. She was wholly unprepared for such a message. It thrilled her like an omen. She could scarce account for it, unless through the wakefulness of the previous night, and what had then occurred, an impression had been made on the child's mind which now returned. She listened in silence, believing that some good angel had prompted it.

"Alas! that it should never reach," she thought. But her own heart seconded the message, converting it into a prayer.

She hoped great things from this unlooked-for incident. Her vivid imagination coloured it with so many possibilities. Her husband would grant her request—kindly, tenderly; he would learn to see life in a truer, a better, a higher light; and with this inflowing of truth, the darkness and stumbling-blocks which now existed to divide them would be removed.

The mouth of the red pillar-box closed upon her letter. She had now only to wait patiently for the result.

Jasper Drummond was at Riverdale, that she knew. A word from her would have made him plead before her.

no, she would not trust to any other power but the right of her appeal—that should be her might.

“Surely he will hear,” she thought. “He *must*!”

CHAPTER XXVI.

HIS REPLY AND THE CONSEQUENCE.

“O doubting hearts! O callous hearts!
Go through the world complaining.
Not love, but hate is blind, O men;
Ye lose by all your gaining.”

HAGAR'S letter happened to reach Austin after dinner on that very evening when Mrs. Austin, thinking to discover the truth, had applied such a searching test to her son, and—to her great satisfaction—had found him blameless!

His mind had been wrought up to a pitch of rage and excitement that ran riot when the restraint, imposed by what was due to courtesy, had been removed. Again, he traced the evils and annoyance of his false position to any but their true sources—his own imperious, selfish temper. He could only see one obstacle which had been sent into the world for the express purpose of disturbing his peace, and that was—to use the expression resounding in his heart—“that low-born creature Sarah Mullocks.” He had so used his mind to shun the very thought of her, that now a nervous dread seized him whenever she crossed his memory.

He had heard the hated name that evening uttered openly in his mother's hearing; and the effect was little short of maddening. It produced that frame of mind which has made some men, under other circumstances, strike the object out of their path for ever. Had old Sarah Mullocks been in Roland Austin's power that night, there would have been small mercy for her at his hands until his hate and rage had been satiated. We are all of us at times so much nearer to hell than we suppose or can imagine, if we are not indeed actually in it. For what is hell, or what is heaven, but the aggregate of men's passions for evil or good allowed free play?

Hagar's letter was brought to him in the smoking-room. Drummond and he were having their last cigar before going to bed.

He broke it open hastily, and perused it carefully until he came to the part where Hagar entered her plea to visit her dying mother.

He read on with a lowering brow to the end. Then, with a fearful oath in his heart, he murmured between his teeth :

"I'm d——d if you shall go. Curse her! Let her die! The sooner the better!"

A great gift is dissimulation. What would the world—this world—do without it? Austin could hide—none better—all he felt, when he pleased.

He wrote his wife a reply at once, before he slept. It contained no open explosion. The paper was unsullied by the words that had escaped his lips from the overflow of his heart, that was filled with them. Pen in hand, he was a gentleman, courteous and polished. After writing about everything but the one subject of such vital moment to her, he finished his letter by saying :

"I note your request, and regret I cannot yield to it. Your first duty at present is to remain with our child, who cannot be left to the mercy of servants. Pray dismiss the idea from your mind as one, in your case, utterly impracticable."

Not a word more!

All her pleading, all her yearning, all her passionate longing was dismissed in these few preremptory lines of command.

She did not get them until the next night.

How her heart throbbed as she broke the seal of his letter. She was as one standing at the bar awaiting her sentence. How much she had to read before she came to the point at issue. The suspense was tantalizing. At last she found it, at the very end.

When she read what he had written, and found how he dismissed her entreaty, her whole sole rose up in meditated revolt against his cruelty.

But she was not a woman of rash impulses. A revolt with her meant something terrible—a moral upheaval of the rocks on which all true feeling is founded, leaving deep fissures and great ruins; the costs of which needed desperate counting, since once begun there was no withdrawing.

"How far is any human being bound to sacrifice all sense of right in obedience to the will of those they are bound to obey?" was the problem she now vainly tried to solve, banishing sleep in the endeavour.

Ought we to suffer ourselves to become passive machines in the service of obedience until at last we lose all sense of individuality, and are at last only coloured by the influence we serve?

Jasper had said that there were times when resistance was a duty, a duty to others no less than ourselves. She had obeyed, she told herself, so faithfully that now her obedience was the

upon as a matter of course, a duty beyond question, a tribute the more of which she gave the more would be demanded.

"You yielded to the first wrong," cried her heart, "you should have rebelled when you found that your marriage had been an organised deception played upon you, when it meant forsaking your mother."

"And did I not rebel," she cried, "even to death?" as the memory of that dreadful day returned, in which she had dared to defy him. Ah! how terrible had been his anger—as terrible as his love could be exquisite. He had overcome her with tenderness, until her powers of resistance grew feeble and she had lived in silken bondage ever since, unable to move, yet seeing plainly all the while the wrongness of her position.

She had been a coward before his anger. Anything rather than provoke his wrath, she had thought, until now; but now the force of right against might asserted itself strongly, and impelled her to strike for freedom; not freedom from her duties as a wife and a mother, but freedom to follow the dictates of her heart and conscience in all that the "still small voice of God" within her told her was right to do. Clearest, and strongest of all duties was this: to go now, in defiance of all prohibitions, to nurse her dying mother.

Yes, she saw it clearly enough, and still she hesitated.

She could not make up her mind to take the step to-day—tomorrow. She knew but too well all it meant, all it would involve. She lived in a nightmare, wanting to go, but finding all power of movement weighed down by heavy obstacles that kept her chained to thought, and incapable of action.

It was a habit of hers, when in doubt and loneliness which gave birth to any rebellion of spirit, to read over the marriage service, and to question her heart closely if she were failing in her vows, and thus to renew her flagging will.

"To love, to cherish," this was the talisman of union.

How she would ponder over that word *cherish*.

What is it we are to cherish in each other—charms of person and health of body only, or those finer spiritual graces of mind and heart, the intellect and the affection, which constitute the best portion any man or woman can bring to each other in marriage?

How do we cherish these best gifts in our own?

Hot tears were falling down her cheeks and on to the open prayer-book as she remembered all her life, and, with his letter lying by her side, she thought with truth, though dreading to

face the truth, how little he had cherished in her all those nobler aspirations of her nature which are nourished by sympathy. What love had she not stored in her heart for him, her husband, had he only encouraged that "better part" which the higher law of her soul had chosen to follow. But he never thought of this. Generous to a fault in all that this world could give, he nevertheless left her hungering day after day for that which alone could satisfy a heart like hers.

In her extremity of desolation she fled to prayer, the only refuge for the feeble in soul. She knew she was weak and powerless. Her will had been imprisoned for so long that she could not use it. She could only totter and stumble on the threshold of resolution, praying for strength to do what was right.

Two or three days passed. They found her still incapable of action. The spell of her husband's letter was too strong to break. It was impossible to burst suddenly, and in a moment, the chains woven by five years of passive obedience. But these days of irresolution were not lost days. Her strength was slowly reasserting itself, to enable her to meet further difficulties should they arise.

She wanted to have her course of action made quite plain. She believed that if she was to go, she would be shown *how* to accomplish her desire.

To her husband she could write no more of herself; her heart was closed against him. Had he returned home, then, she could have given him no kiss. He had given a death-blow to her love. It was now lying lifeless in her bosom. She sent him daily word of their child; that was his right; but about herself she observed the silence of death.

Mrs. Wentworth, in and out as usual, saw that something was very much amiss with her friend; but as Hagar made no sign of confiding her trouble, and resisted all advances to have the secret of her misery probed, Mrs. Wentworth determined to call in the help of her husband.

"Eh, now, Doctor, just leave your books and writing in the morning, and go and see that dear Mrs. Austin. You are a physician of souls, and I am sure hers is sick."

"Sick!" exclaimed the Doctor, looking up from his writing. He was busy and earnest over a fierce review; for the Doctor was the most pugnacious of divines when called upon to settle any point in his particular province of learning. He was for ever pickling rods of scorching criticism for those who dared to write without what he considered the authority

He had been busy for days reading, storming, raging at the hardihood of some ignoramus who had dared to write a book—all wrong, of course—on some subject of which he, the Doctor, happened to be master. Such an one had to be extinguished; and nothing but letting off the steam of his wrath in the severest and choicest form that language could take, could calm his mind. The offending literary schoolboy had to be thrashed by the learned domine, before the balance of literary justice could be restored. So absorbed had he been in this, to him, enjoyable task, that even the absence of his favourite's visits had not been noticed.

"Sick, my dear! You don't say so! Why did you not tell me before?" cried the Doctor, putting down his pen, and calling for a fresh light to his pipe, which had gone out in the interests of learning and the advancement of truer light.

"Sick! Yes, I should think so. But it is no good telling you anything when you are performing a surgical operation on ignorance. Your faculties are limited, my dear. You can only see one thing well at a time."

"Yes, my dear. Just listen. I think this will effectually cure him of writing any more such rubbish. I have shown him his verbs are all wrong to start with," cried the Doctor excitedly, taking up his manuscript to read the last scathing phrase, which was a masterpiece of erudite composition and literary castigation.

"Now, Doctor, you know I don't approve of that. 'The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.' Ignorance is no crime."

This was too much for the Doctor, who began to splutter in his wrath in a way that at times prevented speech. When he did speak, it was to roar out vehemently:

"The unrighteousness of false reasoning shall never go unpunished while I can chastise it"; but in another moment there was a great calm, as he remembered Hagar, and said in the gentlest of tones;

"And our pretty friend—what is the matter with her?"

"She's just spiritually sick, Doctor," answered Mrs. Wentworth, sighing. "It is that husband of hers, I am sure. He is just killing her. Eh, dear! Just to think, now, what should I be if you were always away, and left me alone day after day, and month after month. It is just breaking her heart."

"Let us go round at once, my dear, and see her."

"I think it is only what we ought to do. You may be able to help her, poor dear. Here, I'll get you your coat. Let me help

you off with your dressing-gown. It is a regulated pattern of dear. You really ought to have a new one."

"Total new one. This is very good," said the Doctor, pulling at his desk and pulling away his rod, the picking of which had given him such true enjoyment. But as heart he was a human man and a good Christian at the call of suffering. To invite his aid and his aid was to gain both without hesitation and with generosity.

The dressing-gown having been exchanged for the clinical coat and hat, the Doctor was ready to start.

"Now that you are going, I would rather you went alone," said Mrs. Wentworth. "You will do her more good alone, as confidence congeals before a third party, that might flow freely between two. I want you to try the pulse of her heart-sickness. She might open her mind to you when she wouldn't to me. So I'll leave you at the end of the road."

It was twelve o'clock when the Doctor knocked at Hagar's door, and was shown up into the drawing-room.

"The mistress is not very well, but I daresay she will see you. Sir," said the maid.

Hagar came down looking wretched. The Doctor was shocked.

"My dear lady, what is wrong?" he exclaimed, taking her hand and looking into her face with true concern.

She would never have crossed her threshold to whisper a word of her trouble to a soul; but this visit now was unexpected. The Doctor's manner was so kind as he put the question, that she knew he was a true friend—one she could trust. His sympathy touched her, and she burst into tears.

"Dear me!" cried the Doctor, much troubled. "This is sad; but you must not hide your sorrow. You must confide in me, and if I can help you with advice or assistance of any kind, I will, and so will my wife."

"I know you are goodness itself," sobbed Hagar, "and I think God has sent you to me to show me what I ought to do. I am . . . very . . . very troubled." Then she told him briefly all her story, justifying her confidence because she so sorely needed help.

Could Austin have seen the flashes of scorn and rage that kindled in the Doctor's eyes as he listened to Hagar's story, he would have learnt what a poor contemptible thing was this pride which he nourished. It was with no metaphorical rod that the Doctor would have liked at that moment to castigate the delinquent. He could have horse-whipped him with honest satisfaction,

if not with cords, at least with the two-edged sword of his voice and tongue.

All this he concealed from Hagar. She had enough to suffer, and he did not wish to weaken his influence by giving her cause to defend the author of her sufferings, which, woman-like, she would surely have done, had the doctor lashed out in roaring denunciation according to his wont. He was here now to soothe, to advise.

"You are in a very difficult position, my dear, no doubt; but if you ask my advice——"

"Oh yes, indeed I do," pleaded Hagar eagerly; "this doubt is distracting me."

"Then, according to my light, and in a very few words, I tell you to go to your dying mother. I will be responsible to Captain Austin for your disobedience, and should any evil to yourself arise from this advice of mine, I can only assure you in my own and my wife's name that our home is open to you."

"Ah! how good you are! How can I thank you? But my child——"

"Leave her with my wife, if you like."

Hagar shook her head.

"No; he said my place is with my child. If I go I will take her with me. My mother also wants to see her."

"Then by all means take her. It at once removes your husband's objection. As for the rest, Mrs. Wentworth will look after everything for you in your absence, so you will have no anxiety about your house."

While the Doctor was speaking a servant came into the room to tell Hagar that a lady had called and wished to speak to her.

"Show her up," said Hagar.

The Doctor, feeling that everything had been arranged satisfactorily, was about to leave when Hagar detained him.

"Ah, wait; I want to speak to you yet further."

"Don't you remember me, Mrs. Austin?" said the lady, coming into the room and announcing herself. "I am Mrs. Richardson, Dr. Jameson's daughter."

"Indeed," said Hagar, shaking hands; "I am glad to see you." But her heart belied her words; for had not Austin warned her of this very lady? and she trembled for the consequences when he should come to know of this visit.

"I am so very sorry that my first visit should be to bring you sad news," said Mrs. Richardson when she was seated; she hesitated to finish her speech as the Doctor was present.

"Oh! pray say all you have to say before my friend Dr. Wentworth. It is about my poor mother. Ah! tell me, quickly,—she is not dead?"

"No, not dead, but my father has sent me a telegram. I met you some days ago and recognised you. I found from the postman that you lived here, and I wrote home telling them I had seen you and that, by a strange coincidence, we were living in the same street. So my father telegraphs to me:

" 'Try and see Mrs. Austin. Tell her that her mother has not many days to live, and is always calling for her; appeal to her to come at once.' "

"I need no appeal," she cried, rising. "Dr. Wentworth knows this. Tell her, Doctor, I entreat you, that the fault is not mine. I am not the unnatural wretch they think. Yes, this decides me. I will not lose another moment. Forgive me, if I leave you; I bless your coming to me," said Hagar, shaking hands with Mrs. Richardson.

"Yes, yes, get ready at once, my dear," said the Doctor, rising. "Take your child with you; I will look out about the trains, and will come back with Mrs. Wentworth presently. We will both accompany you to the station and see you off."

(To be continued.)

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